February 24, 1940

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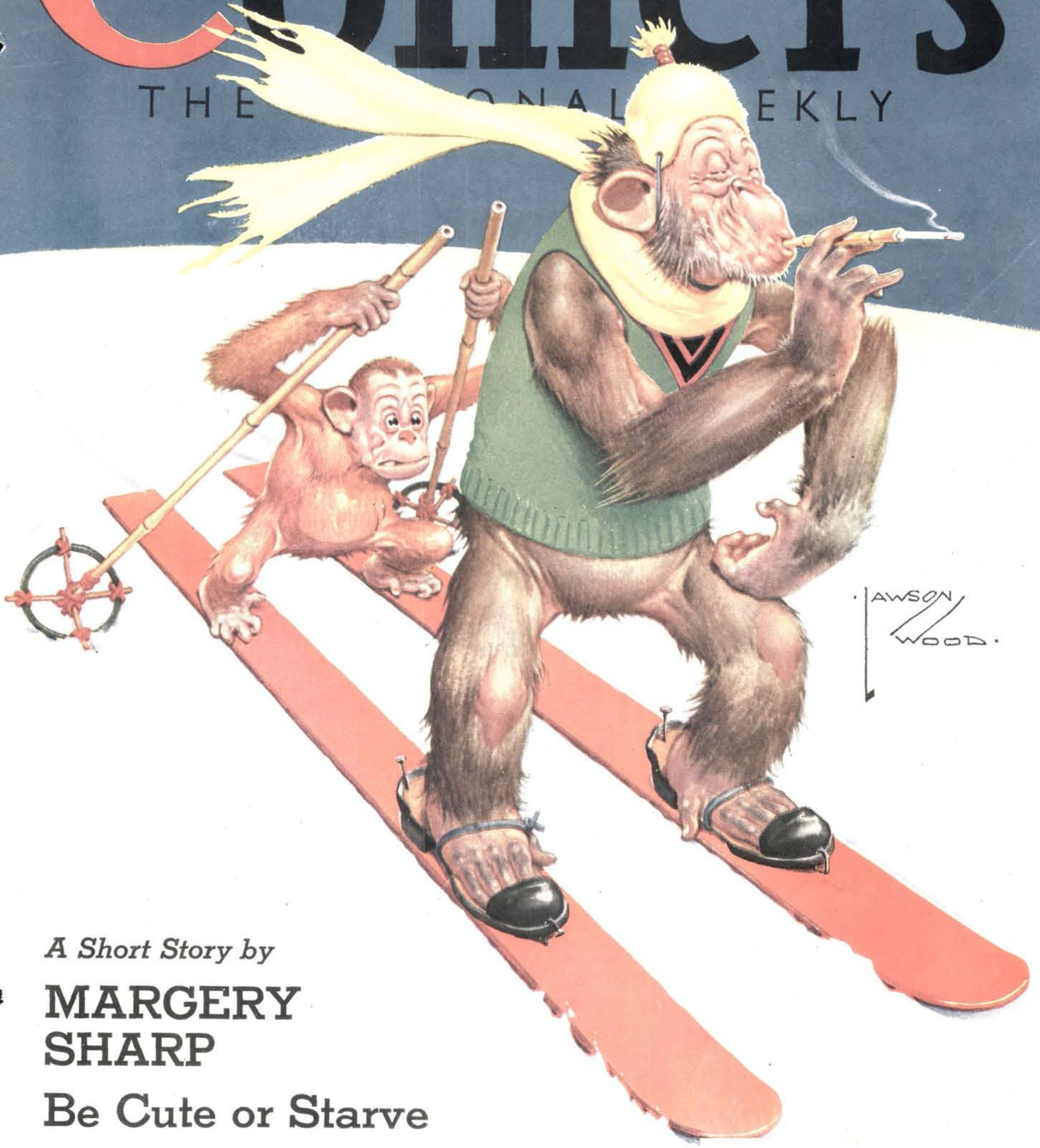

A Short Story by

MARGERY SHARP

Be Cute or Starve

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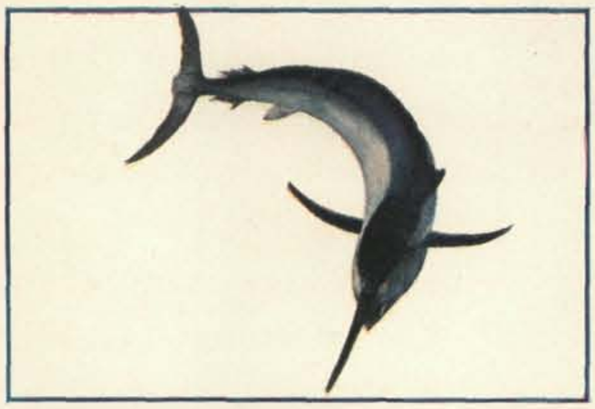
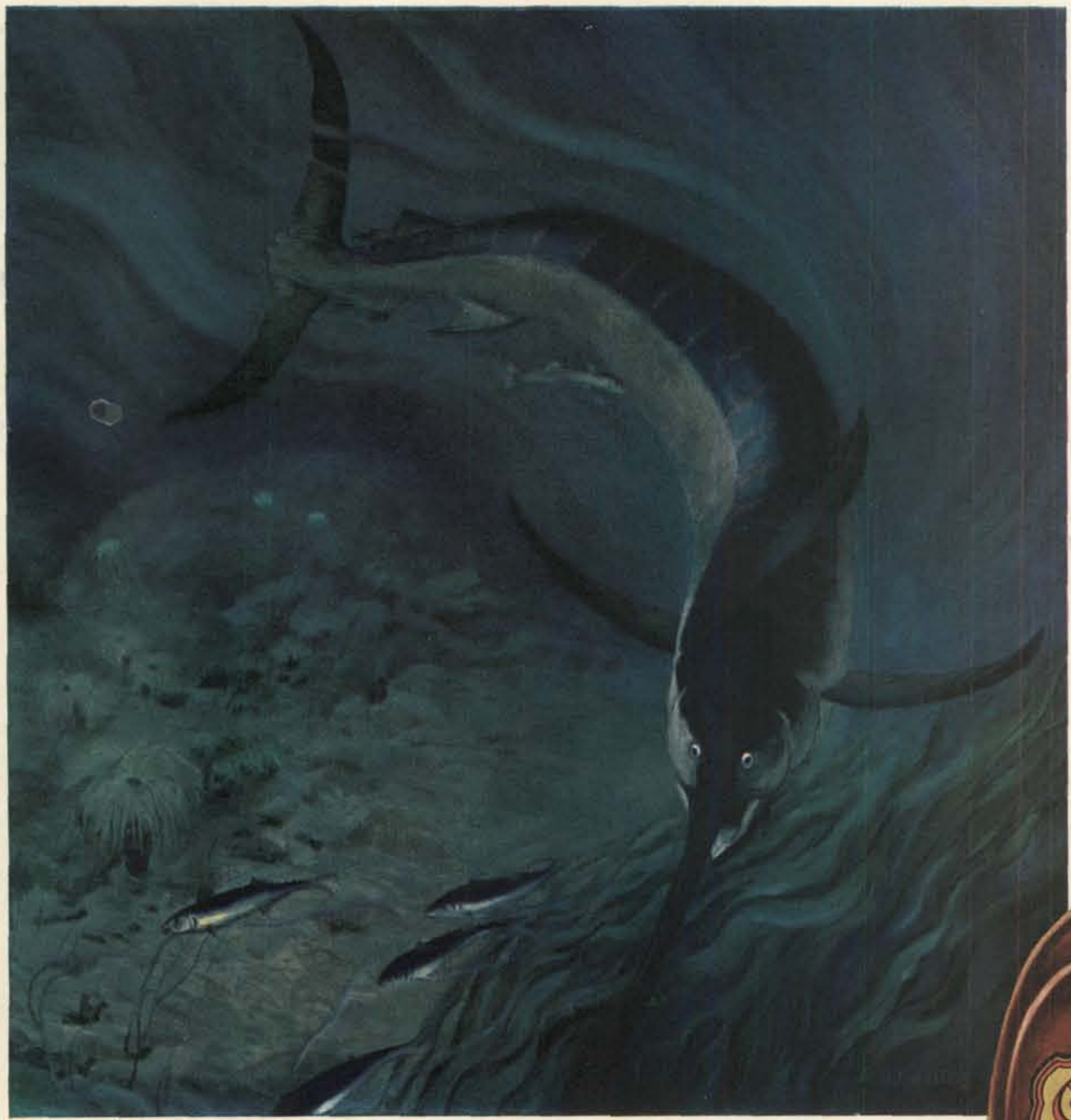
FEB. 24, 1940

THE BLUE MARLIN – *what he owes to*
PROTECTIVE BLENDING



LEFT: Without Protective Blending, the Blue Marlin, mightiest of game fish, would have difficulty getting his dinner. Small fish dart away when they see him.

BELOW: But see how perfectly the Blue Marlin's colors blend with the azure waters of the Gulf Stream. Protective Blending enables him to approach schools of small fish unseen.



PROTECTIVE BLENDING

insures flavor, smoothness and mildness of Calvert Whiskey

JUST as Nature helps her creatures by Protective Blending, so does Calvert employ Protective Blending to insure the mellowness, smoothness and flavor of its fine whiskies. If you drink for pleasure, for sociability and enjoyment—call for Calvert. See if you don't like it better.

Calvert
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
Calvert embodies that unusual smoothness and gratifying bouquet so pleasing to the connoisseur
Calvert
Calvert
SPECIAL
Blended Whiskey
A connoisseur's whiskey of full flavor and rich bouquet, yet delightfully mild in character
QUART

Milder • Smoother • Finer Flavor •
due to PROTECTIVE BLENDING

CLEAR HEADS [CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS]
CALL FOR Calvert

Blended Whiskey Calvert "Reserve": 90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.

It's Clear Which Car is Your Best Buy!

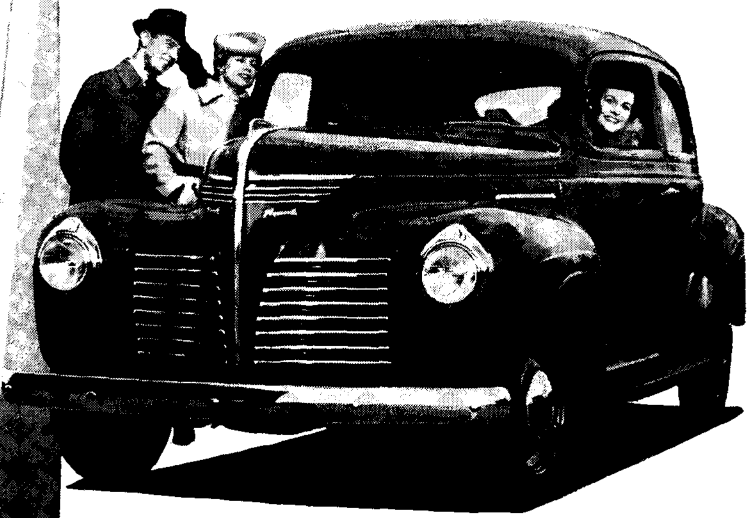
Now in two easy steps you can get a clear picture of the quality in "All Three" low-priced cars! ❶ The 1940 Quality Chart shows you quickly how they compare with high-priced cars in size ...handling ease...comfort ...long life. ❷ Discover how greatly *extra quality* adds to your enjoyment...take Plymouth's Luxury Ride!

THE 1940 QUALITY CHART—
A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-Priced Cars in Quality Features
Here's How "All Three" Low-Priced Compare in the 22 Features Found
2. Hydraulic Brakes
3. L-Head Engine Design
4. Aluminum Alloy Pistons
5. Four Rings Per Piston
6. Chain Camshaft Drive
7. Sealed Beam Headlamps
8. Automatic Choke
9. Precision-Type Lower Connecting Rod Bearings
10. Pressure Lubrication of Lower Connecting Rod Bearings
11. Valve Tappet Adjustment
12. All-Silent Transmission
13. Roller Bearings on Transmission Countershaft
14. Steering Post Gearshift
15. X Braced Frame
16. Four Chassis Springs
17. Independent Front Wheel Suspension
Double-Acting Absorbers
Drive
Bearing
Joints
Rear Axle
Tapered Roller Differential Bearing
TOTAL
22
22
22
21
11
YES
NO
ST LIKE

THERE ARE BIG DIFFERENCES AMONG 1940 CARS

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART

2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE



OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS—

Plymouth has 21... Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8

SPEND A FEW MINUTES with the 1940 Quality Chart, and you'll know what's behind the sensational success of this 1940 Plymouth!

This year, you'll find *high-priced* cars resemble each other on 22 important quality features. And the 1940 *Plymouth* is the only one of "All Three" *low-priced* cars that gives you a majority of these vital features.

Plymouth's greater size and extra quality features mean more comfort, safety, and long-life economy—make Plymouth stand out as the one low-priced car of 1940 that's *most like the high-priced cars!*

See the 1940 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. It will give you, in quick order, information you can profit by.

And to confirm for yourself the facts on the chart—to discover how much more riding enjoyment low price now buys—take Plymouth's thrilling Luxury Ride. And don't forget, the 1940 Plymouth is remarkably *easy to buy!*

MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P. M., E. S. T.

BUSINESSMEN: See the low-priced 1940 Plymouth Commercial Pick-Up and Panel Delivery—outstanding values!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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Editorial Director

Collier's

February 24, 1940

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AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
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MARTHA GELLHORN	Scandinavia
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

THAT you might have the true story of Germany behind the front, Collier's sent Staff Writer W. B. Courtney there, not to interview the leaders whose names you read daily in the papers but to talk with the common people. To answer the questions: What do Germans really think of Hitler? Can their morale stand up? How do they regard the Russians, the Italians, the French, the English? The answers are intensely illuminating and may give you pause as you assay Germany's chances of victory. In a brilliant article, uninfluenced by propaganda, Mr. Courtney tells you "What the Germans Think."

FOR a guy to make a dollar in the rasslin' game, he's got to give the customers what they want, which is barons and dukes and counts and stuff. So Henry Jones from Nebraska became the Baron Gudryoska. Poppy, Henry's girl, didn't care much for that, and when he was cast in the role of villain it was just too much. Out of which situation comes the story of Poppy swinging into action for her beloved "Baron Henry Jones," a rollicking tale of the bellow-and-belch profession. It's by Don Tracy.

S. DILLON RIPLEY takes you to the South Seas—to Moorea, the most beautiful island in the world; to Meheetia, a lonely, enchanted isle known to probably not more than a hundred white people; and to the Solomons, with their invariably delightful climate. An exciting tour of these carefree isles—a first lesson in "How to Get Away from It All."

WHEN Fran married Wallie, he was a brilliant writer of lyrics. After the wedding his genius went stale. "The trouble," he explained, "is that to get anything done I've got to be free from worry, and to be free from worry I've got to get something done." Fran went through a tempestuous time, but it led to a happy outcome, "A Song You've Heard." Price Day gives you this story of Tin Pan Alley, an entertaining combination of nonsense and heartbreak.

"THE Doctor Keeps a Promise," in a tense short story of the early West, by Luke Short. Tom Laird tells you about Dominic, the DiMaggio family's newest baseball wonder. Architect Burton Ashford Bugbee contributes some valuable hints on "Planning Your Home." And you'll like, too, the articles and fiction by Frank Gervasi, Howard Taubman, Duane Decker and others. Only a week to wait.

This Week

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●

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COVER LAWSON WOOD

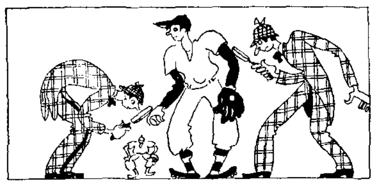
Any Week

IT IS always about this time of year when we're incurably sick of winter and filled with doubt that spring will ever come that we hear from Mrs. Sarah Pauline of Los Angeles, California. Just what we'd do without Mrs. Pauline we don't dare think. But having heard, we pick up our frozen faith and know that it isn't Nature's fault that mankind insists on proving that it exists under false pretenses. "This will be a springtime of rebellion against tyrants and tyrannical systems," writes Mrs. Pauline, who is president, by the way, of Always Spring, Inc. "Not even Hitler can outlaw spring. Draw a circle around May the ninth on your calendar. Then wait and see what I mean."

SOMETHING that's been worrying us for some time is taken care of by Mr. R. J. Carrewell of Keene, New Hampshire, where a great deal of skiing has been going on this winter. Mr. Carrewell says that several United States Army officers have been detected lurking among the hills of Keene. Some of them took photographs of skiers in a great variety of situations, some of them uncalculated. Others took notes. None seemed happy although none wore skis. But the rumor spread that the United States Army was making observations that would have considerable weight in deciding whether the United States should send troops to Finland. "They could have saved their time," says Mr. Carrewell. "From what I've observed, if the U. S. Army were put on skis the enemy wouldn't have to fire a shot."

AND now we have an invitation to visit Portugal. We are informed by Mr. Charles Covilha de Faro of Lisbon that Portugal is "peaceful, fruitful, tranquil and her one sadness is to see her neighbors dying. Portugal," goes on Mr. Covilha, "is envious of no one, is envied by all. Her rich are kind and her poor are happy. She will not fight, therefore may not be fought. Portugal does not need you but will make you welcome. Once I did not think I needed Portugal. I became an American citizen. I lost my work. I returned to Portugal. Again I am a citizen of my native land. What has become of Portugal? What, sir, has become of America?"

WHICH serves us right although we shall probably remain right here to see what happens to baseball. Our curiosity is all the keener for a letter we've just got from Mr. William L. Whittier of Cincinnati, Ohio. It's a long letter explaining just what Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the baseball fuehrer, has done to big-league farm systems and to clubs that try to hide promising material. "The old boy is awfully mad," says Mr. Whittier. "Don't be surprised if he makes it a crime for pitchers to deceive batters by throwing curve balls or for hitters to hit the ball out of the reach of the fielders. From all I hear, the judge is a secret rooter for the Phillies who have none of this promising young-player nonsense about them and who play rounders just as they did years ago before the other fellows took to throwing overhand."



UNTIL then, however, we're going to slouch around the country a bit with our thoughts focused upon our next President, whoever he is. We'd been playing with that idea for some time but we were suddenly spurred to action by Mrs. B. Lochstern of Omaha, Nebraska. She defies us to guess whom Father Coughlin is going to endorse for President. "You will know in good time," writes Mrs. Lochstern. "This time we followers of Father Coughlin will see that there is an honest election. Everybody knows that the Coughlin candidate in 1936, the Honorable William Lemke, was defeated by fraud or counted out at the polls."

ANYWAY we may be utterly sure of absorbing a vast amount of misinformation from all sides before one of the courageous gentlemen ultimately wins the hot spot. Every day we're getting letters stuffed with reasons why we should drop everything to promote and elect Senator Taft. One of the latest comes from Dr. Herbert P. Ostertany of Detroit, Michigan. "Senator Taft will balance the budget," cries Dr. Ostertany. "He will feed the hungry, clothe the naked, open the eyes of the blind and get the country out of debt with the most powerful Navy in the world, and unemployment banished forever."

AND get all tired out . . . W. D.

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THE MOST COMMON FORM OF CANCER

—and what you should know about it

GASTRIC CANCER—STOMACH CANCER—is the most common form that cancer takes. And it causes the largest number of cancer fatalities.

But . . . today many sufferers are being relieved by improved treatment and operative technique. With greater frequency cases are being recognized and treated early, with more promise of success.

There's the crux of the matter—*catch stomach cancer early*. For, when cases are recognized early enough for proper treatment, the chances of cure are distinctly increased.

What can *you* do about it? Don't delay letting your doctor know about any symptoms that might mean the beginning of stomach cancer. The symptoms are sometimes vague, but usually definite. Here are some to look out for:

> **Persistent lack of appetite; unexplained, persistent indigestion, coming on rather abruptly and aggravated by meals, particularly meat; feeling of pain or soreness after eating.**

These signs may not mean that you *have* stomach cancer. But they *do* mean you should see your doctor right away. And if he has reason to suspect cancer, he may recommend a systematic search for the disease by X-ray, the flexible gastroscope (a modern telescopic instrument that "looks around corners" of the stomach), and other up-to-date methods. The experienced X-ray specialist usually can recognize cancer of the stomach with accuracy and dispatch.

Remember, there are few diseases in which early diagnosis and proper treatment are of such vital importance as in gastric cancer. Your chances of cure are much better when you act promptly. And when today's improved, expert gastric surgery comes to your aid, it is remarkable how quick and complete recovery may be, provided the disease has not had time to spread.

For further information about cancer, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "A Message of Hope."

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "A Message of Hope."

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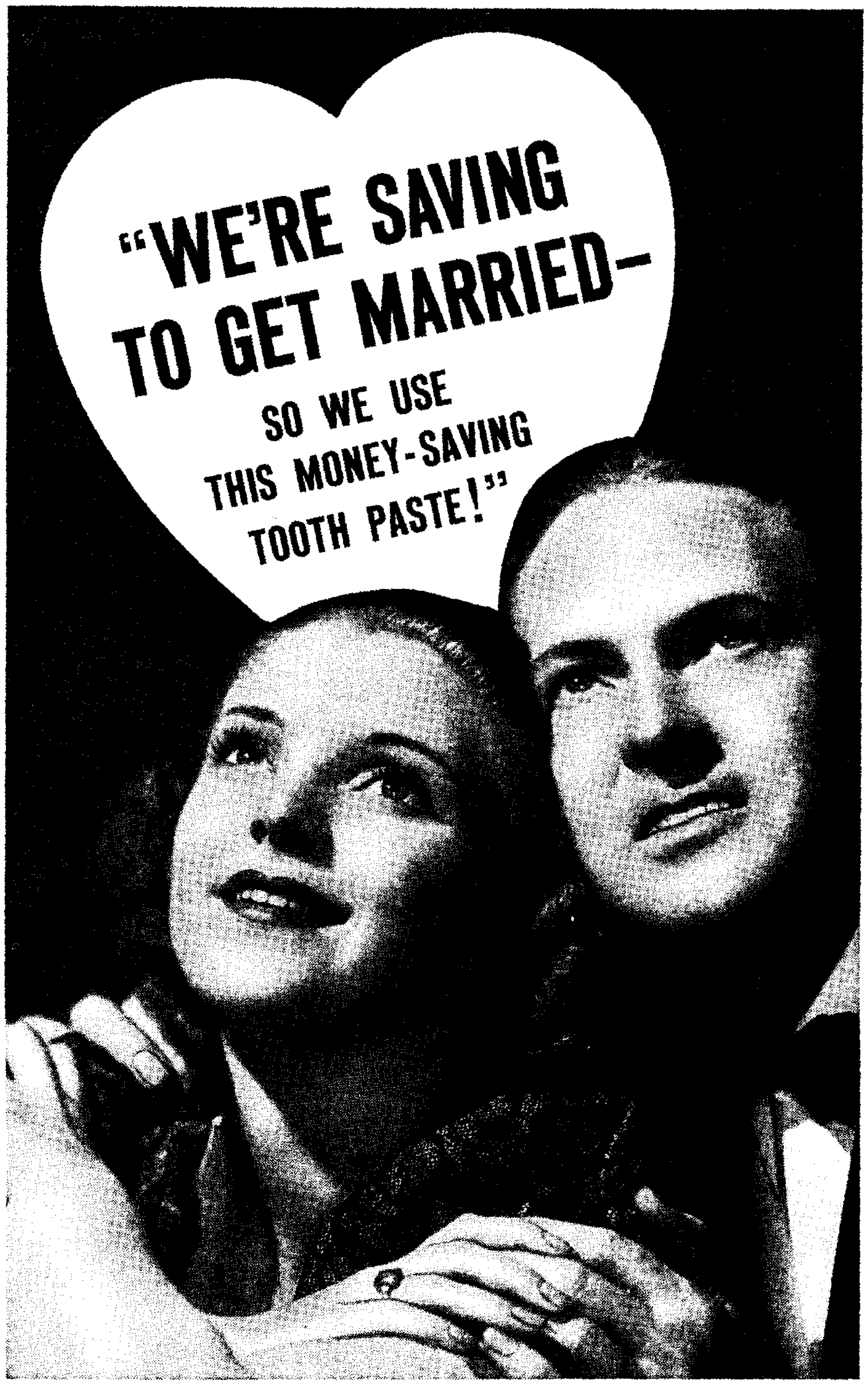

"WE'RE SAVING TO GET MARRIED–
SO WE USE THIS MONEY-SAVING TOOTH PASTE!"

"It's Really Putting the Pennies Into the Bank For Us."

"I get $18 a week and Tom gets $25, so when we got engaged we decided right then and there to start saving money . . . cutting corners . . . buying wisely as we could. A penny saved is a penny earned, and a young married couple needs every cent they can lay their hands on.

"So we started using the new Listerine Tooth Paste containing Luster-Foam. There's an economical dentifrice for you! . . . gives my teeth wonderful cleansing for only 14¢ a month. There's no doubt about the quality either—it's a Lambert product."

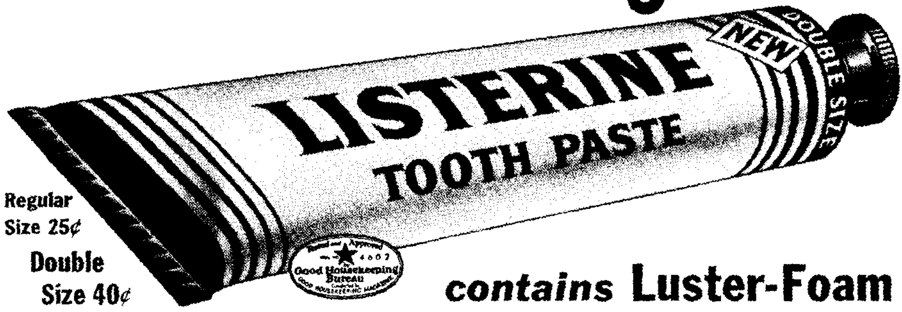
You're absolutely right, young people. The new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent *is* economical. The presence of Luster-Foam, that amazing new dental discovery, enables a little paste to do a lot of work.

Actually, the big tube lasts three whole months if you use ¾ of an inch of it once a day. That's less than ½¢ a day, less than 14¢ a month for this safe mouth-freshening dentifrice with Luster-Foam detergent.

Why don't you, too, take advantage of the economy of this wonderful new dentifrice.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

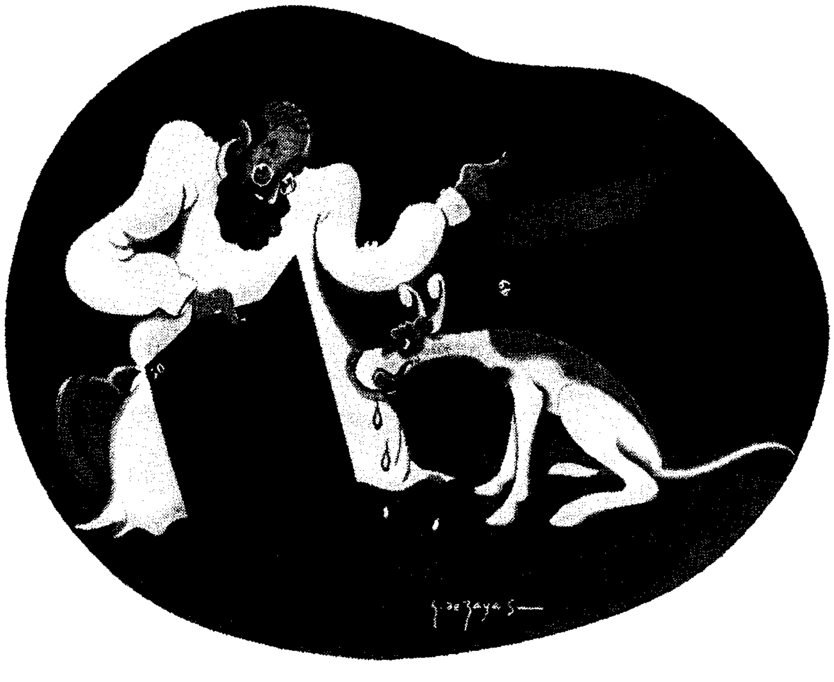
The big tube that lasts 3 months!



Regular Size 25¢

Double Size 40¢

contains **Luster-Foam**



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Russian scientist, Pavlov, once prepared fifty screens, graduated in shades from a total white to a total black, and taught a dog to differentiate between the two blackest, Nos. 49 and 50, which appeared identical to the human eye. After a series of feedings preceded by looking at No. 50, the animal would produce saliva only when this shade was shown to it.—*By Joel Trapido, Ithaca, New York.*

Mercury, the only liquid metal, may evaporate in the open air for years without a detectable loss in weight. Another unusual characteristic is that it may be freed of its dust and dirt by filtration through chamois skin or heavy canvas.

Although the transatlantic clippers are built to carry 3,000 pounds of mail, they have transported 4,300 pounds, or 140,000 letters and packages, with a postage value of about $41,000. Incidentally, a clipper must carry all mail given to it by the Post Office Department, even if it has to cancel all passenger bookings.—*By John A. Mason, Orangeburg, New York.*

The Japanese catch one quarter of all the fish taken from the seas annually, a haul equivalent to that of the United States, Russia and England combined.—*By Eunice Fisher, San Francisco, California.*

About 1,700 of the 3,100 county and local jails in this country allow inmates to hold kangaroo courts, or mock trials presided over by the tougher prisoners, for the purpose of "maintaining discipline," which consists merely of delegating distasteful jobs to those they dislike and extorting money from others through ridiculous fines.—*By Joseph M. Fay, Chicago, Illinois.*

Although most creatures have a definite growth limit, others continue to increase in size as long as they live, among them being trees, fish, oysters, clams, shrimps, crabs and lobsters.—*By Rudy Diers, Elmhurst, Long Island, New York.*

More than sixty different kinds of edible commercial salt are produced, each for a particular purpose, such as the seasoning of Limburger cheese, crackers and canned goods. The varieties differ in the size and purity of the crystals and the added chemicals.—*By Robert McIntosh, Manistee, Michigan.*

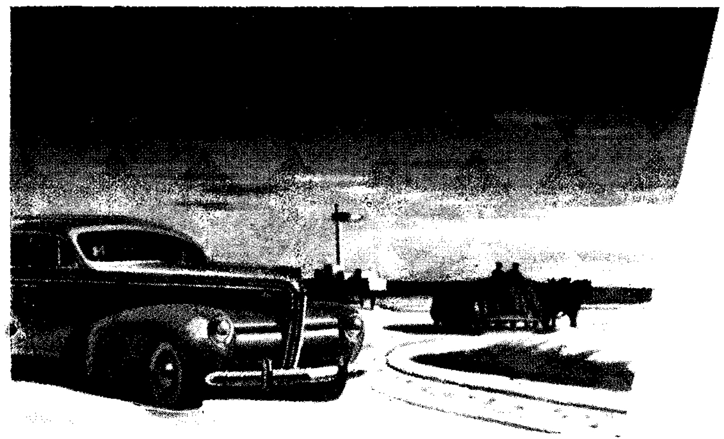
"Wired programs," the service that transmits recorded music over telephone wires without static or commercial announcements, now is supplied to more than seven hundred hotels, restaurants, clubs, department stores, apartment buildings and private houses in nine large cities.

Kentucky and New Hampshire grant a divorce to a person when he or she joins a religious sect that believes marriage is unlawful. Iowa, Ohio and Oregon make the wife pay alimony to the husband when it is warranted under certain circumstances.

The aiming of a 16-inch coast-defense gun, which can effectively shoot a 2,100-pound projectile a distance of 26 miles, is based on many factors, such as the target's distance, direction and speed, curvature and rotation of the earth and the direction and velocity of the wind. When blowing at 20 miles an hour, a cross wind alone can carry this shell as much as 303 yards off its course during the 101 seconds that it is in the air.

Products of the farm have more than four hundred nonfood uses in industry. For example, corn is used in making adhesives, potatoes in laundry starch, soybeans in plastics, cattle grease in antifreeze mixtures, grape-seed oil in soaps, buttermilk in paints, and eggs in leather-dressing processes.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



LET IT FREEZE! Nash's exclusive Weather Eye Conditioned Air System gives you fresh June-like air, automatically maintained. Nash's exclusive Manifold-Sealed engine gives you flash starting, flash pick-up of 15 to 50 MPH in 13 seconds (high gear) even on zero days. See your dealer—check its amazing economy in a ride!

SEE YOUR NATION in a Nash, at lowest cost. Convertible bed saves lodging costs; Fourth Speed Forward saves up to 20% on gas and oil. Every day you can arrive refreshed—the difference in Nash's Arrow-Flight Ride will be a revelation to you!

We Won't Be Home *'til Morning!*

GET YOUR FEET out of the fireplace, and drop this magazine—that honking outside is meant for you!

Look out your window. A brand-new 1940 Nash is waiting! And you can tell by its eager racing lines, and the twinkle of the wheels—it's headed for fun tonight.

Get in the pilot's seat—it's rarin' to go!

There's a swish . . . a sweep . . . a roller-coaster swoop that sends you up to the leading car.

Want to pass? There's a new kind of Fourth Speed Forward in the throttle — nudge it, and this sweetheart just picks up her skirts and starts to fly!

You may have traveled this fast before, but never so silently, never so softly, never so easily. No need to tell you this Nash Manifold-Sealed engine is protected by important patents! Your half-down throttle tells that!

Getting chilly? Just a turn of that Weather Eye dial—and presto! You can feel grim February change to a fresh and genial June that never varies.

By the light of the moon, your wheels are rolling over winter-frozen ruts—yet *you* don't feel it. That unwavering line of your Sealed Beam lights tells you—*you've never had a ride as smooth as Nash's Arrow-Flight!*

Stop and ski—or go light-hearted, long pennants of snow swirling behind you. You won't be coming home 'til the first rooster puts the fading moon to rout!

• • •

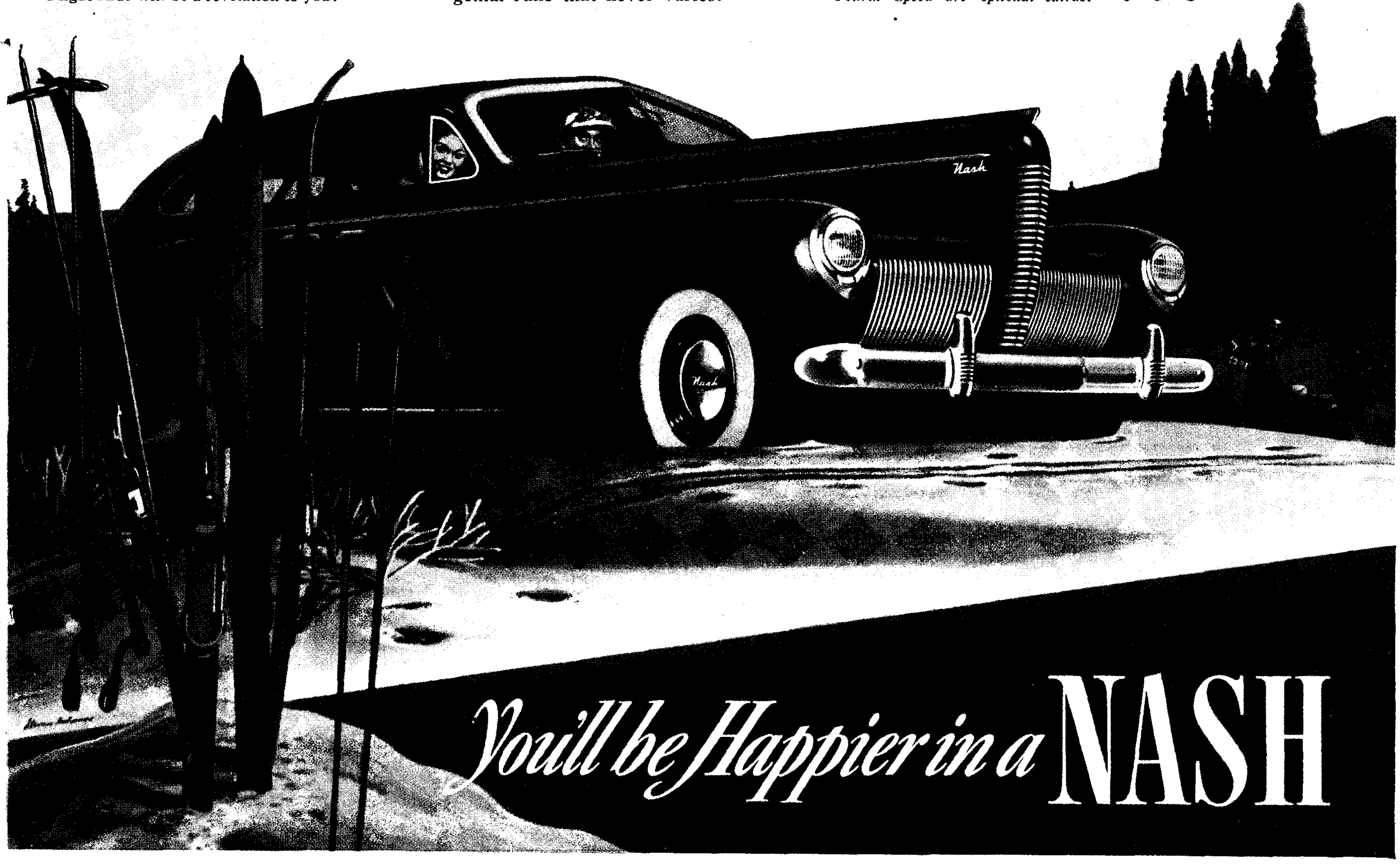
Give us this night—or tomorrow—or 15 idle minutes anytime. We guarantee to give you the most exciting demonstration you ever had of an automobile!

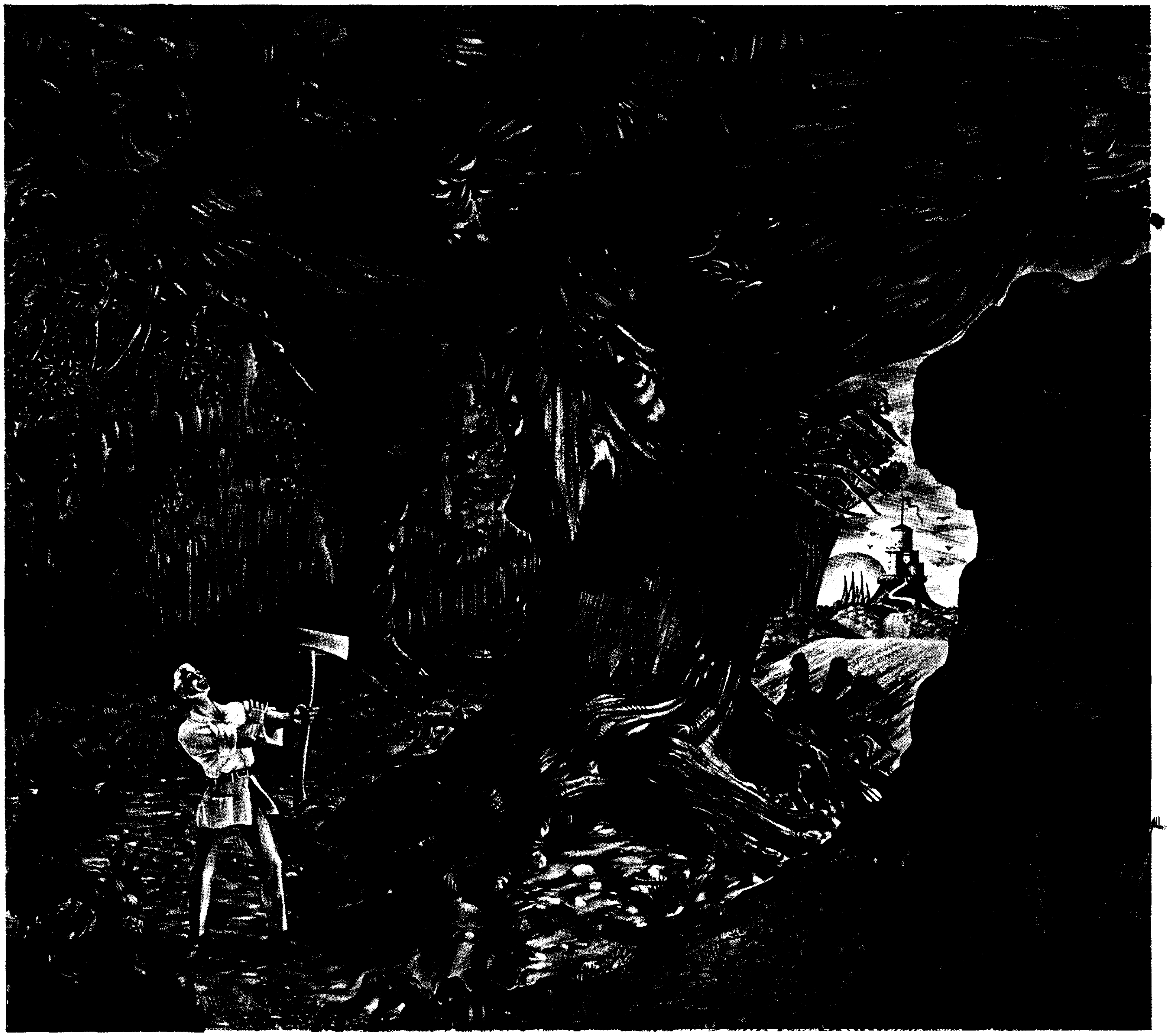
Our $45,000,000 in resources are concentrated on the building of a single make of car . . . and because we put more into it—you get more out of it. More fun out of owning it . . . higher resale value later.

We are waiting and ready to go—*are you?*

LOWER PRICES: from $795 delivered at Factory! 4-door Sedan (below) $875, includes Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes. White Sidewall Tires, Weather Eye, Rear Wheel-Shields, Fourth Speed are optional extras.

$795


Nash
You'll be Happier in a NASH



THE TREE OF WORRY

OF ALL THE TREES in the Forest of Life, the most formidable by far is the Tree of Worry.

This tree grows in the middle of the Road to Happiness, and it is a tree with many strange branches that reach out and grasp you tight.

One of these branches is the Worry that your family will not be cared for if something should happen to you.

Another is the Worry that you may get into an accident with your car and be sued by someone you have hurt.

Another is the Worry that a mishap which puts you in bed will also put you dreadfully in debt.

And there are many other branches on this Tree of Worry that will hold you back from the Road to Happiness.

The man who would be completely happy must fell it forthwith.

The axe with which you can chop down this tree is the Axe called Insurance. It is not a big axe to swing. Neither is it small. Each stroke costs you some effort, and the names of these strokes are Premiums.

But the effort is naught compared to the happiness that comes from the felling of this tree. For it is a grim tree, and a tree you cannot run away from nor steal around, and deep is your contentment as the axe strokes hew it down.

So be you a wise traveler, and go to a Travelers agent and get his counsel on how this Axe of Insurance will fell for you this Tree of Worry, so that you may continue cheerfully down the Road to Happiness and the Castle called Peace of Mind.

Moral: Insure in the Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for February 24, 1940

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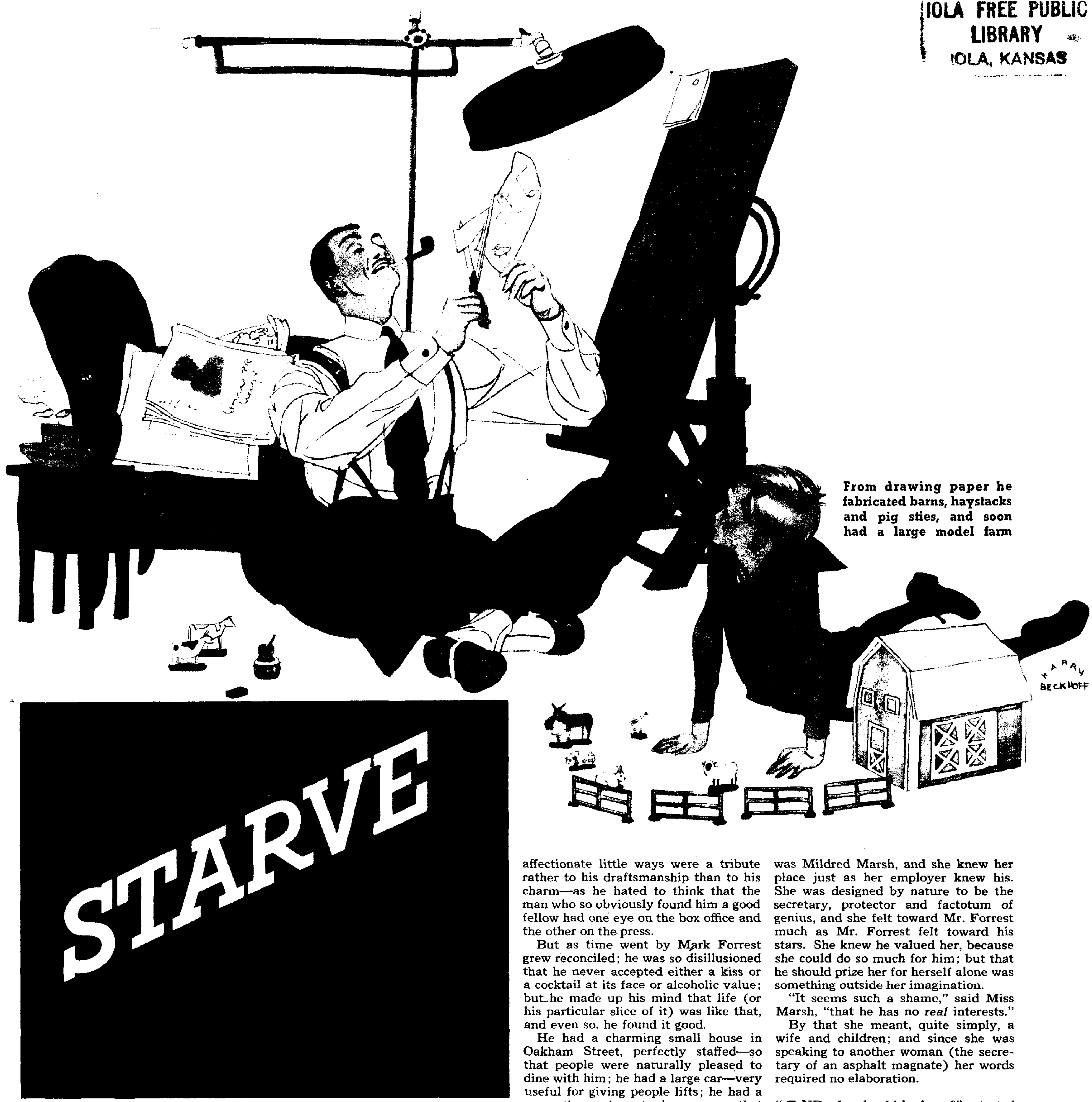


From drawing paper he fabricated barns, haystacks and pig sties, and soon had a large model farm

STARVE

BY THE time he was forty Mark Forrest had everything taped—the world he lived in, and how much it cost, and the men and women who lived in it with him, and how much they cost, and he had added up the bill and found he could pay it. He could do more than pay, he had a balance left over, not only of money, but also of emotion; and it had begun to look as though this emotional deposit was to go on increasing, at compound interest (so to speak) for the rest of his life. There was no call on it: all demands could be met so easily and satisfactorily by either his talent or his cash.

He was an artist and caricaturist, specializing in the portrayal of theatrical beauty; a series of his cartoons could make a star, or the success of a show; so that there was every reason why the ladies and gentlemen of the stage should be particularly fond of him. In his younger days this had worried Mr. Forrest a good deal; he hated to think, when he took an actress out to supper, that her affectionate little ways were a tribute rather to his draftsmanship than to his charm—as he hated to think that the man who so obviously found him a good fellow had one eye on the box office and the other on the press.

But as time went by Mark Forrest grew reconciled; he was so disillusioned that he never accepted either a kiss or a cocktail at its face or alcoholic value; but he made up his mind that life (or his particular slice of it) was like that, and even so, he found it good.

He had a charming small house in Oakham Street, perfectly staffed—so that people were naturally pleased to dine with him; he had a large car—very useful for giving people lifts; he had a more than adequate income—so that people had no scruples about borrowing from him; above all, he had the power of his pencil. That he was personally agreeable meant nothing to him whatever, for he moved in a society where everyone made his living by personal agreeableness. Compared with them, in that line, he was an amateur; and he had an amateur's humility.

He also had a secretary, a competent and horse-faced young woman who worshiped the ground he trod on; but that is neither here nor there. Her name was Mildred Marsh, and she knew her place just as her employer knew his. She was designed by nature to be the secretary, protector and factotum of genius, and she felt toward Mr. Forrest much as Mr. Forrest felt toward his stars. She knew he valued her, because she could do so much for him; but that he should prize her for herself alone was something outside her imagination.

"It seems such a shame," said Miss Marsh, "that he has no *real* interests."

By that she meant, quite simply, a wife and children; and since she was speaking to another woman (the secretary of an asphalt magnate) her words required no elaboration.

"AND why should he have?" retorted Miss Davies. Long contact with asphalt had made her nearly as cynical as Mr. Forrest himself. She knew which asphalts were good, and which bad—and why city corporations sometimes chose the inferior. "He's very well off as he is," said Miss Davies. "No worries, no dependents and coining money."

Miss Marsh sighed, and ordered a Knickerbocker Glory. The two friends were lunching together, as was their custom of a Saturday; and since Mr. Forrest paid exceedingly good wages, Miss

Marsh was able to eat all the ice-cream sundaes she could hold.

"He's not happy," said Miss Marsh. "He's really strongly domestic—"

"So was Sir Edward," put in Miss Davies. She spoke with authority, for Sir Edward, the asphalt magnate, was her immediate boss. "So was Sir Edward, and you know what happened to *him*. He married a girl twenty years younger, and had two children in three years, and now he spends all his time at the club just to get some peace."

Miss Marsh brushed this cynical anecdote aside.

"He's not happy," she repeated. "He's content, in a way, because he's so successful; but if ever he has an evening alone—well, I can tell next day, by the way he orders me about. It's—'Take this drawing over to the Londoner, and tell them if they don't like it they can go to hell.' It's—'Ring up that fool at the Illustrated and tell him I can't do a spread in less than a week.' It's—"

"All in all," said Miss Davies judicially, "I'd rather have asphalt."

A day or two later, Miss Marsh was very nearly of the same opinion. It was July, when the thoughts of art editors turn naturally to their Christmas numbers, and Mark Forrest was assigned a color page of the Londoner to decorate with a modern interpretation of a classic subject. There were to be four such pages altogether, distributed among four artists; and Mr. Forrest, learning that he had drawn King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, grinned with happy malice. Miss Marsh was pleased also, and on her own initiative procured a copy of the Burne-Jones original as an inspiration. She bought it framed, with an eye to the subsequent adornment of her bed-sitting room, and in order to prevent Mr. Forrest paying—she was very scrupulous—pretended that she had had it at home all the while.

"You mean you *live* with it?" asked Mark.

"Yes," said Miss Marsh. Since she was going to do so, this was hardly a lie.

"GOOD Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Forrest. He studied the picture for some moments, taking in the elaborate design, the no less elaborate details, the high lights on the king's armor, the immaculate draperies of the lady; then he grinned.

"I don't believe she was a beggar maid at all," he observed. "Look at her hands and feet: you can't have hands and feet like that if you've really been on the tramp. She came from a nice middle-class family, and that was her only chance of attracting Cophetua's attention—to dress up in rags—clean rags at that—and hang about outside the palace. She was a brazen hussy."

"*Oh*," said Miss Marsh—so upset that she actually blushed. The picture was one of her favorites, and already a cherished possession. "Mr. Forrest," she said, "you're so disillusioned you fall over backward!" And then she blushed again, this time at her own daring.

Her employer, however, merely laughed.

"You think it was all fair and square?" he queried. "Not a put-up job?"

"Of *course* not! Why, it's one of the most famous and—and beautiful stories in the world!"

Mr. Forrest looked at the picture again.

"The first sugar daddy and the first gold digger," he murmured. "Or perhaps not the first, but very early specimens. Miss Marsh, you have a nice nature and a kind heart."

"So have you," retorted Miss Marsh, quite above herself. "Underneath."

"And on top," added Mr. Forrest. "I'm going to waste two hours this very afternoon driving a dumb chorus girl to Richmond, and if that's not kind I don't know what is."

"It's silly as well," said Miss Marsh, rather illogically. "If she's so dumb, why do you bother with her?"

"To stop her bothering me. Because she pestered me and rang me up till I made the date in self-defense. Just think of me in Richmond Park, Miss Marsh, and be thankful I've more sense than Cophetua."

Miss Perry Ducane, the dumb chorus girl in question, was small, redheaded, and very, very bright. Her chief attraction in Mark Forrest's eyes was the fact that she lived only about a quarter of a mile off, on Maple Street, so that it didn't take much time to fetch her. As Forrest happened to know, she shared her flat with two other young ladies. For this reason he did not expect to be asked in, and wasn't: Perry Ducane awaited him practically on the step.

"Darling!" she cried enthusiastically. "Isn't this fun!"

Forrest grinned back, and helped her into the car. As he came round again to the driving seat the door of the house reopened, and a small boy about eight years old came out and stood watching them from the curb. He was extremely skinny and wore a gray woollen jersey slightly too small for him, and gray flannel knickers that were slightly too large.

"Derek!" said Miss Ducane sharply. "Derek, go inside!"

The child at once retreated up the steps and into the house. But Mark noticed that the door did not quite shut; it stayed open a crack, just wide enough to let a small boy peep out.

"Nice kid," said Forrest. "Does he live here?"

"Yes," snapped Perry. "Darling, what a heavenly car!"

Mark obediently put the heavenly car in motion, and the rest of the afternoon was so exactly similar to so many other afternoons that he found it hard not to let his thoughts stray from the lady by his side to the lady who awaited him on his drawing board. Perry Ducane had a little-girl line. She chattered prettily, gaily and incessantly; and she asked for what she wanted instead of beating about the bush.

She wanted two things: an introduction to a lyric writer, and a teeny little drawing all to herself in the next number of the Stage. Forrest promised the first cheerfully enough—he had no mean desire to be the only unselfish man in London—and then glanced at Miss Ducane's profile. She at once narrowed her eyes and smiled a crooked little smile. Forrest sighed. Not for the first time he wished he were a portrayer of dogs, or horses, or even aldermen. Anything for a change. . . .

"I'll see about it," he said. "But I'm up to the eyes in work."

"Of *course* you are. I know that. You're so successful. But any time you say—I could run around just for half an hour—"

"I'll see about it," repeated Forrest; and thankfully turned the car back toward town.

AFTER dropping Miss Ducane at her front door he drove back to Oakham Street. When he got there the first object that met his eye was Derek.

"Hello," said Derek.

"Hello," said Mark.

"I say," said Derek.

"Well?"

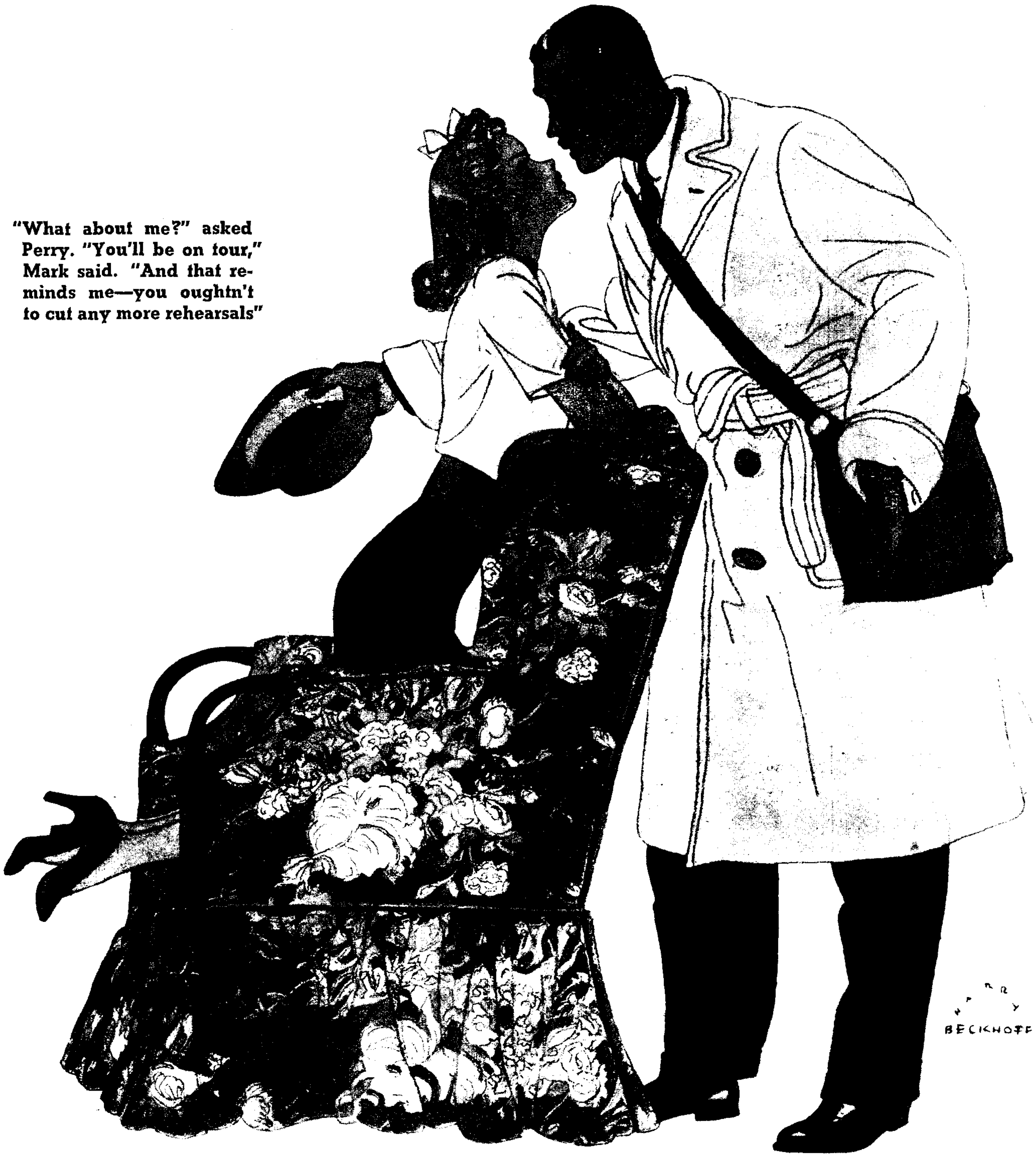
"Have you got any cigarette pictures?"

"No," said Mark; and since he had a packet of them actually in his hand, felt constrained to elaborate. "They're not put in this sort," he explained, "so I don't get any."

Derek thought this over for a moment. Then he dug in his pocket and produced two grimy slips of pasteboard, one bearing a likeness of Mr. Austin, the other a likeness of Mr. Budge.

"You can have these if you want. They're duplicates."

Mark was so astonished that he took them. They felt greasy between his fingers, they were about the dirtiest objects he had touched in years.



"What about me?" asked Perry. "You'll be on tour," Mark said. "And that reminds me—you oughtn't to cut any more rehearsals"

(Continued on page 55)

Fun in Flickers

By Kyle Crichton

Carole Lombard rocketed to fame when she cut loose in the movies the way she does at home. She isn't going to give up her screen career either — not even for Clark Gable. She's been in front of those klieg lights for too many years

BAUMANN

DURING the recent goofy season when the nation was reaching the peak in Scarlett O'Hara excitement, Carole Lombard was playing mamma. She was racing around the country on the coattails of Mr. Clark Gable, pushing him into the limelight, pasting his clippings up in a scrapbook and acting for all the world like a woman who thinks highly of her spouse. Since she is a personage in her own right, this constitutes something remarkable in the annals of self-abnegation.

When she isn't worrying about the cows and the ducks on the farm she is skeet shooting. Rigged out in a leather jacket, with a gun hanging in the crook of her arm, this skinny, knock-kneed dame goes around murdering skeets.

"Damn!" she has been known to cry in disappointment at missing one, and this has occasioned the lifting of brows in Hollywood. But any chance of chastisement by the Hays office is slight since her marriage to the man Gable and her consequent splurge of domesticity. She has made one picture, In Name Only, since that event, and there are signs that she is settling down in the old homestead.

As a matter of truth, although she has barely turned thirty, she is almost as old as the original custard pie, having spent thirteen years in the flickers and being one of the most mature actresses in Los Angeles County. She is a mime of such importance that she could make Fools for Scandal with Fernand Gravet without being exiled. She is an outstanding example of the truth that perseverance, hard work and the ability to bawl out the right people will either bring an actress to the top of her profession or get her dumped in San Pedro harbor with a rock around her neck. At the present she is getting $150,000 a picture, and couldn't get any higher in her craft if she bought out Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The idea that a young lady could reach this status only thirteen short years after leaving Fort Wayne, Indiana, bearing the name of Carol Jane Peters, is preposterous and also true. The flight from Fort Wayne included Mamma Peters and Carol's two brothers. The virulent little germ known as movie madness was injected into the veins of Carol at the age of eleven when Allan Dwan used her in a picture called The Perfect Crime. This brought on a conflict between fame and education that found education steadily retreating. If she liked her teachers, she studied; if she didn't, she hung around the studios. In that way she was seen and hired by Mary Pickford's manager and just as promptly fired when Mary saw her. Carol was fifteen and wore blond curls and in no case was there ever going to be any young lady playing opposite Miss Pickford who looked like anything but a cow.

After Pickford gave her the heave-o, she managed to hook on with the Charlie Chaplin unit, which job immediately exploded in her face when Chaplin and his wife, Lita Grey Chaplin, staged one of their cataclysmic matrimonial disturbances and the studio was forced to suspend production until the squall blew over.

Her first real chance came at Fox where, without any preparation whatever, they threw her into a hot drah-mah as leading woman for Edmund Lowe. With the intent of doing justice to this magic opportunity, Miss Peters bought herself a pair of fake eyelashes of the kind that make a scarlet woman out of a saint and considered herself equipped to make love to Mr. Lowe in a manner calculated to burn him down to the ankles. She discovered that acting with Mr. Lowe was simple for beginners because Mr. Lowe saw to it that nobody else ever got in front of the camera. All that the audience ever saw of her was the back of her neck, which was fortunate because of another mishap.

"The damned things stuck," says Miss Lombard, referring to the fake eyelashes. "I played a whole scene blind; couldn't get my eyes open."

As a reward for her spectacular success, Fox hurled the sixteen-year-old sensation into cow-hand comedies, in which bucking broncos dumped her off on her rear and the cowboys, in fits of humor, took turns in dousing her in the creek. She wore a hat that was so big "it came down to my collarbone," and was genuinely happy in her surroundings until option period came around. This began a feud with the producers which has continued to the present day. She was getting $75 a week and her option called for a raise after six months, but they offered the same old $75, take it or leave it. She let out a screech of defiance—and was only out of work a year.

It was in this period of

(*Continued on page 39*)

EVEN

IN PA

Stroll along the boulevards of Paris these evenings and the windows may be dark but you will find behind their gloom the same gaiety that made the city famous. War or no war, the Parisian still loves his way of life

By Genevieve Tabouis

Top, Paris' chattering street merchants carry on as usual, and famed Albert (center in middle picture) supervises things at Maxim's, now as popular as ever. Below, the Ritz bar at lunch—a favorite spot for diplomats and celebrities

INTERNATIONAL

SO FAR there is no comparison to be established between Parisian life during the last war and the present one. Apparently the war hasn't yet begun. Consequently, it is impossible to find anyone, in whatever class of society, who is the least worried by either impending operations or the seriousness of what might happen to him personally, and particularly by the final outcome.

Paris has also, day by day, adapted itself to wartime conditions and is regaining its characteristic gaiety and elegance.

Certainly the physical aspect of the city has changed since the war and the almost total obscurity that reigns after five o'clock somewhat paralyzed life during the first two months. But Parisians became accustomed to it and the capital has adopted a rather picturesque mode of living.

In order to reduce automobile accidents to a minimum, the military government permitted headlights that are visible only a short distance. The subway is the only means of transportation in which one can see clearly. So it is packed with women knitting and men plunged into their evening papers.

The big cafés in the Champs Elysées, the boulevards and the Rue Royale have almost all reopened. Taxis have returned and, little by little, pedestrians have become accustomed to the obscurity. They walk along rapidly, their electric torches always ready for any emergency.

Many shops that closed down in September have reopened. Their windows are covered on the inside with strips of paper in all colors. Some windows have achieved real pictures. Railroad and steamship offices have used strips of green paper to design distant shores to which their trains and ships travel. Military tailors have evoked, in gray, green and red, the décor of the front line. At nightfall, nothing is more attractive than these windows, with their mysterious lighting of moonlight, blue or pale green.

Rebattet, the famous tearoom, has its window lined with green cellophane, with the result that the women taking tea within look to the passersby like sirens in the aquarium of Naples. But, surprisingly enough, inside the lighting is brilliant. Since semidarkness has been imposed on them, Parisians are avid of light. Consequently, Rebattet is exceedingly popular, since it is there that the latest hat of the Princess de Polignac or the latest coiffure of the blond music-hall star, Parysis, can be studied in detail.

On the Rue Royale, Lenoir displays ultrasmart combination cases for gas masks and knitting materials, which go very well with the latest tailored suits from Creed or O'Rossen—suits that have the allure of uniforms, high-chested, tight-waisted and frogged, with skirts draped military-fashion in the back.

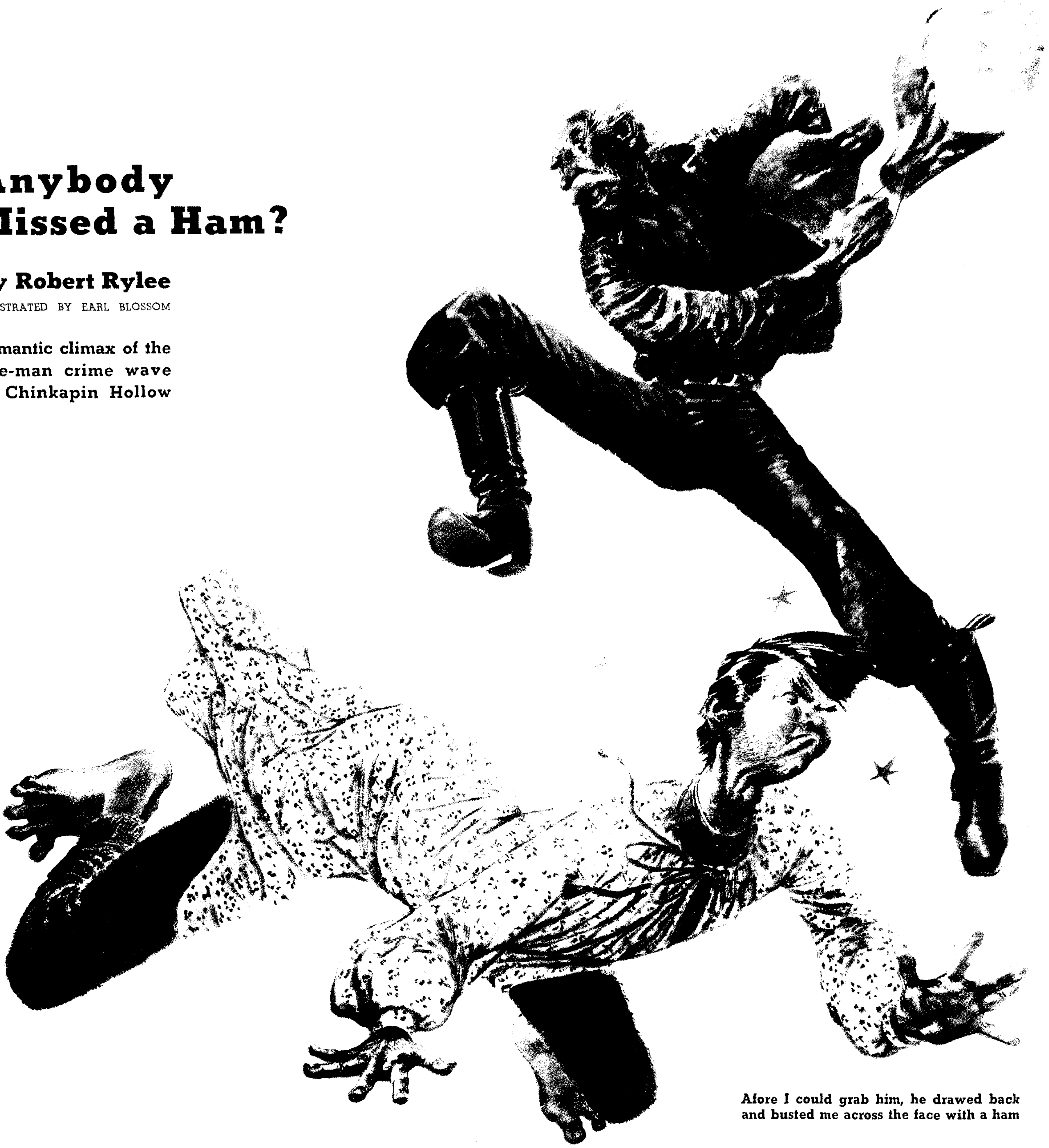
The famous confectioners—la Marquise de Sévigné, Boissier and Marquis—have launched "candy boxes for godmothers and their adopted soldiers." These gifts are tied with tricolored ribbon, wrapped in gold paper. "Open it and you will find out who is *(Continued on page* 68*)*

Anybody Missed a Ham?

By Robert Rylee

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Romantic climax of the one-man crime wave in Chinkapin Hollow



Afore I could grab him, he drawed back and busted me across the face with a ham

THE committee meeting was set for nine o'clock P. M. to be held on Turkey Ridge, about four miles down the Hollow, so I got an early start after supper, wanting to be there afore they come to order.

I made for the creek road and followed it up over the hump this side of Bib Hardy's place, and just as I got on the other side I heard another horse coming along behind me. I pulled off the road and waited in the shadows.

As he come up the rise, his saddle squeaking with the cold, I seen it was young Alan Braxton and I wondered if maybe he'd got tipped off about the committee meeting. But it didn't look like he had anything serious on his mind. He was riding that sorrel mare easy and singing to keep hisself company:

"Lord Graham laid down on his death-
bed
For the love of Barb'ry Allen."

I tell you his voice filled them woods with music. A handsome feller he was too, with his long chestnut hair fluttering in the wind and a face that looked for all the world like stone carvings. Gave me a sneaky feeling spying on him that way, and me knowing all the time the committee was after his grandpappy's hide.

When he got to the foot of the hump, he stopped singing and I seen him turn off in the direction of Bib Hardy's place. I'd heared some talk down to the settlement that Alan Braxton had been sparking Bib's oldest girl, Rosemary. Fact of the matter, folks said it looked like a wedding soon and a fine couple they'd make. Rosemary was as pretty a girl as lived in the Hollow and bright as a button. I hated the thought of causing them youngsters pain and heartache, but I seen my duty too. We'd done put up with Alan's grandpappy long as we could.

Stopping this way throwed me late and when I got to the meeting, the rest of the committee was already on hand. Zack Hargrove was setting cross-legged on a sweet-gum log and Doc Pitchfork was setting close by. The others, Ben Talbot and his boy Labe, and Moony Morgan was all standing around a brush fire.

I got down and walked over to the fire, but nobody said nothing. I seen from their faces they hated worse than sin to come to the point and they was putting it off long as they could.

Finally Zack spit out his chewing tobacco, and him and the Doc come over to the fire. "Hit's too almighty cold to stand around all night," Zack said, "so let's commence and git done soon's we can." He pointed his cane at Moony Morgan. "It'll be up to you to bring the

(Continued on page 41)

Trouble's Child

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Joe shows you how to turn a streak of bad luck. You'll need a sunken boat, a gun, a sting ray—and, more than anything, a girl

JOE stood in four feet of water, watching the shark. When the shark was close, Joe stabbed at him with the oar, furiously. The fish roiled the water and retreated, then came back with an angry rush, the dorsal fin knifing the brine. Joe stabbed, and the oar splintered, and when he looked at it all the blade was gone except a ragged, sharp-pointed corner.

"Come again," Joe rasped.

The shark was coming. Joe felt the oar go in, puncture the tough filelike hide, and this time the shark did not come back. Joe waded slowly back to the boat.

He sat on the empty seine deck, his anger passing and giving way to cold sickness. He had found the mullet and circled them with his gill net. Then the two sharks came for the mullet, like hungry wolves, ripping to shreds the old net that was Joe's only possession worth mentioning, and leaving him helpless in the midst of the best mullet run in years.

They were still running; he could hear them now as he sat brooding, and he could see them flash in the moonlight. Finally he started back to Palmetto Creek, paddling as best he could with the one oar. It was slow going. He thought of old Jules, for whom he used to work; the night his party boat burned, old Jules had to row five miles in, against a running-out tide. Jules was the best friend Joe had, but nobody would deny that Jules hated to row a boat. Smart, Jules was, but lazy as a yard dog.

Presently a light showed. It took Joe another hour to reach the boat, a trim, businesslike launch that rocked placidly on its hawser.

"Hello!" Joe shouted.

"All right?" answered a voice. A door opened and the tall silhouette of a man came on deck.

"I ain't got but just one oar," Joe said hesitantly. He didn't want to tell about punishing the shark, and have the man think he was a fool.

"We've got extra oars. How about some coffee?"

"Well . . . don't care if I do."

There were three men. The one named Kelly was in dungarees, with a bare chest the color of canvas, and the build of a pole vaulter. The second was a small man in handsome silver glasses; his name was Ackerman and his eyes were bright and shrewd. The man who brought the coffee was a giant one-eyed Negro named Little Fred.

"Nice night," Ackerman said.

"Awful nice."

Silence. Then Joe said, "Guess this is the investing boat."

"What? Yes. To investigate the Pelican claim."

"She sure went down, by grannies."

"I think we've found her. I'm going down in the morning and take a look," Kelly said. "Only thing, we're a bit short of help. Our other man took sick in Panama City."

Joe said hesitantly, "You couldn't use just any old body, I don't guess."

"Oh, I don't know. The job's not hard. I do all the diving, and Ackerman does the microscope and such stuff."

A catch came into Joe's throat. "If you could use a hard-shell Florida cracker, Mr. Kelly, I'd work like a fool, long as the job lasts."

"Why, sure, you'd do," Kelly said.

Joe fought with the temptation to keep his mouth shut, but he had to say it. "Wouldn't be fair not to tell it on m'self," he said unhappily. "I'm hard luck."

Ackerman and Kelly looked at him.

"Soon's *I* start monking around with something," Joe said bitterly, "the trouble is bound to commence."

"That's queer," Ackerman said politely. "But we'll take a chance."

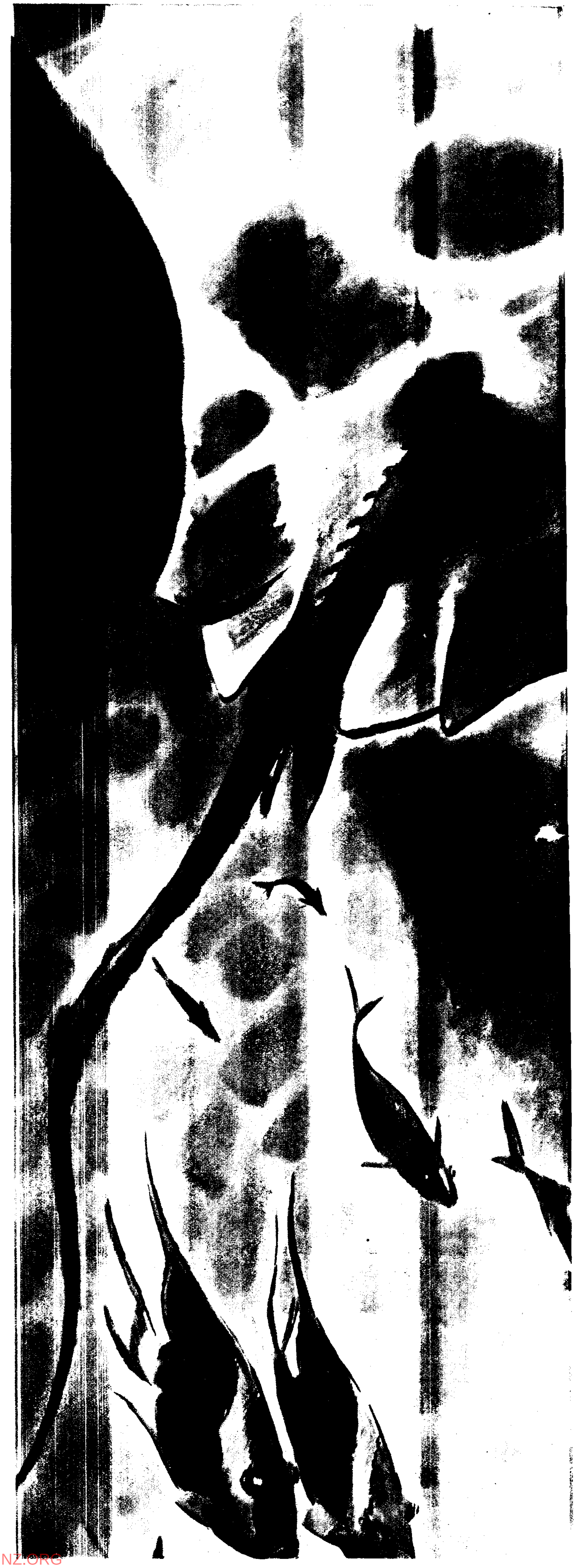
"Can you run an outboard?" Kelly said. "We'll loan you ours. Bring our mail with you tomorrow. I'll start diving about ten."

THAT night Joe stayed at bleak Fiddler's Cove, in the palmetto shack that he and his father had called home. Since his father's lingering illness had ended in death, Joe often lay on his pallet transfixed with an empty loneliness; listening to the nightly march of the armies of fiddlers on the dirty beach outside. Tonight he had a new job; yet he couldn't let himself get happy about it until he saw how it turned out.

"You ain't no child of mine," his father had often said. "You're trouble's child."

It looked that way, too. The old man—he was sixty-one when Joe was born—could go out by himself and come back with the boat riding low and heavy with mullet and sea trout; but when Joe went the fish weren't there, or a tarpon got in the gill net, or a squall came upon them. Joe knew it was because he was along.

After his father had drunk his last swallow of rotgut swamp moonshine and died, Joe left and went to town, to Palmetto Creek, job hunting. He remembered his first encounter with Nellie Barnaby, who worked in Crabflake Myers' store. Everybody took for granted she would marry Crabflake, sometime or other, and they said she was sure lucky, because Crabflake owned just about everything in town worth owning. Nellie was smart, like old Jules Barnaby; but that's about the only way she took after him. Jules was lazy and dried up, with a scrawny neck and thin, undershot jaw that was usually clamped on a sulphur-



His only sensation was a sudden numbing pain, as the sting ray swerved away into the darkness

ous old pipe. Nellie, though, was hardworking; and there wasn't a handsomer girl on the coast—she was full-fleshed, ripe, with eyes and lashes so black they looked purple.

Joe had gone into Crabflake's store that time for some sardines and crackers—he hadn't eaten all day. Nellie looked at him and at his hair, which hadn't been cut in two months, and said, "That must be one of them new page-boy bobs."

He apologized, "Me and the old man gen'rally cut each other's hair, but he was abed fer two months. Last week he went and died."

"I'm sure mighty sorry to hear about it," she said.

JOE got his sardines and crackers and retired to the back of the store to eat. Nellie sold a fisherman some shear pins, and after a while she came back to where Joe was.

"I'm fixing to put in and try to get me a job," he confided.

"You ought to get some of that hair took off afore you go job hunting," she said. "When Crabflake comes we can go out back and I'll give you a haircutting."

"Shore Lord thank you, but I wouldn't put you to that trouble."

"Wouldn't be no trouble, not the first." She smiled. "Bet you ain't half bad-looking, with that hair off."

"Aw, foot," he said.

She did a good job, but he was glad when it was over. He had never had a pretty girl standing that close to him, and he felt a queer uneasiness, almost fright.

First place he went was Jules Barnaby's house, because he knew Nellie was not there and might be later. Jules came to the door and howled the yard dogs quiet.

Joe said, "Don't guess you want no wood chopped, ner your yard roke."

Jules took his old pipe from his compressed angular jaw, and looked at him with sharp, weather-squinted old eyes. "You couldn't be old Ned Bullock's boy, could you?"

"That's right."

"Well, now. Mighty sorry to hear old Ned went to his reward," Jules said, walking to the front gate. "Don't need my yard roke, bud, ner no wood chopped." He squinted at the sun. "You know anything about cleaning up a boat?"

"Never monked around a fine boat like the Pelican, if that's what you got in mind," Joe said hesitantly, "but I reckon the man that learnt had to try."

"It's about an hour o'sun. You got time to git started on her. Party fishing's been so poorly I took to mullet fishing 'er some. She stinks like a Greek sponger. Too danged lazy to clean 'er up m'self."

THAT'S how Joe started working for Jules. The pay hadn't been much, but then there wasn't much in party fishing, with the fish not running right. Sometimes Joe felt that he didn't help matters, being hard luck the way he was. Then one night Jules came staggering into the house doggone near dead from rowing five miles in against the tide, and said the Pelican had burned and sunk right in the river channel. That had ended *that* job.

Now, though, he had another one. Maybe he wasn't as hard luck as he used to be. He cranked the motor and started in to Palmetto Creek for the insurance boat's mail. The day was sharp and clear, and life moved in the green bay. Presently he saw frightened minnows jumping. Silver knives lanced through the water—mackerel. At last the mackerel had come! And Jules Barnaby's boat lay on the salt sand of the river bottom.

Nellie Barnaby stood in the doorway

(*Continued on page* 29)

Flash

BY FRANK GERVASI

The magnificent Vargas diamond is the newest and fourth largest of the world's great gem stones. It made its finders wealthy. Now its purchaser stands ready to make—or lose—a fortune as its cutting gets under way

DR. F. H. POUGH

Months of study preceded this crucial hammer tap as Lazare Kaplan cleaved the great Jonker diamond

The uncut Vargas diamond, found in Brazil, weighs 726.6 carats, a trifle more than the famed Jonker stone

MANOEL and Joaquin were drunk, beautifully, gloriously drunk. First one, then the other swigged noisily from the green bottle of *cachaça* that stood on the greasy table between them. Around them, filling to the walls the room that served as dining room, sleeping quarters, barn and kitchen, stood the awed members of their families—their fat, perplexed wives, their numerous offspring, their cousins and their friends and a few fellow diamond hunters, *garimpeiros* they call themselves in Brazil.

It was logical and appropriate that Manoel and Joaquin should get sozzled. They were celebrating. Only that morning, back in the granite-faced hills of the hinterland, in the arid bed of Rio San Antonio, near Coromandel, they had found a rock—a piece of stone as big as a lemon and that looked like a lump of loam-stained ice.

Manoel had found it—Manoel the patient, who worked days without end, sitting on his haunches, swaying with the rhythm of the broad, shallow pan where he washed the pebbles of the creek bed. He sang as he worked and the piles of washed stones rose behind him. He sang a song the *garimpeiro* sings, a song of hope.

Manoel stopped in his singing in the middle of a word; his pan dropped at his feet as he straightened up and shouted to Joaquin.

Together the two men, sweating under the same stabbing noonday sun, stared at the rock. They stooped and washed it and rubbed off the mud on their tattered shirt sleeves. The rock acquired a soft, silken glow. They held the rock in four sets of possessive fingers against the sun, and through the stone there came a fascinating blue light.

And then Manoel and Joaquin knew they had found *un grande diamante*. Then they knew they could get drunk on rum and pineapple juice, or maybe just rum. They could buy fresh meat and toilet water by the gallon and tight, high-heeled shoes for their waddling wives.

Down the slope to Coromandel the *garimpeiros* ran on uncertain legs. They took turns holding the rock. Down the valley to Diamantina the news spread, and there there was a telegraph station. That night, in faraway Rio the presses rolled with the news and by morning the cunning diamond men of Amsterdam and New York, Antwerp, London, Paris and Johannesburg set into motion their mechanisms for acquisition of the rough jewel in whose crystals might be locked a fortune.

Upon the sagging hut of Manoel and Joaquin descended the agents of the big gem merchants of the world, shrewd traders who knew that in its journey from the finder's hands to the throat of

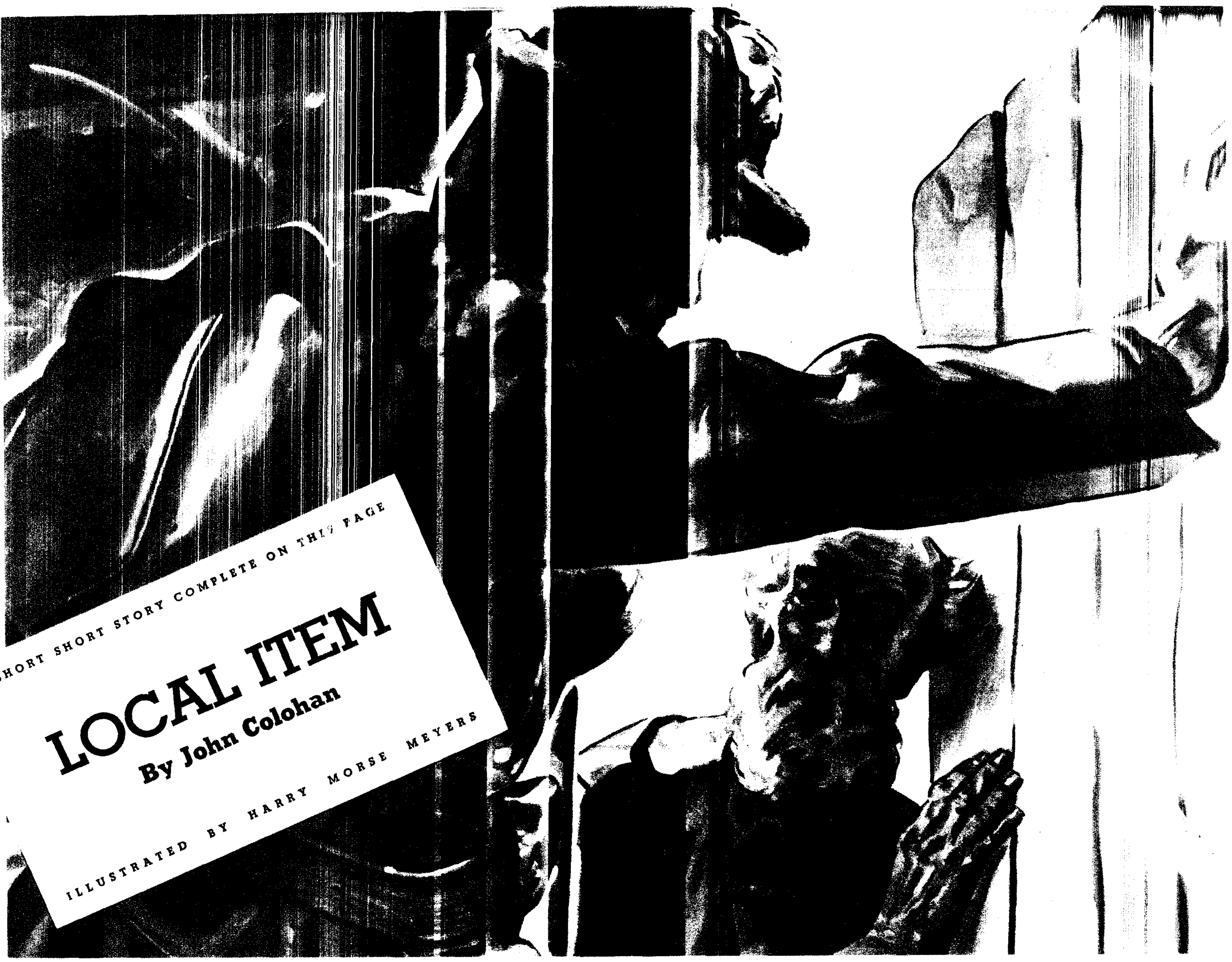
(*Continued on page* 52)

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

LOCAL ITEM

By John Colohan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



When old man Yoakum opened the door Streeter stomped into the close warmth of the living room

THE house was a chunk of frosted icing lost in a wilderness of snow. Miles Streeter left his pony standing in trampled snow to stomp up on the porch and kick the door with savage force. When old man Yoakum opened the door he stomped into the close warmth of the living room.

"Neither storm nor sleet," declaimed Miles Streeter bitterly, "nor snow hip-deep to a tall Swede, shall stay these swift couriers—" He placed a folded newspaper on the oilcloth-covered table. "There's your Daily Star," he said.

"Now, Miles," said old man Yoakum.

"Don't you 'now, Miles' me," Miles Streeter said. "If this snow gets any deeper I'll have to put webs on my horse. Four miles outa my way I ride, every day. Six days a week. For what? So a white-whiskered old sheep farmer can look at the pictures in the Star—so he can have a newspaper to start his morning fire." He glared at old man Yoakum.

"Now, Miles," said old man Yoakum. "Don't you go getting frantic. I got a pot of chile on the stove. I got hot coffee. You shuck that sheepskin and pull up at the table and I'll fix you in a jiffy."

He filled a bowl with chile con carne. The big mail carrier slipped out of his sheepskin coat and sat down at the table.

"That'll warm up your innards, Miles," he said. "I'll just sorta read the paper while you're eating."

Old man Yoakum found a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, balanced them carefully across his nose and spread the newspaper before him on the table opposite Miles Streeter. His faded blue eyes followed the lines of print with absorbed attention.

"Um," said old man Yoakum finally. "Sez here, Miles, that some Eastern capitalists are figgering to open the Little Emma diggings again. That'll be a good thing—bring money into the country."

With a spoon filled with beans halfway to his mouth Miles Streeter paused to stare at the old man curiously. "Yah!" said Miles Streeter derisively.

Old man Yoakum ignored the comment. Patiently, column by column, he was going over the newspaper.

"Musta been quite a robbery you folks had in town," he observed. "Sez here bandits stuck up the Citizens Bank yesterday morning—sez they shot the cashier and got clean away."

Miles Streeter lifted his head. "They killed the cashier," he said. "They got away with twelve thousand dollars in cash."

"SEZ here—" the old man glanced downward at the paper for confirmation—"sez it's pretty much of a mystery where they went. Sez Sheriff Winters figgers they must be hiding somewhere hereabouts but he ain't got no idee where to look."

"I reckon not," Miles Streeter said. He brushed a handkerchief across his lips and came to his feet. He wrapped his big frame in the sheepskin coat. "I'll be seeing you tomorrow," he said.

At the door he turned. "I've tasted worse chile," he conceded grudgingly. He waded through the snow to his horse, swung into the saddle and rode out of sight around the row of sheep corrals below old man Yoakum's house. . . .

And two men came into the room that Miles Streeter had just left. The one was tall and dark, with a bulldog face; the other was smaller, with the pointed features of a rat. The tall man had a snub-nosed automatic nestling in his hand.

"You were playing cute," he told old man Yoakum. "Reading that piece in the newspaper about the robbery—trying to tip that big bird off that we were here." He toyed with the automatic.

Old man Yoakum, saying nothing, eyed the automatic.

The tall man sniffed the air appreciatively. "Say! I can go for some of that chile!"

They were eating chile con carne when Miles Streeter came back. Miles Streeter had ridden his horse around old man Yoakum's sheep corrals and tied him behind the big lean-to barn. He came back on foot, entering by way of the kitchen door; he came in so quietly that none of the three men heard him until he was standing in the living-room doorway. A gun hung level in his hand.

"Lift 'em," Miles Streeter said.

The tall man made an error of judgment, trying for the snub-nosed automatic on the table. Miles Streeter shot him through the shoulder and the automatic clattered on the floor. The hands of the rat-faced man were in the air.

They tied the smaller man hand and foot. They removed the tall man's shirt and looked at the hole the thirty-eight slug had torn through the muscles of his shoulder. They washed the wound and bandaged it, and Miles Streeter stood up to go.

"I'll send the sheriff out soon as I get to town," he said. "I reckon you can handle them."

"I can handle 'em," declared old man Yoakum stoutly. "Could have handled 'em before, only they snuck up on me."

"They'll be company," Miles Streeter said.

HIS hand was on the door when the wounded man spoke from the couch. "I'm just a sucker for a gag," the wounded man said plaintively. "How was it done?"

Miles Streeter glanced at old man Yoakum almost affectionately. "In winter this is lonesome country," Miles Streeter said. "The old man likes to talk, but sometimes he goes weeks without a visitor. So, this fall, he up and subscribes to the Daily Star. Not that he wants the paper, you understand, but just so he'll have a chance to visit with the mail carrier."

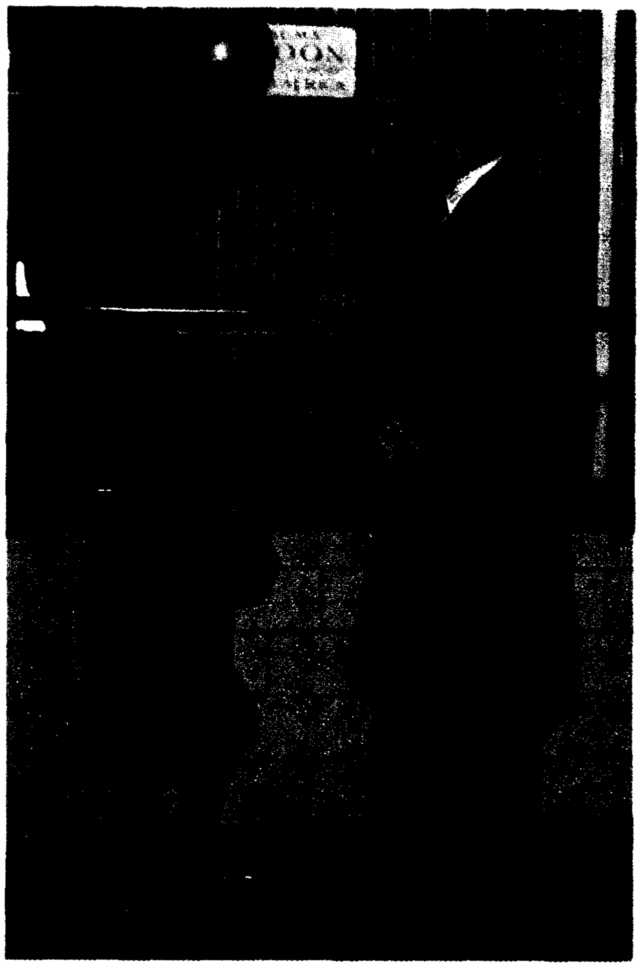
"I don't get it," the wounded man said. "Him reading that story in the paper—"

"That's it," said Miles Streeter cheerfully. "I knew he wasn't getting his information outa the paper. The old coot can't read. Furthermore, he knows I know it."

IT'S THE GOODS

Covert cloth has what it takes—and has had it for a hundred years. That's why it came back

By Henry L. Jackson



Single-breasted fly-front topcoats of covert cloth, with notch lapels and raglan shoulders, for father and son

Covert cloth's popularity isn't exactly new. Here, back in the fall of 1908, is Alfred Vanderbilt wearing a covert cloth coat. Others: Consuelo Vanderbilt, Duchess of Marlborough, and O. H. P. Belmont, in silk topper

BACK in the days when Diamond Jim Brady was the glutton of Broadway, the dudes around Delmonico's used to wear a very nifty number known as the "Bennie." It was a double-breasted topcoat made of covert cloth, which came down about halfway between the hip and the knee and had large white pearl buttons and a velvet collar. Weber and Fields used the "Bennie" almost as a trade-mark and females as far north as Spuyten Duyvil were known to swoon away with pleasure at the mere approach of a gentleman in this strange garb.

The point of this is that while the "Bennie" finally died, fighting a desperate rear-guard action every step of the way, the covert cloth out of which it was made is staging a comeback. The resurrection began about three years ago when a bright manufacturer conceived the idea of making a lightweight version of covert cloth and turning it into a complete three-piece sports suit. The furor that followed took on the aspect of a riot and the landscape was soon dotted with muscular gentlemen who had forsaken tweeds and flannels and gone stark, raving covert mad.

If they thought they were bringing back a rage of the Gay Nineties, they were quite wrong, because covert cloth was developed over a hundred years ago for English huntsmen. These gentry found themselves in need of a coat to wear over the traditional pink coat when hacking to the meet. The mills in the west of England perfected a hard-wearing, weatherproof, lightweight fabric of tannish green, which was tailored into a short, full coat for comfort in the saddle. It kept out the fog, discouraged chills and was soon taken up by sportsmen for general wear.

What started the insanity here were the college undergraduates, those fabulous figures who have taken over the English tradition of carelessness and gone in for odd jackets and sloppy pants with a fervency that amounts to reverence. They found covert a fabric that could stand a lot of punishment and have even gone to the point of using it for the well-known stitched pork-pie hats. They can buy complete suits (three pieces) for as little as $35 and vary the outfits by combining covert jackets with odd slacks and odd jackets with covert slacks. A good pair of slacks comes to around $8.50; the jacket will set you back $22.50.

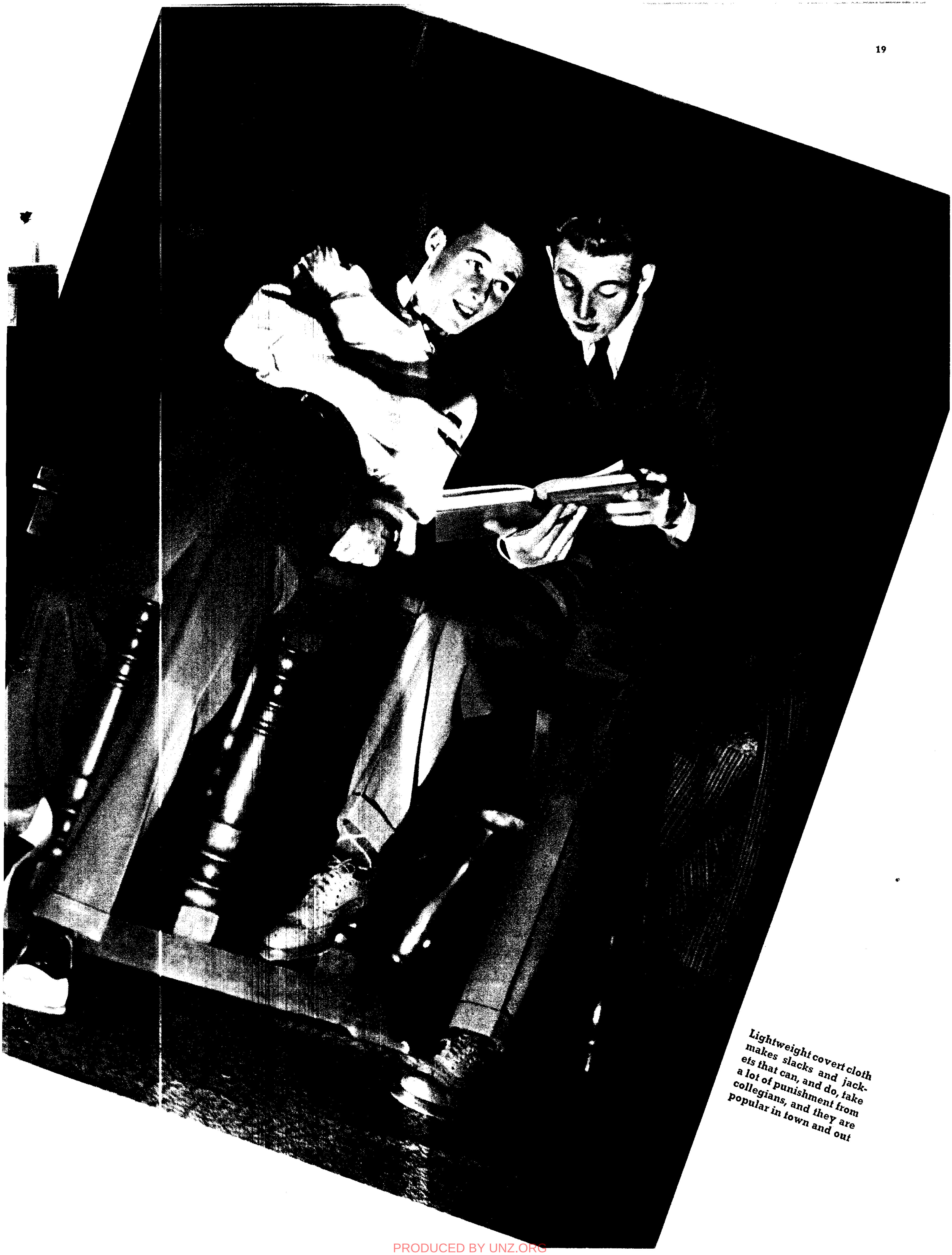
But covert cloth triumphs particularly in topcoats because of its tight weave and hard-finished surface. It is showerproof, windproof and light in weight. As a topcoating it has the advantage of being appropriate for town, country and travel, although it should never be cut in a tight-fitting, dressy model. It belongs strictly to the sporting fraternity, fitting perfectly into the new-clothes classification known as "semi-sports." Hence it may be worn correctly in town with town accessories and correctly in the country with heavy shoes, floppy hats and the rest of it. The cost of a covert topcoat runs between $35 and $175, according to make.

When the use of the cloth for regular suits became common, the designers tampered a bit with the colors and after a period of experimentation came forth with blues, greens, browns and grays. However, the original neutral shades —those that will fool a fox ten feet away—are still the most popular. The suits take their place as spring and fall equivalents of the lightweight gabardines, which are now worn generally in spring and summer clothing.

Naturally, two things happened as soon as the collegians started the covert craze: (a) the women horned in on it and may be seen traipsing about in suits of the material but which are cut with a bit more regard for topography, and (b) the older gents swung in behind the parade. It is not uncommon to see Papa and Junior walking down the street in identical coats, frequently cut in the same style.

The persistence of fashion is a marvelous thing and at race meets in this country there may still occasionally be seen a covert coat fashioned in the style of the finger-tip length garments of a century ago (as depicted in the old photograph on this page). This gives rise to the thought that perhaps the "Bennie" itself will return. We can give a very good price on several old models still hanging in our attic.

You'll find covert cloth nearly everywhere. If you can't, write us and we'll tell you the nearest place to get it.



Lightweight covert cloth makes slacks and jackets that can, and do, take a lot of punishment from collegians, and they are popular in town and out

Let Me Call You Comrade

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING with her Aunt Tissy in Sunny Haven, an imposing country home near Hollywood, Audrey Atkinson is beset with suitors. A born reformer—all of her servants are reformed crooks—she yearns for a man whom she can reform. None of the suitors qualify. All get the air.

"Scoop" Duncan, a newspaper reporter, is her closest friend Scoop (who tells the story) stands by loyally when she stages a reformation drive on a young man—Bernard J. (Barney) McGill, an aeronautical engineer—whom she has never met but who, she insists, is sadly in need of her expert attentions.

Audrey is certain that young Mr. McGill gambles, drinks and is an easy victim of designing females. Audrey is wrong—Barney is a model young man. He is investigating the activities of a Commu-Nazi group that, known as the Hollywood Trojan horse, has been causing trouble in southern California. Posing as a dissolute roué, he hopes to learn what the Trojan horse is up to.

Audrey makes frantic endeavors to meet Barney. Barney makes frantic endeavors to escape—he regards Miss Atkinson as a distinct menace. No dice! Acting on the suggestion of Aunt Tissy (world's champion husband reformer), Audrey inveigles him into drinking a Mickey Finn; then, when he is out cold, she kidnaps him, carts him off to Sunny Haven.

A prisoner, forced to listen to Audrey's preachments on the evils of drink, gambling and chasing about, Barney is in a difficult spot. He longs to make his getaway. But how can he do it? The arrival of Scoop Duncan solves his immediate problems. Scoop outsmarts Audrey, and takes him away in his car.

Deeply grateful, Barney outlines the situation to Scoop. Scoop makes him promise to refrain from confiding in Audrey (who cannot keep a secret) and offers his co-operation in the anti-Trojan horse operations. The offer is accepted. Together, the two young men visit a gambling establishment patronized by the Trojan horse. Audrey appears on the scene, creates quite a disturbance trying to cure Barney of the gambling habit. Barney makes his escape. Scoop goes home.

A messenger boy, with a note, awaits Mr. Duncan. Scoop reads the note. It is from Barney: "There has been a startling development. Meet me at plant nine A. M. tomorrow. Audrey cannot get in there. Think I'm cracking it."

III

I FOUND Barney in his office, pacing the floor and chewing the bit of a cold pipe. His hair was rumpled, he needed a shave and I don't think he had got much sleep. Young scientist deeply troubled was the phrase for Barney.

"Don't take it so hard, pal," I said. "All you have to do now is to give up gambling."

"Sit down. This is not funny," Barney said.

Then he told me what had happened. A punk kid employed in the paint shop was caught, the evening before, with a pocket full of thermite "pencils"—small incendiary gadgets. He was listed on the pay roll as Alfred Jones, but a little sweating got the truth out of him. His real name was Kurt Niessen; he was the son of good, innocent German-American parents; he had joined a Bund and had spent last summer in a Hitler Youth camp in Germany.

"The New York Bund shipped him out here to the Baroness Thiele," Barney related. "She gave him a job as a delivery driver for a dress shop on Wilshire Boulevard. Then he was hired by a Hitler sympathizer—Thomas Caldwell, a machine-tool manufacturer, he says—but we haven't verified that yet. Anyway, he came to us recommended by Caldwell and Henry Anderson, another presumably good 100-percent American. But here's the big tip-off—the kid swears that he was ordered to attend meetings at the home of Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer!"

I was definitely disappointed.

"Don't tell me that Mr. Big is Koslov-Kundbeischer. I had him cast as comic relief."

Barney shook his head.

(Continued on page 61)

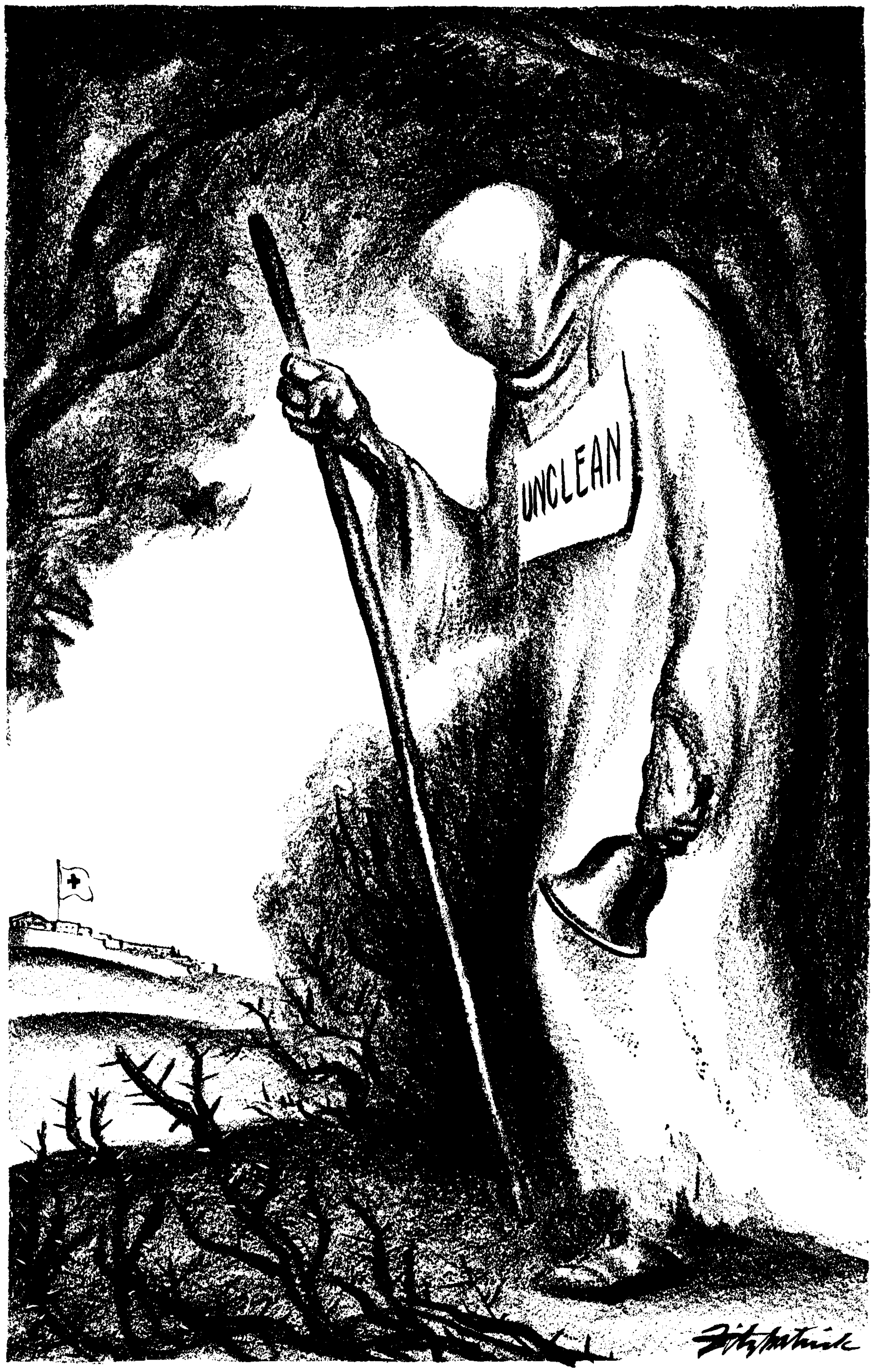
"I shan't ask many questions," Audrey said, "because I have a meeting of the church Altar Guild to attend. But I would like to know about this pact"

Hope for the Hopeless

By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

CARTOON BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

We can't cure leprosy—yet, but the United States is doing more for the leper than any other country—and we have only 2,000 of the 3,000,000 lepers in the world. Dr. Heiser, liaison officer for the International Leprosy Association and organizer of the leper colony in the Philippines, tells you about it



THERE is a walled town in Louisiana and of the six hundred souls who dwell within it more than half are a race apart. Carville lies eighty miles above New Orleans, safely shut off from the world, circled by an oxbow of the Mississippi. Within the high wire fence that skirts the opposite side of the road is an elevated pavilion, built by the lepers who inhabit Carville, from which they can watch the passing steamboats and admire the fine view up and down the river.

You come to great gates standing open during the day and are greeted by a man who looks like a guard, save that he is unarmed; you enter under enormous live oaks, and draw up beside the white pillars of the old plantation mansion that once echoed to the music and laughter of great parties. Now it is the administration building of the National Leprosarium of the United States Public Health Service.

Near at hand is a street, bordered by smooth lawns, bright flowers, shrubbery and the half-dozen homes of the doctors and their families. In the last lives Senior Surgeon H. E. Hasseltine, director in charge. With Dr. Hasseltine you walk beyond the break in the dwarf green hedge that separates the "clean" from the "unclean." Through this the patients never pass. You pause at the small Protestant church, presented by the American Mission to Lepers. In the Catholic chapel a bell tolls in preparation for a funeral.

You climb the steps to the roofed corridor which runs on stilts endlessly from bungalow to bungalow—open to wind and air, but screened to keep out malaria. Some of the people you pass bear no apparent stigmata of leprosy. Sometimes you meet a bicyclist whose foot ulcers permit him to pedal although he cannot walk; sometimes the blind, before whose eyes leprosy has dropped a curtain, come tapping their rhythmic way. Their heads never turn as you approach, but, recognizing the familiar step beside you, one and all say, "Good evening, Doctor." And Dr. Hasseltine responds pleasantly, "Feeling better today?"

You catch glimpses of bright blue robes and great, stiff caps with spreading wings. The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul are cheerily busy about their nursing duties. You stop to speak to an orderly whose face had once been swollen in lumps until the nose sank into insignificance. Now the leprosy is dead in him and his face is almost restored to normality, but he has elected to remain in this accustomed world rather than face the outside one where his reception would be uncertain.

The leper is now and may forever be barred from clasping hands in friendship with anyone. Letters he writes to his family cannot leave without being sterilized. Those who still have fingers can knit or fashion little knickknacks, but, disinfect as you may, the outside world will have none of their products. Many have their little gardens, but usually the leper is so depressed that he takes no interest in anything. He looks forward with a half-lingering hope to being among the few who get well. He is inclined to withdraw from his kind and become introspective.

There are two hundred others to take care of these 350 or so wards of the government. Patients who can or want to work receive pay as sweepers, watchmen or orderlies, and they run a canteen at considerable profit. But they can never go into the kitchen.

For eleven years Chef Clayton has presided over this. He proudly displays his gleaming kettles filled with savory foods, prepared as for the patrons of a great hotel. A leper needs all he can eat and the best there is; Chef Clayton sees that he gets it, preparing his menus with the dietitian. He has to supply a wide range of culinary dishes to satisfy clients of so many nationalities; two thirds are foreign born or of foreign extraction. But he always pours milk into his charges. On fine days he sometimes spreads picnic suppers under the oaks and he extends himself for children's birthday parties.

Much of the time of the hospital staff is directed to thinking up ways to overcome the depression of the lepers and the restricted nature of their occupations. Fortunately for them, moving pictures have learned how to talk.

Poker is one of the few truly international games because it involves so much of human nature. Once a month, when payday comes around, the men begin to play poker and the game goes on night and day until only the Chinese are left. You know the Celestials have won because they promptly buy money orders made out to their families across the Pacific.

The patients have their

(Continued on page 25)

Romance in Crimson

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

LATE one evening, on a quiet New York street, Gregg Stuart frightens away a man who, automatic in hand, has threatened to kill a girl. The girl, on the verge of collapse, tells him that her name is Lynn Harrison. She admits that she is in great peril; but concerning its nature she refuses to talk.

Gregg puts her in a taxicab, escorts her to her apartment house. The man with the automatic is lurking near the entrance. What to do? Gregg has the answer; and Lynn—after long hesitation—accepts it: she spends the night in Gregg's one bedroom, while Gregg sleeps on a lounge. . . . In the morning, Lynn, still mysteriously reticent, tells Gregg that both she and her best friend—Toby Fuller, a beautiful model—must leave New York for a time; she says that "Rick" (her companion of the previous evening) is dragging them both into a sinister net of intrigue. . . .

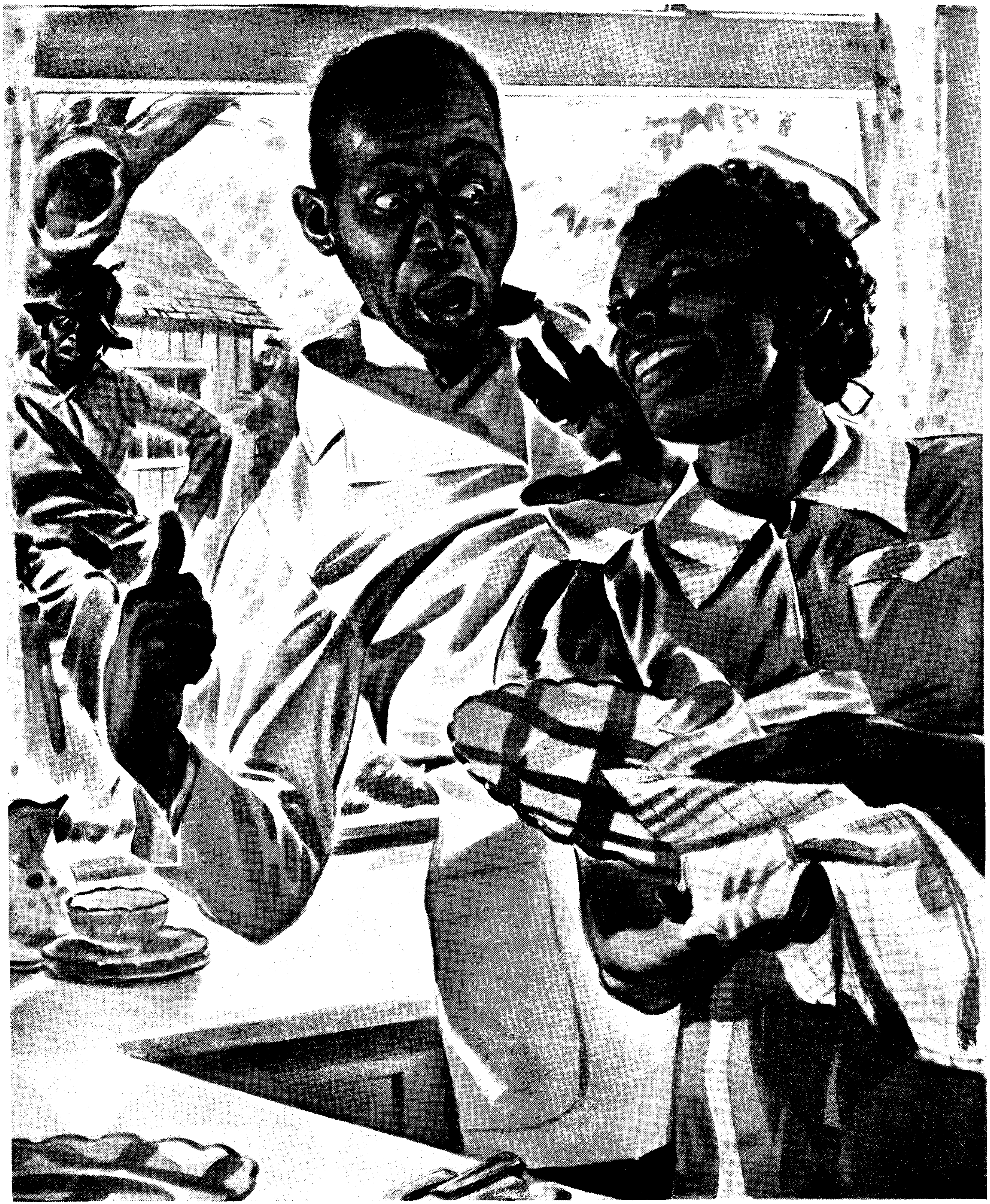
Liking the girl, Gregg insists that she and Toby Fuller motor with him to his old Southern home, the small city of Karnak. And a few days later, the trio—skillfully driven by Frenzy Gillings, Gregg's colored servant—reach Karnak.

Gregg's mother and his friends give the girls a gracious welcome. And presently, during a round of parties, Gregg realizes that he loves Lynn. But a rude shock awaits him. Two of his friends—Madge and Wally Andrews (who one night, a short time before, had been held up and robbed on Long Island by a man and a girl)—tell him that the bandit's moll and Lynn Harrison are identical, in appearance; they might, the Andrewses say, be twin sisters!

Gregg tells Lynn that he loves her. He mentions the holdup—and what the Andrewses have told him. Then the blow falls—Lynn admits that she had been with the man (Rick) when the Andrewses had been robbed! . . .

Meanwhile, Frenzy Gillings has been enjoying life. He has been courting Fauna Jones, the Stuarts' cook. Unfortunately, he has a rival, Joe Herring. Joe is large and sinewy. Encountering Frenzy, at a church social, he hurls some insulting remarks at him. He then attacks poor Frenzy, rolls him in the dirt.

"That will learn you," he exclaims, as he rises, "to fool aroun' with another feller's gal."



"I done tol' him me an' you would mebbe some day git ma'ied," Fauna said. "What?" Frenzy's eyes blazed

IV

FRENZY went home alone, suffering from a premonition that all was not as it should be. In his dilemma he visited the cabin of Flora, who was Fauna's twin sister—and married. He told her his troubles and she gave him small solace.

"Joe Herring is crazy 'bout Fauna."

"He's crazy all right."

"Him an' her was might'-nigh engaged."

"She never tol' me nothin' like that."

"She wouldn't."

"How come not?"

"We-e-e-ll . . . Fauna is terrible fond of Joe, but he ain't never had no good, steady job, which is why they ain't gotten wed long ago. Also right now she craves to make ma'iage with you."

"Me!" Frenzy was aghast. "Where at she git such a crazy notion?"

Flora explained with disturbing frankness Fauna's ambition to become a New Yorker. "An' wha's mo'," finished this harbinger of gladsome tidings, "she is fixin' to tell Joe—mos' likely tonight—that you-all is gwine git ma'ied, an' he better mind his own business."

Frenzy clapped a quivering hand against a throbbing forehead. "Oh, woe is me!" he moaned. "Ise got a hunch Ise about to happen to a catastrophe."

That had been last Sunday. In the interim, Mr. Gillings' efforts to talk sensibly to Fauna Jones had been greeted with coquettish evasion. His blunt statement, "I ain't gwine ma'y nobody, Fauna—so you better leave me be," hadn't seemed to register.

AND starting yesterday morning, a new development had occurred.

Bright and early Mr. Joe Herring, looking grimly formidable, had appeared in the Stuarts' back yard where he had taken a chair, leaned it against an oak tree and started staring into the kitchen. Frenzy was there and so was Fauna but whereas Miss Jones seemed blithely unconcerned, Mr. Gillings found himself wallowing in the nethermost depths of the slough of despond.

"That feller," he vouchsafed, indicating Joe, "sho has got a homicidal look on his face."

"Shuh," smiled Fauna archly, "you don't got to pay him no heed."

"How can I do else?" Frenzy indulged in a bit of contemplation. "An' anyhow, what right's he got thinkin' Ise fallin' fo' you?"

"He's got plenty right, Frenzy. I done tol' him me an' you would mebbe some day git ma'ied."

"*What?*" Frenzy's eyes blazed. "Is you crazy, gal? Does you yearn to git me extincted?"

"Don't you worry 'bout Joe."

"But look . . ." Frenzy ceased talking and commenced spluttering. Then he pulled himself together. "What kind of a gal is you, anyway? I thought you was crazy 'bout him."

She had the grace to lower her gaze. "I do like him, kind of. On'y he's just plain Karnak. He ain't even couth."

"An' so . . . ?"

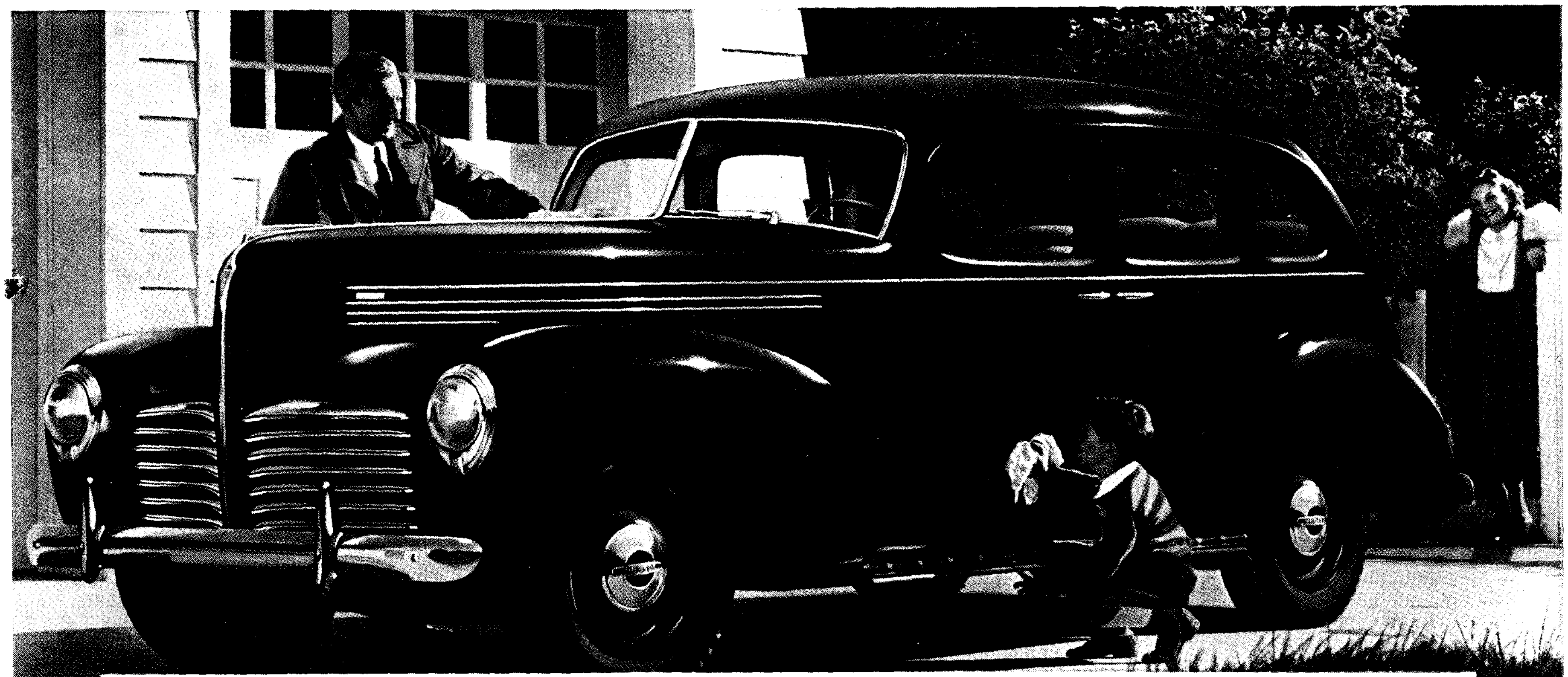
"If he ever had a good, steady job, or somethin'—"

"You'd ma'y him?"

Fauna shrugged. "Cain't never tell 'bout that." She came coyly closer. "How come me an' you cain't be good frien's, Brother Gillings?"

"Git away fum me, female." Frenzy leaped backward, conscious of those sad, observing eyes under the oak tree—"You is a female rattlesnake. An' if that feller don't cease fum spyin' on me—"

(Continued on page 47)



Car shown is new Hudson Six Touring Sedan, $763, delivered in Detroit*

"I DIDN'T KNOW how much I had been missing, until I got into a new Hudson Six. Guess I had what you call the 'other three' habit . . . I'd been going back to the same old car year after year. But the good looks of the new Hudson attracted me, and I found the biggest money's worth of automobile I've ever owned."

When YOU come to see this new Hudson Six, you'll find it hard to believe *a price right down with the "other three"* can buy so much more beauty, such wholly unexpected luxury, such an amazing amount of room and comfort.

Be ready, too, in this Hudson Six, for a new kind of performance. Consider the sensational endurance and economy tests on the Bonneville Salt Flats. 20,000 miles in 12 days—a test no other car at any price ever survived! And more official miles per gallon, in a 1000-mile economy run, than any other full-sized car ever traveled.

You'll find something new in *safety*, too. Hudson, for example, is the only car at any price with Double-Safe Brakes. Finest hydraulics, with a mechanical system in reserve operating *automatically* from the same foot pedal. Should hydraulics ever fail, as they can in any car, you just push farther on the same foot pedal, and STOP.

Don't you think it will pay you, before you choose your 1940 car, to see and drive this new Hudson Six . . . to see why they're calling it "the most amazing lowest priced car ever built"?

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THE CAR TO SEE with the "OTHER THREE"

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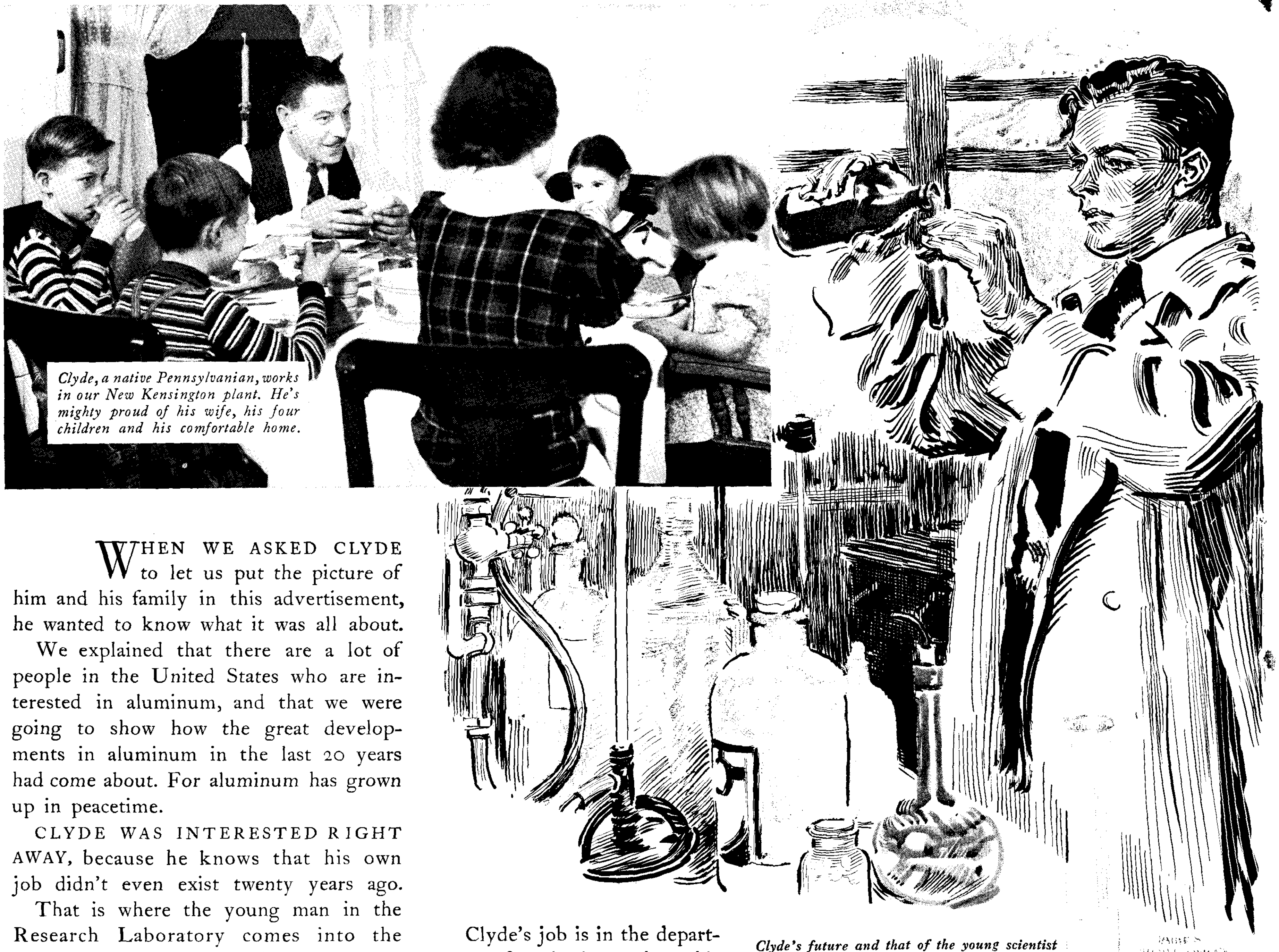
MOST AMAZING LOWEST PRICED CAR EVER BUILT

Clyde Holmes, worker in Aluminum

HIS JOB HAD TO BE INVENTED



Clyde, a native Pennsylvanian, works in our New Kensington plant. He's mighty proud of his wife, his four children and his comfortable home.

Clyde's future and that of the young scientist in James Montgomery Flagg's painting came together in one of our factories. This young man, fresh from college, went to work in our research laboratories just after the World War.

WHEN WE ASKED CLYDE to let us put the picture of him and his family in this advertisement, he wanted to know what it was all about.

We explained that there are a lot of people in the United States who are interested in aluminum, and that we were going to show how the great developments in aluminum in the last 20 years had come about. For aluminum has grown up in peacetime.

CLYDE WAS INTERESTED RIGHT AWAY, because he knows that his own job didn't even exist twenty years ago.

That is where the young man in the Research Laboratory comes into the story. In the tireless search that goes on there all the time, he helped to discover a remarkable new finish for the surface of aluminum. It meant brighter reflectors that would stay bright, for street lighting, for safer automobile headlights and for the great flood lamps which give to everyone a chance to see at night those sports that once were possible only by day.

Clyde's job is in the department of our business where this special aluminum is now produced for the manufacturers of lighting equipment. It is literally a "made job", created by working out something new that benefits all of us.

Multiply this case by thousands and you have the story of how the aluminum industry has grown.

It is a simple story. Finding something new, making it work, giving men jobs, producing it, and so spreading the benefits to everyone. That is the way things are done in America.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

Hope for the Hopeless

Continued from page 21

own nine-hole golf course, tennis court, soccer-ball courts, baseball diamond and swimming pool. There must be two of everything at Carville, even laundries, for the clean and the unclean. No outside laundry would serve the leprosarium—at any price.

No disease that I know of has aroused such universal interest mixed with horror, such cruelty leavened with compassion. But always the dominant emotion it has evoked has been fear. Even Carville has not always been the paradise for lepers it has become.

Since early colonial days leprosy had begged on the streets of New Orleans and crept through the grilled windows of the proud creole mansions of the French quarter. People finally revolted at eating with lepers in restaurants, sitting beside them in horsecars. In 1894 the legislature, urged and prodded by Dr. Isadore Dyer, dermatologist of Tulane University, set up a board of control. The board started out to find a suitable place for a home, meeting with strenuous and frantic objections on every side. The leper colony had to be located somewhere where the value of property in its neighborhood would not be affected.

The board finally found an abandoned plantation in Iberville Parish and rented it for five years, saying it was to be used as an ostrich farm. Then one night the first contingent of eight lepers, who had been confined in the "pest house" of New Orleans, was towed up the river on a coal barge and installed in the old cabins of "Slave Street" by Dr. Dyer. Arrangements had been made with a near-by physician to see to the patients. He had no specialized knowledge but, for that matter, nobody had.

Dr. Dyer, realizing that someone should be in constant attendance, turned, as people in need of help for lepers have always done, to the church. Five Sisters moved into the mansion house in April, 1896. The porticoes and galleries were falling, the roof slates were broken, the copper work had been stolen, mantels and window frames were missing.

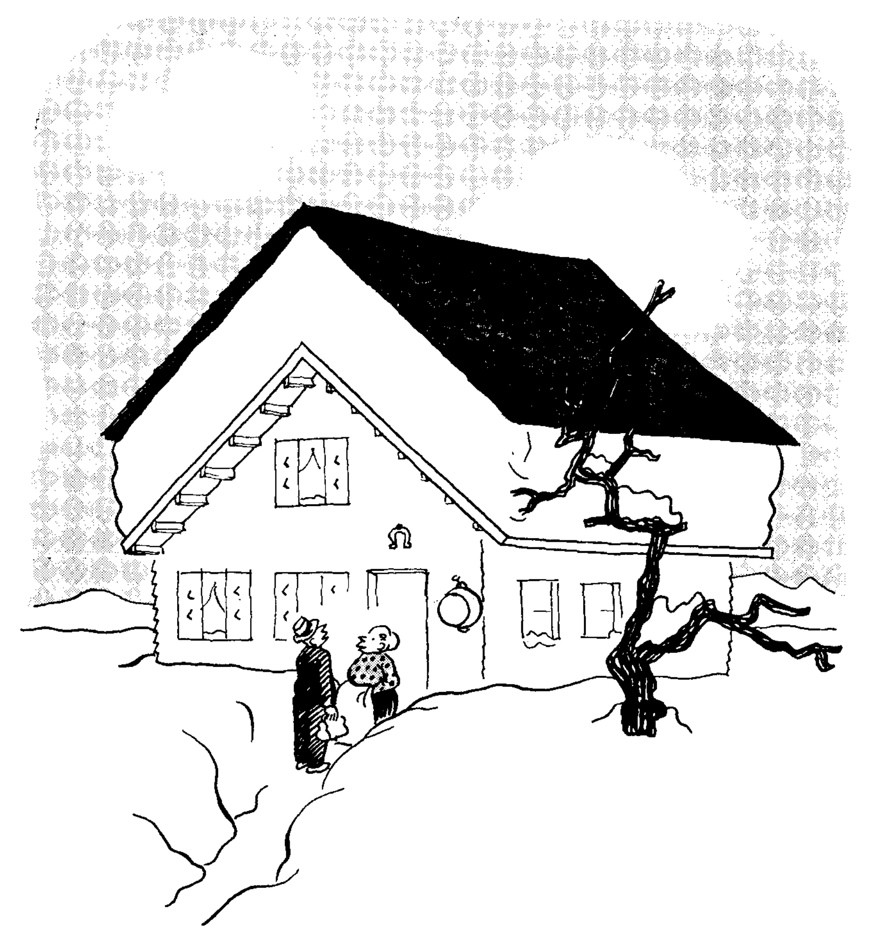
Five years after the founding of the home, Dr. Ralph Hopkins, today one of the leading dermatologists of New Orleans, graduated in medicine and almost immediately began a lifetime service to lepers. In fine weather he used to drive to Indian Camp Plantation from the railroad station five miles away in an open phaeton. If the weather was wet he made the trip on horseback, and in floodtime he plodded along the top of the levee.

Publicity Always Helps

Within a year thirty-one lepers were crowded into the one-room shacks, two and three together. Slave Street, which was some distance from the mansion, squatted on low, marshy ground, covered with weeds. The roofs of the small cabins dripped wetly, and the walls were so full of cracks that the blazes in the little fireplace were of slight avail.

Drs. Dyer and Hopkins began to publicize the dreadful situation and discovered that a mere recital of the lepers' woes before the governor and legislature would bring an emergency appropriation. Gradually repairs were made. With publicity came greater public charity.

It was also the duty of physicians to report cases to the board of health, which could then commit them. But the law for the apprehension of unwilling lepers did not produce the expected results. Family doctors were extremely reluctant to turn in the real names and residences of their patients. It was guaranteed that those who came voluntarily might remain anonymous. Some stayed



"The roofer said it will fall in place when the snow melts"

Trouble at the Opera

THE STAR: No, I *won't* see the reporters! Last night's papers said I sang like a crow! Throw 'em out!

THE MAID: Better Madame should throw out those harsh cathartics she always takes. Why not try that crisp American breakfast food—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN? They say it makes you "regular" without regrets. Tomorrow I give you some for breakfast.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

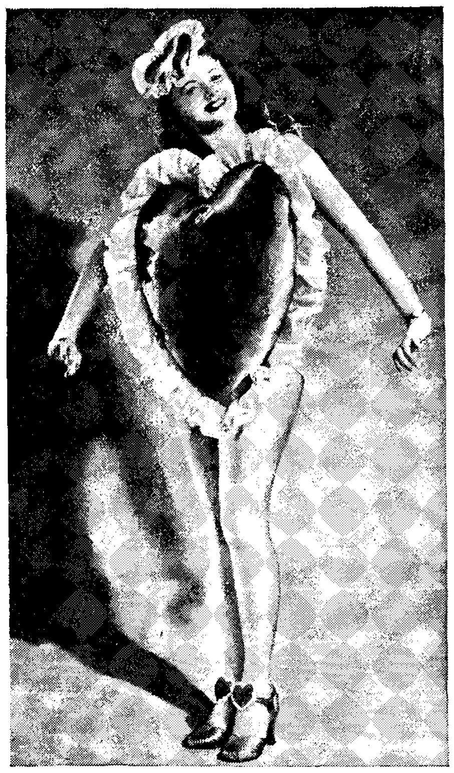
THE STAR: And just to think I may correct my trouble with a delicious *food!*
THE MAID: It's a particular *kind* of food called "bulk" that ALL-BRAN contains. You probably haven't had enough of it. If so, ALL-BRAN will go to the *cause* of the trouble. Eat it every day, and drink plenty of water.

THE MAID: (sometime later) Since Madame joined the "regulars," she is the critics' pet!
THE STAR: Thanks to you, Marie, and your wonderful KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN.

Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

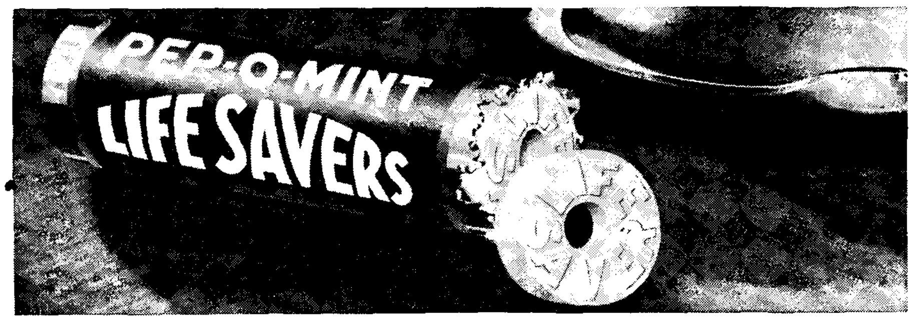
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK
COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

When you go fishing for a man, don't let anything stop you from landing him. Keep your breath sweet with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS.



If you should ask me which I love of all the world's fine flavors, the answer true, from me to you, is BUTTER RUM LIFE SAVERS.

Teacher says nobody can have a good disposition with a bad taste in his mouth. PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS will keep your mouth refreshed.



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

twenty years without anybody's being aware of their identity.

American interest in leprosy began when the Hawaiians sought refuge under our wing. A small section of the island of Molokai had already been set aside as an asylum for lepers in 1866 under King Kamehameha. Molokai had been unspeakable until in 1873 Father Damien, the Belgian missionary, had begun to devote himself to leprosy, ultimately contracting the disease and dying of it.

In acquiring the Philippine Islands our leper problem increased. When I was made director of health, I started collecting lepers, and in a few years the six thousand known cases were gathered together on the Island of Culion, set apart for the purpose.

In Washington I discussed with Surgeon Generals Wyman and Blue the need for a national leprosarium in the United States. The American Mission to Lepers began petitioning Congress and our legislators agreed one was necessary. In 1917 Congress appropriated the funds and appointed a committee to find a location. The Louisiana Leper Home, already established, had grown into a creditable institution, so in 1921 it passed into federal hands and became United States Marine Hospital 66.

Why Lepers Live Alone

To lessen nostalgia, a plan has been worked out at Carville whereby patients may visit their homes if personal legal business requires their presence. On a common carrier they must have a separate compartment and be accompanied by an attendant. Most lepers cannot afford this, so they go off, two together, in an automobile, driving alternately.

We do not know how leprosy is transmitted except that it is often contracted after many years of contact with the disease. It is not hereditary, because the children of leprous parents have been safeguarded by removing them before the third month. For the sake of protecting others, no matter how tragic the isolation, lepers should live alone.

The increase in voluntary admissions means lepers are losing their fear; persuasion is working better than coercion. One of the leper's first questions is, "What kind of care will I get?" Carville has its own resident dentist and scarcely a day passes that some specialist does not arrive—an orthopedist, an oculist, occasionally a plastic surgeon who can humanize faces.

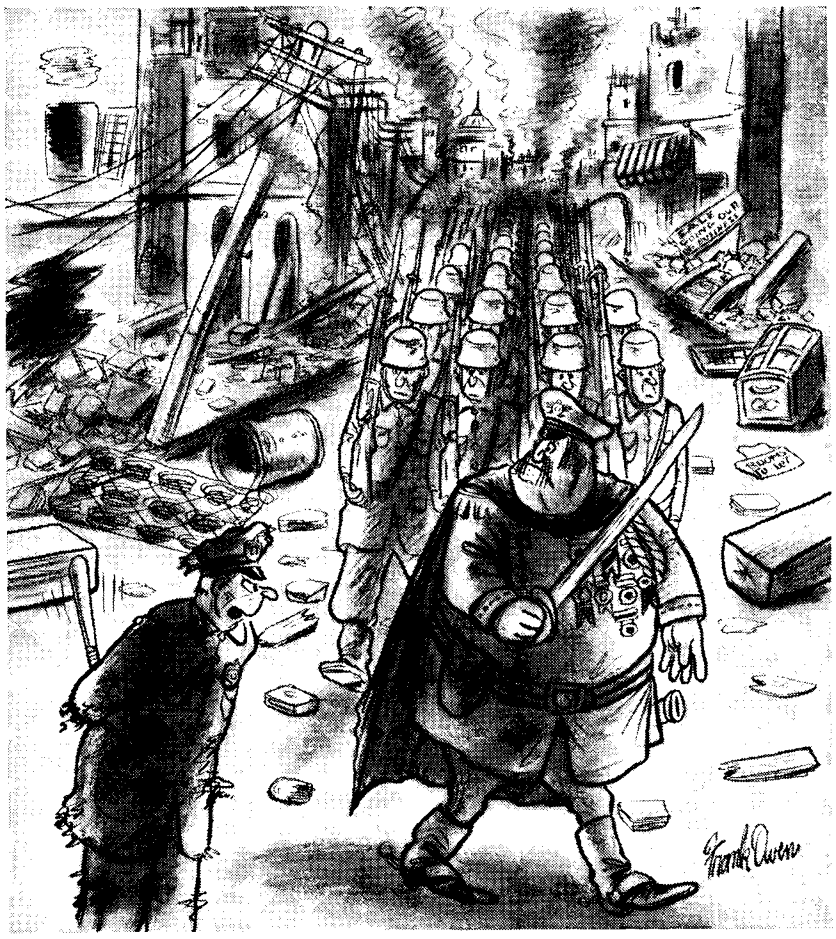
The infirmary, new and spotless, lacks nothing that has proved of benefit to leprosy. You are taken in charge by Dr. Frederick A. Johansen, a soft-voiced, blond giant, who has at his tongue's end statistics, case histories, treatments—X-rays, diathermy, hot applications, contrast baths, radiant light, mechanical exercising, massage, hydnocarpus oil injections, trypan blue.

Here is a patient whose body is one vast suppurating sore, dreadful beyond description. Some with strained faces peer through black glasses, barely able to tell the difference between darkness and light. Leprosy frequently attacks the iris, forming scar tissue that blocks all vision. Some breathe raucously through silver tubes; the disease has lodged in their throats. Death does not come through leprosy itself so much as through the insidious attack upon the respiratory tract or the kidneys—tuberculosis, pneumonia, nephritis.

From its earliest days leprosy has been associated with a scaly whitening of the skin. Often, this is not leprosy but a simple skin disease. Some patients have gone from doctor to doctor, trying various salves and ointments on smooth red patches, which eventually thicken and ulcerate. In former days most cases of leprosy were not recognized until fairly advanced. Then we learned to look for a thickening of the wings of the nose and little nodules in the lobes of the ears.

The second great manifestation of the evil is equally malign; it attacks the

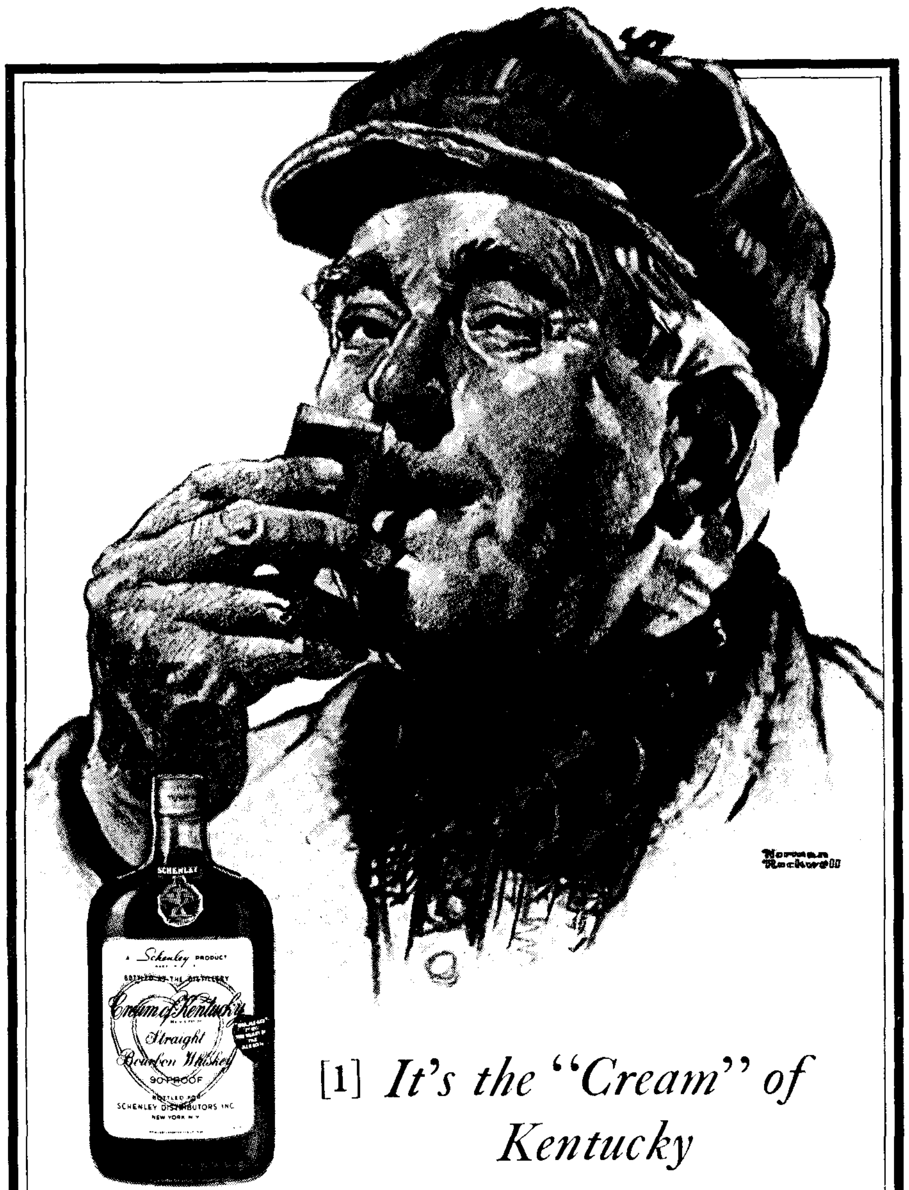
THE GENERAL



"Gotta permit for a parade?"

FRANK OWEN

For *Double Reason* you'll prefer the "DOUBLE-RICH" Bourbon


Norman Rockwell
A Schenley Product
Bottled by the Distillery
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 Proof
Schenley Distributors Inc
New York N.Y.

[1] *It's the "Cream" of Kentucky*

All over the world "Kentucky Bourbon" means America's finest straight whiskey. And "Cream of Kentucky" means just what the words say . . . a "prize" selection from Kentucky's choicest Bourbon, "*double-rich*" in the flavor and bouquet that made Kentucky whiskey famous. That's why millions say: "Make mine Cream!"

SCHENLEY'S Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the Mark of Merit

Norman Rockwell
A Schenley Product
Bottled by the Distillery
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 Proof
Schenley Distributors Inc
New York N.Y.

[2] *It's the Favorite of the World*

The rich flavor-character that always made Bourbon America's favorite straight whiskey is at the peak of rare goodness in this "*double-rich*" whiskey . . . far-and-away the world's largest selling Bourbon. That's why the price of Cream of Kentucky is so little for such exceptional quality. Join the majority who say: "Make mine Cream!"

SCHENLEY'S Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

nerves. If a healthy person hurts himself the nerves send a hasty message to the brain which orders the blood to repair the damaged tissues immediately, but when the transmitting system goes out of order fingers and toes wear away until they become mere claws and butts. Pins may prick and fire may burn but the leper feels nothing.

Nobody ever recovered from leprosy until a few years ago, when arrested cases began to be reported by Dyer and Hopkins from treatment with the oil of the tropical chaulmoogra tree. Soon we at Culion were getting similar results from the ethyl esters of this oil, and finally the same was true of Hawaii.

For a long time we believed chaulmoogra oil was the only method; there are now well-established cases of arrested development without it, but they are hard to prove. In confidential talks patients have divulged that though they were supposed to be having some other treatment they were secret addicts of chaulmoogra. Most of those who are discharged have had so many things done to them it is hard to tell which have been effective.

Some Science at Last

Although leprosy has cursed mankind for centuries, little contribution had been made in methods of combating it until science, late in the field, began to devote real intelligence to its solution.

The United States led off in the quest in 1905 when we appropriated a hundred thousand dollars for a hospital and laboratory at Molokai and provided $50,000 a year for its maintenance; then we established the largest leper colony in the world at Culion and, finally, at Carville, where every treatment that shows promise is tried out, every aspect investigated.

Laboratories through the world are now working on leprosy. The Leonard Wood Memorial for the Eradication of Leprosy established a laboratory at Culion two years ago, and is helping to coordinate the findings in the Journal of the International Leprosy Association. People are entering zealously into the study of leprosy and the mystery of its transmission.

Five hundred delegates from fifty-five countries made their way to Cairo in the spring of 1938 to attend an international leprosy congress, the first real meeting of leprologists who wanted a common standard by which their finds could be compared. As president, I had to secure harmony between varying nationalities and arrange some method by which papers in many languages could be made intelligible to everybody.

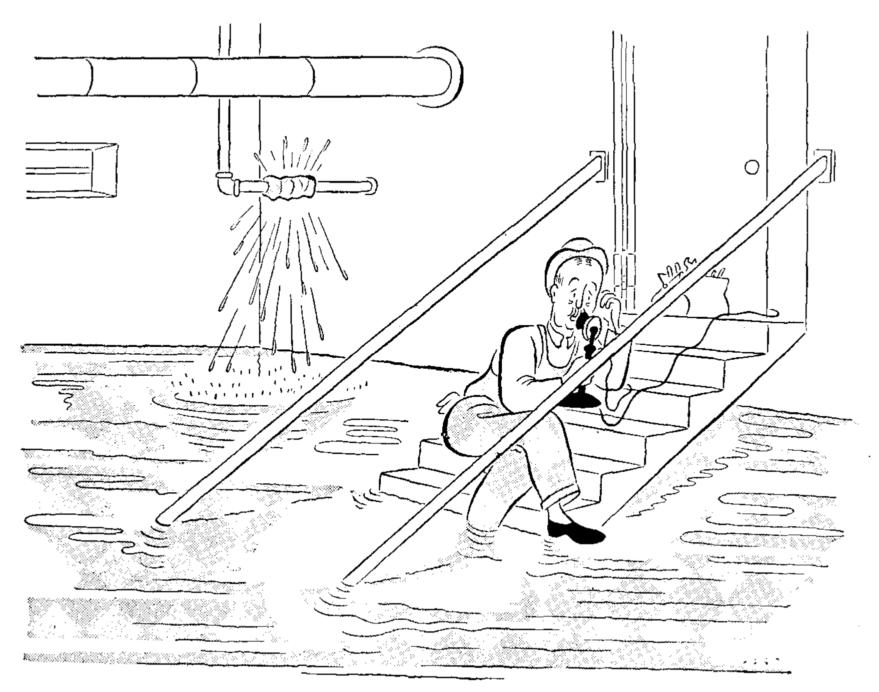
Since people may not be used for laboratory experimentation, the first great step in combating any disease is to find an animal subject to it so that its progress can be charted and treatments tried under controlled conditions. But all attempts to inoculate animals with leprosy had hitherto failed.

Out of the many disappointments the congress suffered one hope emerged. A doctor from the Hebrew University in Jerusalem gave satisfactory proof that he had succeeded in producing human leprosy in an animal known as the golden hamster of Syria; three of them had come down with the disease within six weeks of inoculation. The Chinese variety of this rodent had already been put to the test and discarded as a subject of experimentation because it would not breed in laboratories. But the doctor produced his specimens and guaranteed that they would raise families at once. And when he announced he could furnish good, sound, Syrian hamster stock, you knew that every research worker in that gathering was waiting for the moment when he could dash home and inoculate Syrian hamsters with leprosy.

As far as we can tell, leprosy did not exist in the New World prior to the coming of the Spaniards, but after that it spread throughout the Americas. A few years ago it was apparently transmissible in nearly twenty states. Today it can be communicated in only four—Florida, Louisiana, Texas and California. In the last-named this is probably because of the large Oriental population.

A few lepers walk the streets of New York. One woman, who habitually wears a veil, asks me whether it is her duty to leave her husband and two children. I cannot tell her she is a danger to them, because for half a century no case has been contracted in New York. But for her own sake I urge her to go to Carville in the hope that some day the disease may be arrested in her—we never say cured.

In comparison with the estimated three or more millions of lepers in the world—begging in almost every town of India and South China—the possible 2,000 we have in the United States is the merest handful. Yet we spend more on research per capita than any country on earth. This is as it should be. We must pull together on common disease problems.



"Yeah, Oscar, make it snappy. Better take a streetcar"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

Winter pulls too many of us down

FRESH YEAST to help digestion

VITAMINS for vitality

TOGETHER they can help keep up your vitality all through the winter

If you are feeling dragged out... if you often get slight digestive upsets that pull down your vitality— **it is time you tried putting the new Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast into your diet.**

Scientists say it's *both* the vitamins *and* the action of *fresh yeast itself* that make Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast so helpful in building people up.

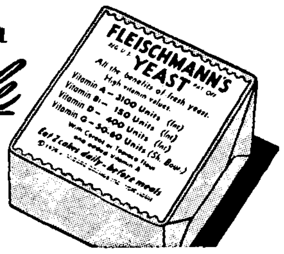
The fresh yeast *stimulates* slow digestive activity and *speeds* the assimilation of food. Laboratory tests have shown this is an action of the *yeast itself*—entirely distinct from known vitamin action.

The vitamins are needed to *build up* steady nerves and *build up* vitality.

Only in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast can you get such an abundant supply of the 4 important vitamins, A, B1, D and G, and *all* the vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B Complex.

Start now to eat 2 cakes every day. After only a few days, see if you do not begin to feel better, have steadier nerves and more vitality.

Let this Fresh Yeast give you *double* help...



Fleischmann's HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST

Copyright, 1940, Standard Brands Incorporated

So you're downright "hard to please"!

Well, don't take our word—

Taste—and convince yourself how good a pineapple juice can be

It's Del Monte Pineapple Juice

Be critical! Be frankly fussy! We're sure, dear lady, you will love it for its own unsweetened self — this Del Monte Pineapple Juice. Golden, zesty, gloriously refreshing. Because it's packed pure, natural, *fresh*—to your own good taste! Del Monte's flavor-saving way!

It pays to be particular!

Trouble's Child

Continued from page 15

of the store as he passed on the way to the two-by-four post office for the insurance boat's mail. She smiled and waved at him; he lifted one finger, smiled painfully and hurried on. She was still there when he came back with the letters, and she called, "Got a letter from your girl, looks like."

"Shucks," he said, "this ain't mine. B'longs to that fella Kelly, on the investment boat." He stopped a moment, proudly. "Got a job with 'em."

"Sure enough!" she said, frowning.

"Don't guess I'll hold on to it fer long, though," he said, cheerfully.

Nellie stood in the doorway, watching him in silence, still frowning a little. He had a curious feeling that he'd like the conversation to continue, that he was almost enjoying it.

"Well," he said, "guess I'd a-better be ramblin'." He stuck his toe in the sand and waited, but Nellie said nothing. He looked at the sun. Hardly eight o'clock yet. No hurry, really. But Nellie had quit talking altogether, looked as though. "Well," Joe said, "guess I'd a-better be ramblin'."

A man's voice said, "Busy, ain't you?" It was Crabflake Myers, sarcastic as always, who had come up on the porch with Jules Barnaby.

"Yes," Nellie said. "Joe's mighty busy. Got him a new job."

"Hey?" said Jules, jerking his gaunt jaw around. He was fretful and jumpy since his boat burned.

"He's holping the claim investigators," Nellie said.

Crabflake stepped down off the porch and confronted Joe. He was a big man, bulky around the shoulders. He was mad and his eyes seemed to give off sparks like an emery wheel.

"You working on that yonder insurance boat?" he demanded.

"Shore am," Joe said, wondering at their anger. "We start a-divin' at ten er so."

Jules clumped down and joined them. "How come you done it, bud?" he asked.

Crabflake glared. "Him and Judas Iscariot. Two of a kind."

"I got to earn my bread," Joe argued.

"Fine way to earn it, after what all Jules has did for you."

"Shucks a-mighty," Joe protested. "It ain't like Jules went and fired his boat a-purpose."

A LOOK passed between Crabflake and old Jules. Jules said, "Them insurance companies don't send men around to see if they can find cause to pay out more than was asked, bud."

"They always look about when somebody gets burnt out," Joe protested.

"They'll be dang glad to find excuse not to pay me."

Joe shifted uneasily. "Hadn't thought about it that-a-way, Jules," he said slowly. "It'll just about put me into bankrupture, but if you say so I'll give the job plumb up."

"What you do is strictly your own lookout," Jules said acidly. "It don't matter to me; not none. See?"

Joe saw; saw that he had hurt his old friend deeply. But, anyway, he would take the mail out to the insurance boat, and tell them he was quitting. Maybe that would make Jules and Nellie feel better toward him. He didn't care what Crabflake Myers thought.

He stepped up on the store porch and started to go inside, remembering that he would be late getting back, if he had to row in. He would need some food.

"Wait," Crabflake growled. "Where you think you going?"

"In here."

"No, you ain't. You keep out of my store."

"I was going to buy something," Joe said. "Don't you want my business?"

"Not no Judas business," Crabflake said, and Joe couldn't help thinking he saw approval in Nellie's eyes. "Come on, git right on out of there."

"Ain't no call to git horsy," Joe said, feeling that Crabflake was perhaps within his rights, but still not wanting to be bossed around. He began to get sort of mad, like he had when the sharks tried to run right on over him and tear up his gill net.

Crabflake stepped up on the porch. "You goan git out, er not?"

"I ain't ready."

"Well, you're goin', ready er no!" Crabflake's big hands seized him, and the next thing Joe knew he was sprawling in the rough white shells of the road. Crabflake was on the porch, glaring down on him. Jules was gaping, pipe sagging. Nellie was at the doorway, holding both hands to her mouth.

"Guess I had it a-coming," Joe said, painfully getting up. "But some day I may have me some property, and if I do I shore hope to catch you on it just once."

Crabflake snorted. Nellie turned and disappeared into the store.

THE sun was bright upon the water when Joe arrived. Maybelle, the insurance launch, had swung on her anchor with the incoming tide. The fellow named Kelly wore bathing trunks, and the giant Negro, Little Fred, worked among the hose and valves of the diving apparatus.

Kelly greeted him with none of the cordiality he had shown last night: "Why didn't you tell us you worked for Barnaby until the boat sank?"

"It never once come to mind," Joe answered.

"Kid," Kelly said ominously, and Joe saw that he could be very tough when necessary, "if you got some fast stuff in mind, you come to a bad place."

"All I wanted was a job!" Joe said.

"Okay. But you watch your step, boy. And when I'm below, *you* keep away from that pump, see?"

Doggone it to hell, Joe thought, now it's *them* a-rantin' at me. Indignantly, he said, "You-all act like you think Jules fired his boat hisself."

"Being suspicious is what we get paid for," Kelly said, harshly. "And this time it ain't hard to be suspicious. When a man's broke and hard up, and his business ain't getting any better, a big fire can come in mighty handy. Especially when ten thousand in insurance money would put him on top of the world."

"Jules never burnt that boat up!"

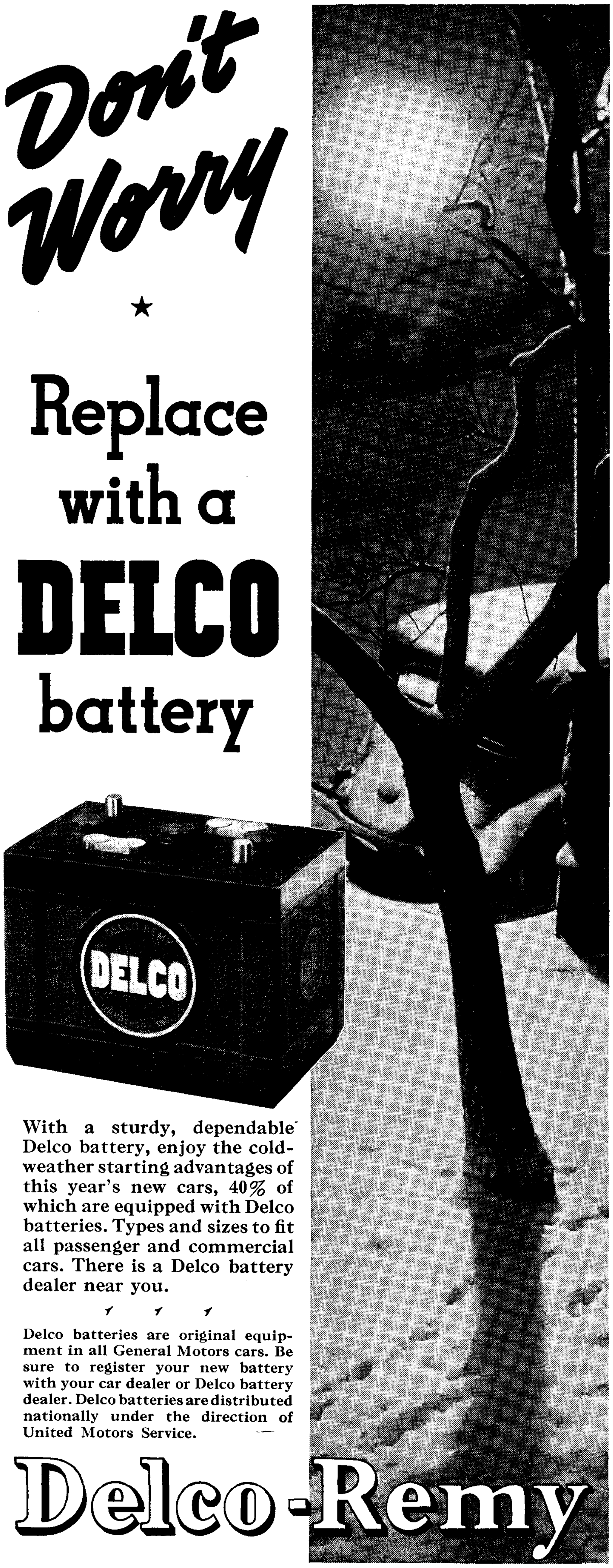
"Well, I hope he didn't. But we'll see. Meanwhile, bud—be careful."

Ackerman fastened the helmet around Kelly's shoulders and Little Fred began pumping. Kelly, in shorts and the helmet and leaden shoes, held a watertight flashlight in one hand. A hand ax was strapped around his waist. He climbed over the gunwale onto the rope ladder.

Suddenly, from somewhere, there was a sharp, flat echo. Kelly's helmeted head fell against the gunwale with a heavy clunk. His hands clutched weakly, slipped, and he slid down into the water. Ackerman grabbed the helmet lines and held him afloat. Little Fred jumped to the side of the boat, his one eye wide in fright.

"Keep pumping!" Ackerman yelled at him.

Joe and Ackerman hauled the weak



Don't Worry

★

Replace with a DELCO battery

With a sturdy, dependable Delco battery, enjoy the cold-weather starting advantages of this year's new cars, 40% of which are equipped with Delco batteries. Types and sizes to fit all passenger and commercial cars. There is a Delco battery dealer near you.

Delco batteries are original equipment in all General Motors cars. Be sure to register your new battery with your car dealer or Delco battery dealer. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.

Delco-Remy

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

HOW TO SAVE

On Hauling Costs!

● DO AS TRUCK USERS in more than 100 lines of business have done—adopt the Fruehauf Truck-Trailer method of hauling. The chances are great that you, too, will make substantial savings.

★ ★ ★

To start with . . . Everyone knows that a horse can carry only a few hundred pounds on its back, whereas it can pull many times that much. In fact, it is easy for the horse to pull a wagon loaded with a ton or more.

The same with a truck . . . When coupled to a Trailer and used as a mechanical horse, it, too, can pull far more than it can carry.

You save on first cost . . . Instead of buying a truck with the capacity needed to *carry* your loads, you select a smaller truck, add a Fruehauf Trailer and *pull* your loads. The smaller truck and Fruehauf Trailer will cost far less to buy than the large truck—on an average one-third less.

You save on gas . . . Your fuel cost will be as much as 30% less—because the truck you use to pull your Fruehauf Trailer is smaller.

Upkeep costs are less . . . Savings on parts and service for the smaller truck may run as much as 35%.

Smaller depreciation . . . The smaller truck will cost only one-half as much. You'll have a smaller investment write-off. As to the Trailer, a Fruehauf is good for ten years or more.

Smaller replacement cost . . . When you replace the truck, you save again.

"Shuttle" operation . . . With one truck you can handle several Fruehauf Trailers. You leave *only the Trailers* to be loaded or unloaded and use the truck to do a full-time job of pulling first one and then another of the Trailers ready to be moved. Your truck works almost constantly.

Facts for you . . . You can get all the facts by sending for the booklet "Executive Thinking." It's yours upon request.

EXECUTIVE THINKING

★ ★ ★

● THE WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF TRUCK-TRAILERS

FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO. • DETROIT

Sales and Service In Principal Cities

For every seven families in the United States there is one truck at work transporting food, clothing and other commodities. Trucks contribute greatly to the comfort and well-being of all Americans.

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

"Engineered Transportation"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

figure aboard and removed the diving helmet. A red hole, bubbling with blood, was on Kelly's smooth, tanned back.

"Get the cabin between us and that north shore," Kelly said weakly.

They did that, and Ackerman yelled to Little Fred, "Haul that anchor in!"

"Wait, Ackerman," Kelly said painfully. "That slug missed my backbone, else I'd be croaked. I ain't bleeding at the mouth or nose, so maybe it didn't hit a lung either, some way." He winced as Ackerman daubed the wound with antiseptic. "The Maybelle ought to stay right here, over the boat Barnaby burned. Anyway, that twenty-two-horse outboard would take me in faster."

His hard, cold blue eyes fastened on Joe.

"This guy can run me in."

"You damn' fool," Ackerman said, "don't you know he's the one that tipped them off when you would start diving?"

"Sure," Kelly said. His hand lifted Ackerman's big automatic from the holster, and Joe saw the hideous muzzle swing toward him and stop. "Put me in the boat facing stern. I'll handle Mr. Bullock!"

Big Fred lifted the heavy motor as if it were papier-mâché instead of steel, and fastened it onto the stern piece of the small boat. They laid Kelly on a mattress in the front of the boat, facing stern.

"All right," Kelly said between his teeth, holding the gun steadily on Joe.

Joe turned on the gas, primed the carburetor and pulled the starting cord. The motor spat, then broke into a drumming exhaust hum, and the boat began skimming along the top of the water.

So now, Joe thought miserably, both sides thought he was a traitor.

"Listen," he said, "I guess it was me told them, all right, but I shore never meant to start nothing like this."

Kelly, lying on his side with a pillow under his head, was pale. But those ice-blue eyes didn't waver. Nor did the automatic. He said nothing.

"I come out this morning with my mind sot to give the job up," Joe said above the motor hum. "But I ain't quittin' now, after the way they're a-doin'."

Kelly's lips moved. Joe saw what he said, although he couldn't hear: "You're quitting, all right."

"Well, put that gun down. I ain't goan bother you."

Kelly's lips moved again: "I'll keep it."

Then his head sagged, and fell forward. The pistol slid to the bottom of the boat. Joe retrieved it, and put the pillow under Kelly's head.

"Hard guy, ain't you?" Joe said.

IT WAS night when Joe got back to the Maybelle, floating fitfully in the moonlit water. The silhouette of Ackerman rose on the deck. Something ominous shone in his hand.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"Me. Joe."

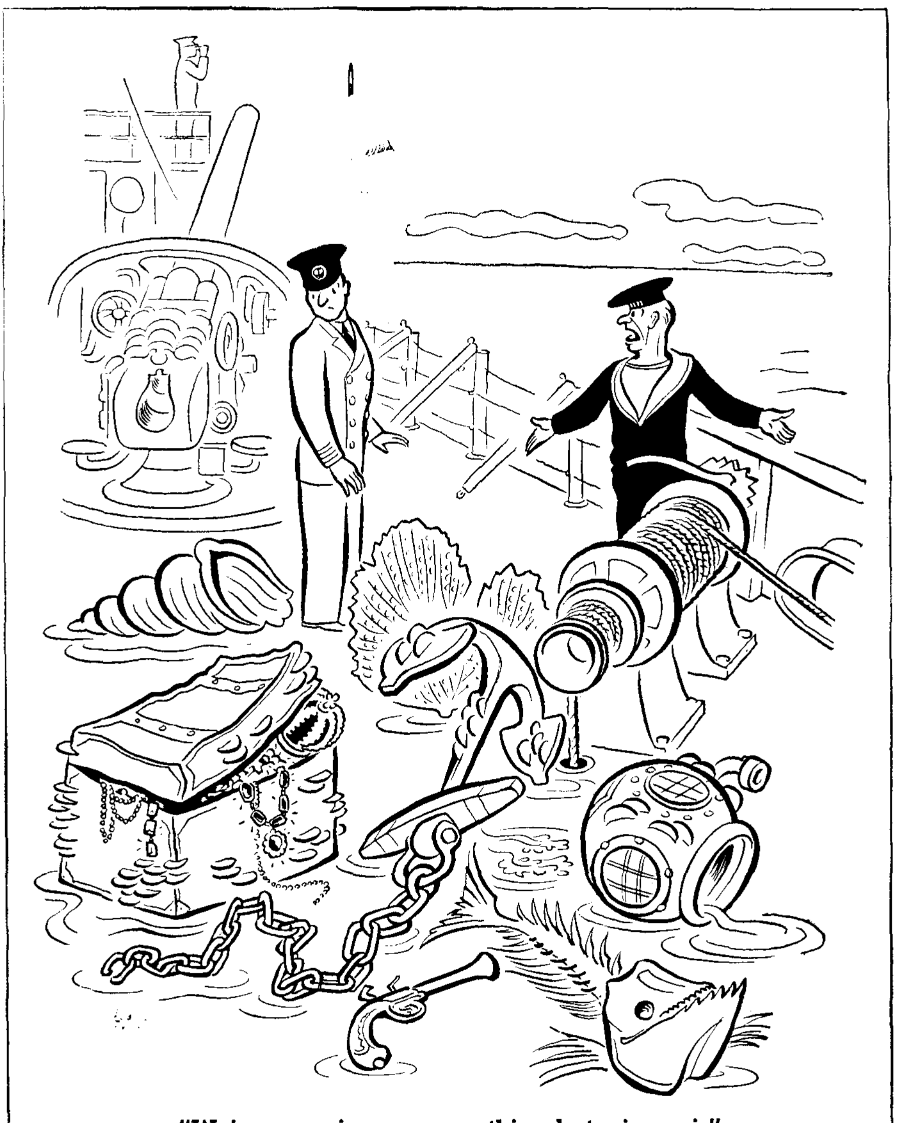
"What is it?" he asked. "How about Kelly?"

Joe climbed aboard. "He's in the hospital at Tallahassee. The doctor said the bullet busted a rib and grazed his barnacle tubes. Said he would be gittin' along tol'able well fore long if didn't no information sot in." Joe handed him a piece of folded newspaper. "I brung you this."

Ackerman opened the newspaper and turned a flashlight on the piece of lead that lay in its wrinkles.

"Did that simple ass trust you to bring this bullet back?" Ackerman asked.

"Not exactly. The doctor fetched it

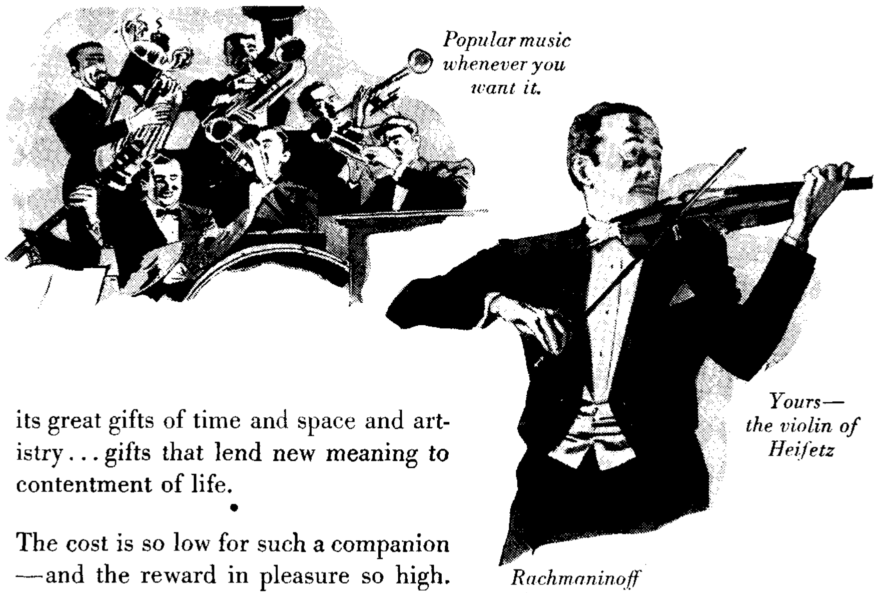


"We're sweeping up everything *but* mines, sir"

ALAIN

Night...

AND THE JOY OF RECORDED MUSIC!



Popular music whenever you want it.

Yours—the violin of Heifetz

THE strain and strife of day are over. The shadows of twilight have come. The night wind whistles at your windows. It is a night made for rest . . . for home . . . and the warmth of your fireside. You turn on your RCA Victrola...relax in the deep comfort of your favorite chair.

The vibrant voice of a famous artist flows through the room—clearer, closer, far richer here than that long-ago night at the opera—an almost unbelievable fidelity such as only RCA Victor experience makes possible.

The voice swells and dies...a moment's pause while you sit idly...and then the magic of the Automatic Record Changer brings you the soft song of a violin. The melody lilts and sways, its timbre preserved to the last long, glorious note by the RCA Victor Automatic Volume Control. And so a sparkling procession passes before you . . . an invisible but priceless company of Victor Record stars...never tiring as you call upon them for encore after encore...yours always to command and enjoy.

But your mood has changed. The endless, adventurous radio lanes now beckon. You press the tuning button . . . and through space come new thrills . . . the news of the world...uproarious comedy . . . tense, chilling drama . . . the dance favorites of the day.

As you rest there, deep in the cushions of your chair, your eyes proudly survey the rich beauty of your RCA Victrola, a masterpiece of cabinet craftsmanship, brilliant climax to more than forty years of Victor skill. You breathe a prayer of thanks for this splendid instrument with its great gifts of time and space and artistry . . . gifts that lend new meaning to contentment of life.

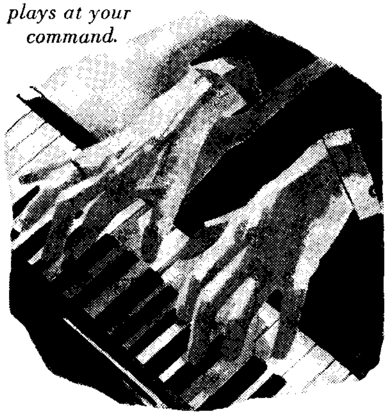
•

The cost is so low for such a companion —and the reward in pleasure so high. See your RCA Victor dealer...have him demonstrate the unrivaled superiority of this superb instrument to you. Remember—only RCA Victor makes the genuine RCA Victrola. Plan today to light your home with the music you want—when you want it!

•

For finer radio performance, RCA Victor Radio Tubes. You can buy RCA Victrolas on C. I. T. easy payment plan. Trademarks "RCA Victor," "Victor," "Victrola" Registered U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Manufacturing Company, Inc. *Price f. o. b. Camden, New Jersey, subject to change without notice. Ask your music merchant about the new RCA Victor Long Life Needle.

Rachmaninoff plays at your command.



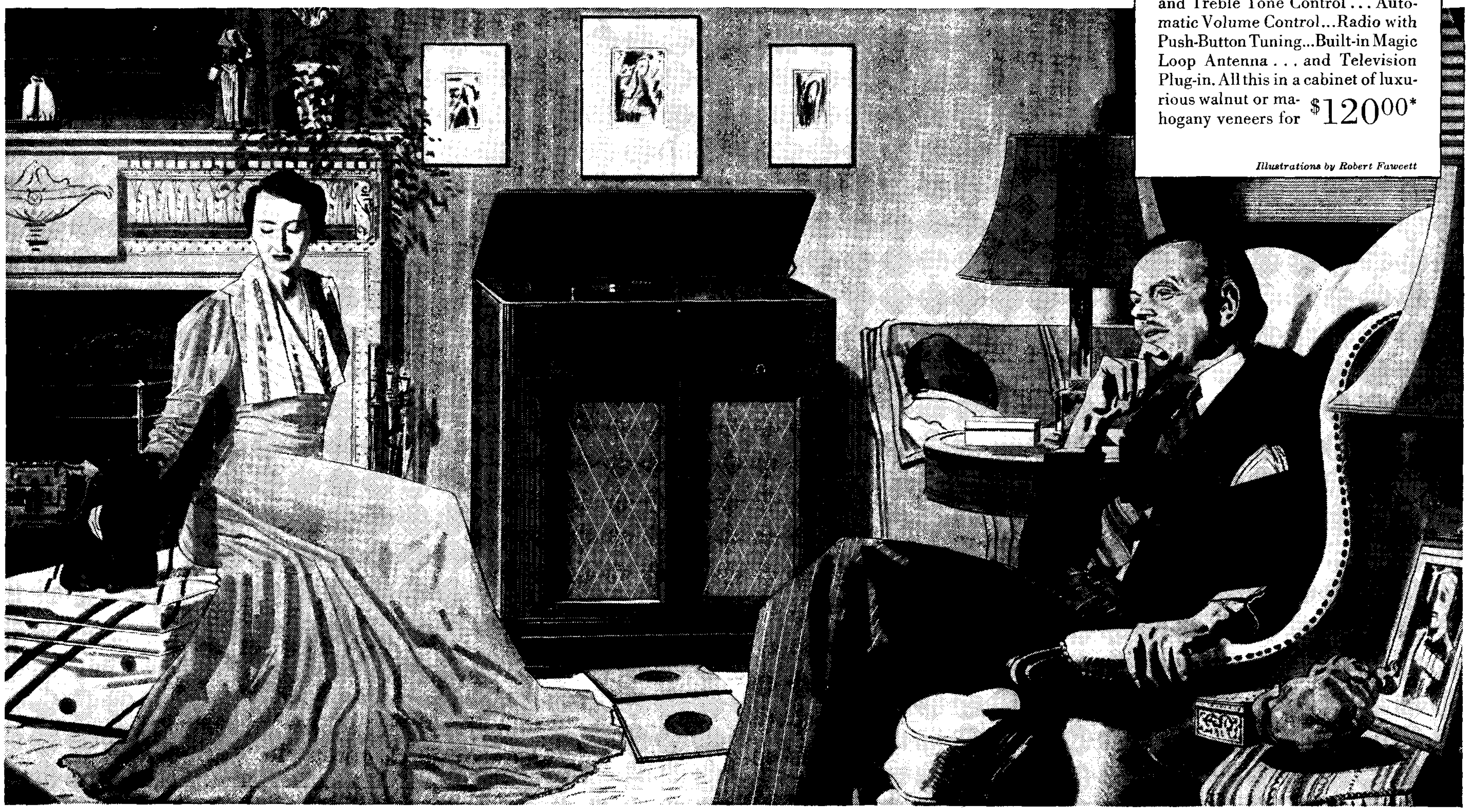
GET THE GENUINE

RCA Victrola

COMBINES RECORD AND RADIO ENTERTAINMENT
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, *exclusive Victor Recording Artist, and* MRS. TIBBETT *in their lovely home enjoying* RCA Victrola Model U-40. This instrument has everything you have always wanted in a phonograph-radio at a truly moderate price! Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer . . . 3-position Bass and Treble Tone Control . . . Automatic Volume Control...Radio with Push-Button Tuning...Built-in Magic Loop Antenna . . . and Television Plug-in. All this in a cabinet of luxurious walnut or mahogany veneers for 120^{00}*

Illustrations by Robert Fawcett



out of Kelly. Kelly didn't know I got it. Kelly didn't know nothing at all, after we left here. He cold-out fainted a mile up the river. I could've fed him to the stingarees easy as not, if I was the outlaw you-all make me out."

Ackerman stared at him thoughtfully. Finally he said, "That is so, isn't it?" He seemed relieved to be able to trust Joe. His spectacles beamed briefly. He beckoned Joe into the cabin, where a muted radio played Hungarian gypsy music.

"What I puzzle about," Joe said, "is like this: if Jules' boat went down plumb natural, how come anybody cares a durn if you-all take a look at it?"

"Sure, that's it. The answer is that the Pelican was burned for the insurance," Ackerman said grimly. "But how the hell am I going to prove it with Kelly piled up in a hospital for a month?"

"If it don't take a man with a big lot of sense," Joe said, "I'll go down in that there helmet outfit."

Ackerman looked at him eagerly. "If you feel that way, you can try it tomorrow," he said. "Looks like now you might find out something pretty ugly about Jules Barnaby."

"If Jules is the kind of a man to sink a boat, and shoot an honest man doing his job, looks like it might just as well be me that finds it out as anybody," Joe said.

THE light of the morning sun filtered down through twenty-five feet of water to where Joe walked ponderously around the blackened remains of the Pelican. His first uneasiness at using the diving helmet had passed, and he had almost got used to the rubbery, unnatural smell of the air that Little Fred sent pulsing down the hose.

Overhead, a twelve-foot sand shark cruised, his cat eyes staring in uneasy curiosity, before he disappeared in the murkiness. Joe's foot struck something. Half imbedded in the sand was a fire ax. He recognized it as the one that had been in the Pelican's cabin. How had it got outside the boat?

Then he saw how. In the Pelican's once-graceful bow, a crude hole gaped. A hole hacked open with an ax. Joe felt a deep shock. There wasn't any doubt now—Jules Barnaby had sunk the Pelican.

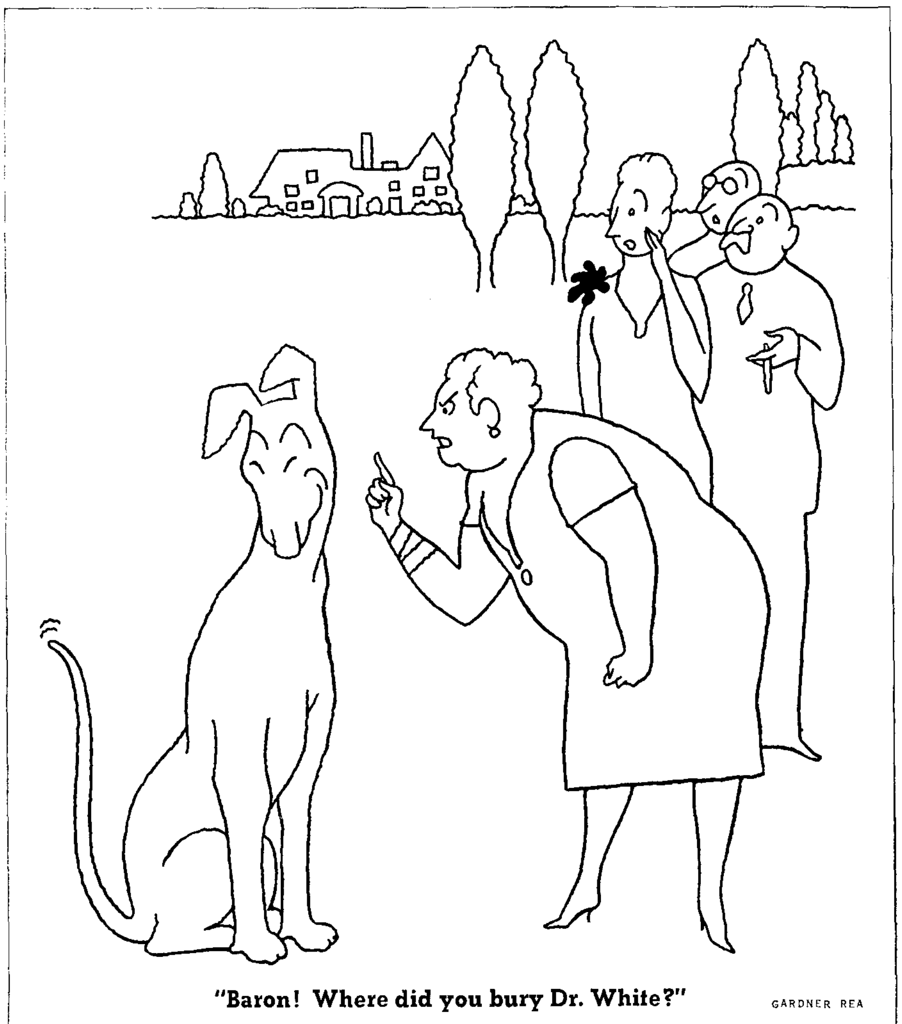
Dazed, Joe made his way aboard the charred boat. Even in its unnatural blackness, he felt a funereal familiarity with the vessel that had once been the pride of the Palmetto Creek coast. There was the scarred corpse of Jules' four-horsepower outboard motor that had towed many a skiff of Georgia fishermen about the grassy trout flats. The great brass spotlight that would pierce the coast darkness no longer had a polished sheen, but perched dully, its curved shell burned into a nobby lump. Upon the floor, by the place the dresser used to be, lay a brownish something that he recognized as Jules' ponderous old watch.

Joe went outside and found the ax. Evidence—on Nellie's father. He got ready to ascend, but a certain uneasiness came over him. Something was not just right. He had overlooked something. He groped for an idea that would not materialize. Finally he walked around the boat again, puzzled.

It was on this march that he stepped on the sting ray. His only sensation was a sudden numbing pain just above the knee, a shocking pain. He could almost see the four-inch filthy brown barb embedded in his leg, and the sting ray swerving away into the darkness.

Joe was startled, and the pain already throbbed; but he was not surprised, because when you're just naturally hard luck you take misfortunes for granted. More than anything else, he was mad, because he figured he had been on the point of discovering what it was about the Pelican that he had overlooked.

Now the leg was hurting, and it was hard to think of anything else. He ought to hurry to a doctor and get the barb cut out. But that would mean several days in bed—the barb *could* cost him a leg if he wasn't careful. By that time the thing that had been rising in his

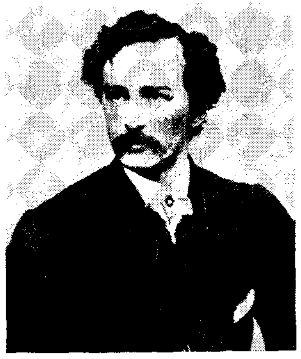


"Baron! Where did you bury Dr. White?"

GARDNER REA

"This old oil-well is OUR FAMILY PET"...!

Mrs. C. F. Ghering of Titusville, Pennsylvania, has a soft spot in her heart for this particular Pennsylvania oil-well. It was drilled when she was a baby and has been steadily pumping away, almost in the shadow of her home, adding to the supply of the world's choicest crude oil, every day of her life. It is a brand new pumping-jack, but one of the world's oldest wells. Incidentally Mrs. Ghering's parents were married by Col. Edwin L. Drake who, in addition to drilling the world's first oil-well in 1859, was a justice-of-the-peace for some years in Titusville.



John Wilkes Booth — the man who shot Lincoln. Perhaps that fatal shot would never have been fired had Booth's oil venture proved successful. Booth invested $13,000 in a well in Pennsylvania. He didn't "strike it rich." Leaving the oil country, Booth went to Washington where his tortured, disordered mind led him to assassinate President Abraham Lincoln. Local legend is that, as Lincoln slumped in his chair, the well in which Booth had invested, caught fire. Later it became a 250-barrel-a-day producer.

Driller Tom Fritts shares his lunch box with Curly, his spaniel. Curly uses that overturned tank as "field" kennel while Tom goes about his daily work, drilling, drilling, drilling, to meet the steadily increasing demand for Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, from which the Pennsylvania Motor Oils you like so much, are made.

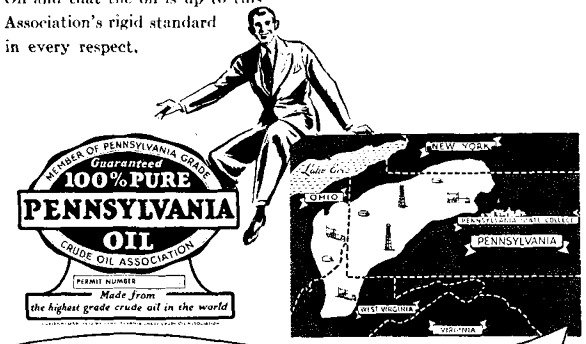
Copyright 1940, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Below is the official emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. It is not the mark of a brand. It is a guarantee to you that a motor oil is made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and that the oil is up to this Association's rigid standard in every respect.

The area below, touching four states, is the only district in the world producing Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, which is known to be the best raw material in the entire world for making motor oil.

The colder it gets the more you appreciate Pennsylvania Motor Oils... because these oils are least affected by temperature change. 40-below or 100-above, your car behaves better and is better lubricated, when you depend upon 100% Pure Pennsylvania, the safe, sure motor oil for every day in the year.



BETTER OILS *from the* GROUND UP!

This advertisement is published in the interests of producers, refiners, wholesalers, retailers, exporters and users of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils protected by our emblem. Watch for new announcements in this series.

"So many of my guests now prefer Wine," writes **MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY**

"At dinner and in the evening people want to relax and have a good time, but they prefer to stay on the moderate side"

"Lately I've watched person after person discover that wine is best when you linger over your glass, when you savor it slowly like a connoisseur," writes Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy. "We're serving wine more frequently because so many of our guests nowadays prefer this moderate kind of beverage."

From every part of America come reports like that of Mrs. Christy. Hosts and hostesses say more and more people have learned the magic goodness wine lends to a meal—the leisurely, genial air wine gives to a party.

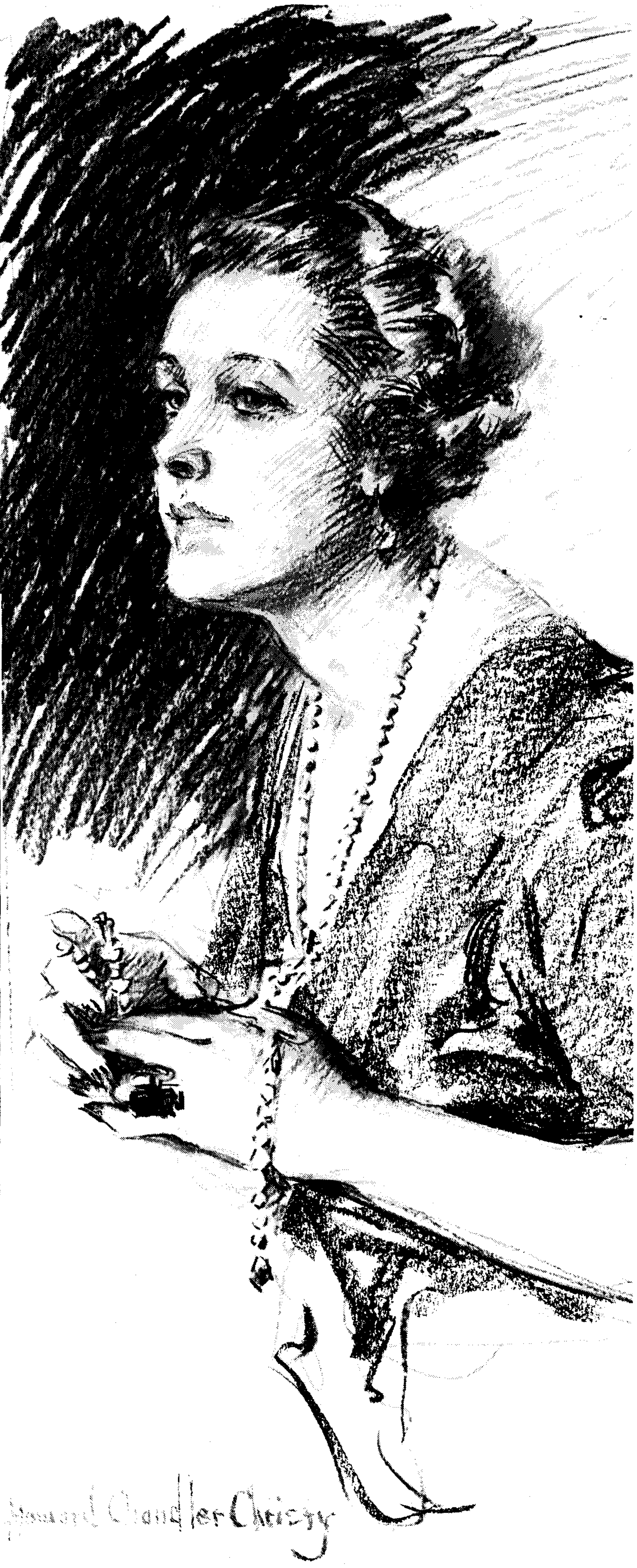
And so you find increasing numbers of hostesses at afternoon affairs setting out golden, slightly sweet Sauterne or delicate Hock with their salads or sandwiches.

You notice more men saying "make mine Sherry" when the appetizers are served. Nut-like in flavor, glowing amber in a small glass—Sherry promises a good dinner. It helps you appreciate good food.

Or with the main course at table, you find beside you a glass filled with fragrant red Burgundy, zesty and full flavored.

Burgundy, light ruby-colored Chianti, or dry red Claret—all are made to complement the main course.

Your guests and you have a treat in store when you bring out good wine. Try it soon. You will notice, as Mrs. Christy says, that more and more of your guests today prefer this moderate drink.



All you need to know to serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine ... (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with the dessert course or refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

Some of the best liked "dry" wines besides Burgundy are ruby red Claret and Chianti, golden slightly sweet Sauterne, dry pale-gold Hock or Rhine wine. They're all zestfully good with the main course. Usual serving is about half the size of a water goblet.

A "sweet" wine that you will find delicious is golden-amber Muscatel. Perfect with desserts, Muscatel is rich with the distinctive flavor of Muscat grapes. Serve your Muscatel in small glasses, alone or with sweet cakes.

One of New York's busiest and most charming matrons, Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy is active in civic, art and musical circles. Her hobby is fine needlepoint, which she does with an expert hand. A gracious hostess, Mrs. Christy entertains often . . . keeps a close eye on the preferences of her guests

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. More than 9 out of every 10 Americans who now serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by all the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

Be Considerate—Serve Wine

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

THE LADY HAS EVERYTHING

—but how long will it last?

AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT THE TOYS — the dolls — the simple little pleasures your daughter enjoys today that influence her future. It's the education — the peace of mind — the freedom from financial stress she needs *tomorrow*, that really count.

Today she has everything *because you are on hand to care for her.* Tomorrow may bring many changes.

Naturally you want your wife and children to continue their happy, normal life — under any circumstances — no matter what happens to you or your income. You also wish to protect *yourself* against a penniless old age. You can get this *two-way protection* under the Bankers Life Double Duty Dollar Plan.

Learn in detail how you can provide either a living income for your family to take your place if necessary, or a retirement income for yourself, at no extra cost. Mail the coupon below.

BANKERS LIFE COMPANY

BANKERS *Life* COMPANY
DES MOINES

A Mutual Legal Reserve Life Insurance Company • Established 1879.

HOW TO PROVIDE FOR *YOURSELF* WHILE PROTECTING *OTHERS*—TOLD IN THIS REVEALING BOOKLET!

(1) FOR YOU... A RETIREMENT INCOME

(2) FOR YOUR WIFE AND FAMILY... PROTECTION

CO-02

BANKERS LIFE COMPANY, DES MOINES, IOWA

I am interested in a plan that will make my dollars do DOUBLE DUTY. Please send me your booklet showing how I can do this.

Name__________ Age____

Address__________

City__________ State____

Kind to his WIFE..
Cruel to his WIDOW

mind would have sunk again, irrevocably. He just had to keep tugging at it.

When Ackerman lifted the helmet, Joe kept standing waist deep in the water, so they couldn't see the blood or the sting-ray barb.

"How about getting me my old slicker?" he asked. "Sort of coldy."

Ackerman helped him get his arms into the sleeves. "Where'd you get that fire ax?" he asked.

"Outside the boat." Joe swallowed hard. Now it had to come. "They was a hole in the hull. Cut from the outside with an ax."

"So," said Ackerman, eyes narrowed. "Get on your clothes and come below."

The leg wasn't bleeding much, but the flesh was slightly blue around the brown nub of the barb. Joe split a handkerchief and tied it just below the wound, to absorb the slight bleeding. Then he painfully dressed and went below, still trying to remember what he had seen under water that didn't seem right.

On the apron of Ackerman's microscope lay the misshapen lead bullet that had been in Kelly's back. Ackerman said, "You know anybody that's got a .30-06 rifle around here?"

"A .30-06?" Joe asked, startled. Then he heard his voice say, "Jules used to have one. Don't know whether he's still got it er no."

There was a silence. Ackerman wiped his glasses with his handkerchief. "Come on. You and me and the sheriff are going to have a little talk with Jules Barnaby."

THE talk took place in Crabflake Myers' store, where they found Jules. Crabflake was there too, and Nellie. Nellie looked at Joe only once, and her glance was hostile and deeply hurt. Jules face was a dull red under the salty tan, and occasionally he glanced at Joe angrily as he talked:

"And like I say, she caught from that plague-gone gas stove in the galley. I never seen the fire till too late, being alone and at the wheel. I done the purely best I could, and finally I seen it weren't no use."

"Then what?"

"Like I told you. I got in the rowboat and rowed five miles home, against a running-out tide that near wore my arms out."

Ackerman went out and got the fire ax. "How come you threw this overboard?"

Old Jules licked his lips. Crabflake stared at the ax with bulging eyes. "I—I—" Jules muttered.

"Where'd that ax come from?" Crabflake demanded.

Ackerman said, "Joe found it near the bow of the boat. He also found what the ax had been used for—to knock a hole in the Pelican's hull!"

Jules glared at Joe, his gnarled hands trembling in a furious anger. Joe thought he was going to spring at him, but he didn't.

Jules said, finally, "All right. Now that our young detective has gathered his evidence so good, I'll explain how it was. I seen the boat was a goner, unless I done something drastic. Excited like I was, I thought I might sink her and put out the fire. Be cheaper to raise her than buy a new boat. Only, when I busted that hole in her, she still didn't go down. Afterward, I happened to think how it would sound to the insurance company, that hole knocked in the hull, and I decided to keep my mouth shut about that part. I didn't know an insurance company would go paying a young smart aleck to test an honest man's word!" he snapped, scowling at Joe.

Joe waited until a tremor of electric pain in his leg passed, then said, "What honest man went and shot Mr. Kelly in the back?"

"Done *what?*" Jules gasped.

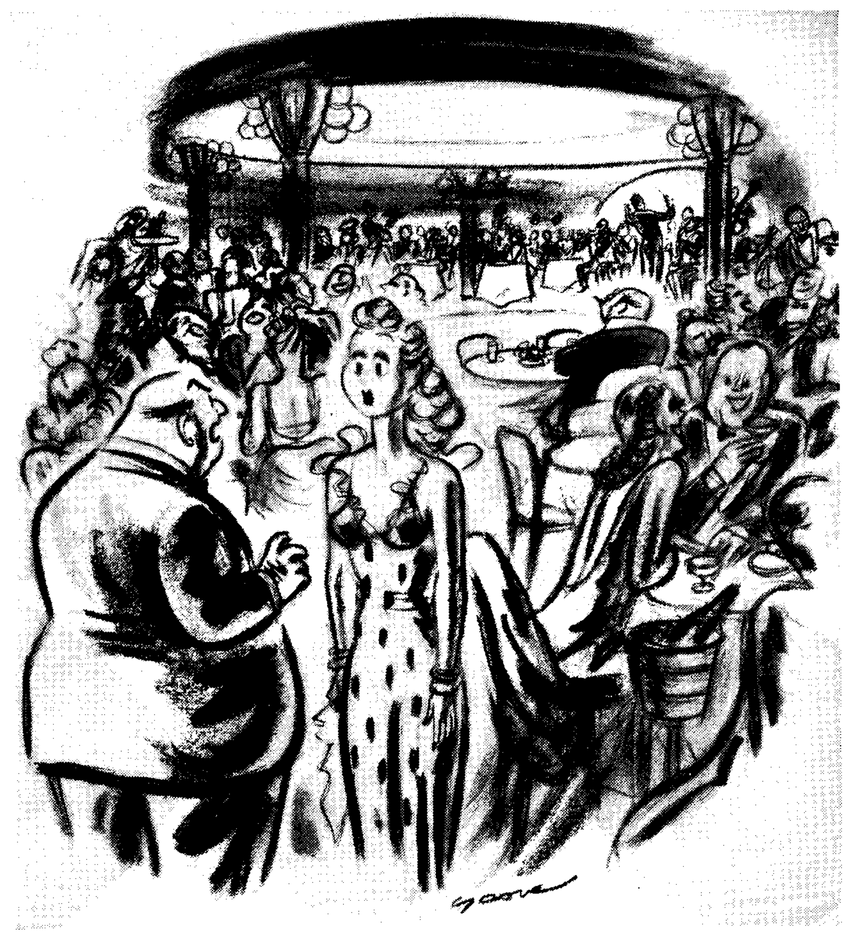
Ackerman said, "Where's that .30-06 rifle of yours?"

Jules mumbled, "I sold it."

"To whom?"

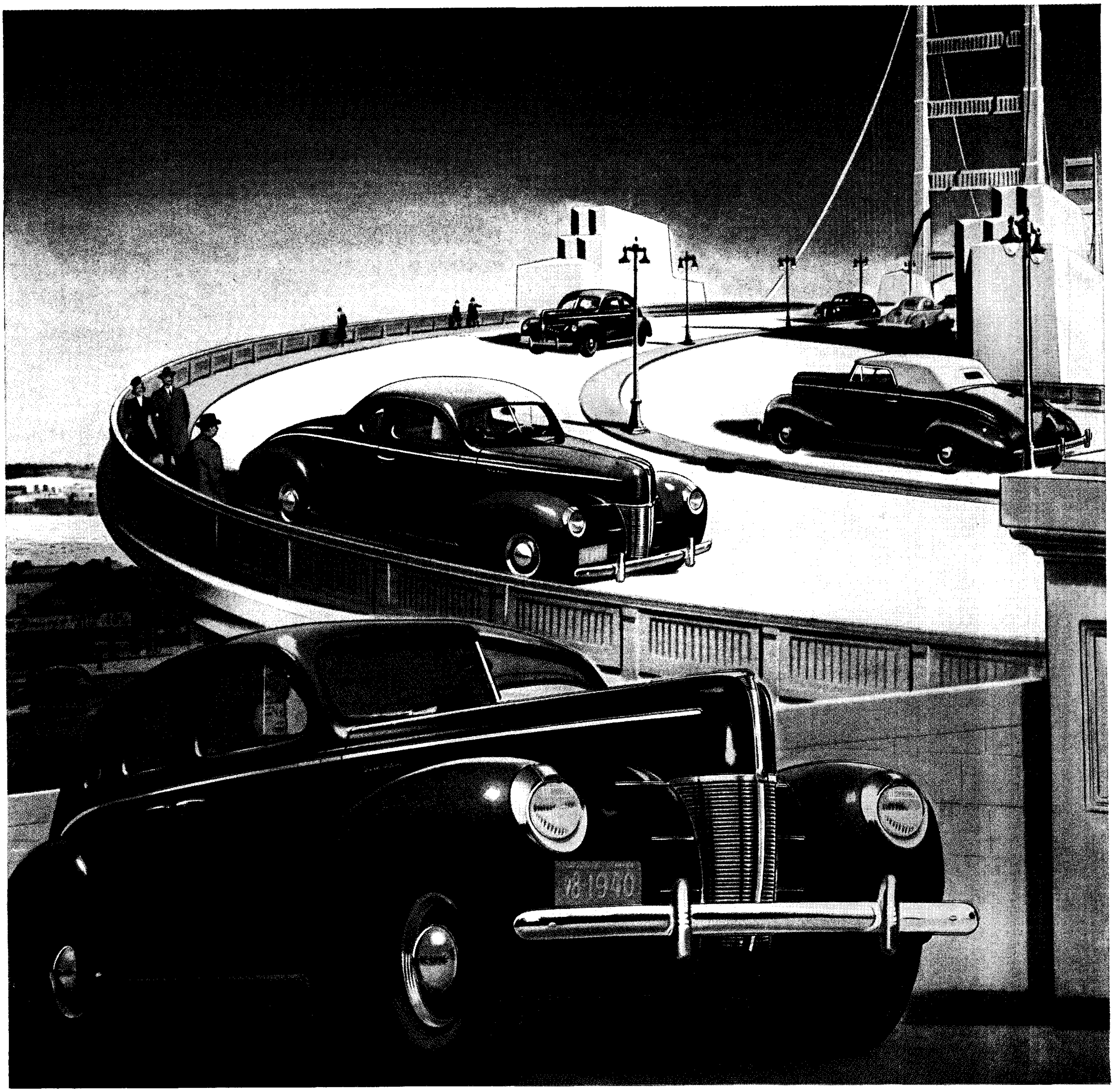
"Try and find out!"

Ackerman shrugged. "You're not help-



"Now, don't forget, when you're dancing with Mr. Goldfarb, just sort of casually bring up the subject of Hydrax Roller Bearings"

LEONARD DOVE



Modern Cars for Modern Highways

Watch the FORDS go by!

Through crowded city canyons . . . down busy small-town Main Streets . . . past pleasant country cross-roads . . . *the 1940 Fords are going by!*

Big cars, these — with long, low hoods and flowing lines. . . . *Colorful* cars — with lustrous, lasting enamel baked into the body metal and rustless steel shining bright. . . . *Comfortable* cars — with rich appointments, deep, soft seats and a quiet, restful ride.

Ten years ago, you couldn't have bought cars so fine at *any* price — and you would have paid several hundred dollars more for a smooth, sweet-running V-8 engine!

More than 27,000,000 Ford cars — far more than any other make — have gone out to serve the world. The experience gained in building nearly one-third of all the cars *ever* built contributes to the excellence of today's Ford cars.

The low-priced 1940 Ford V-8 has all the honest value Ford owners have come to expect plus many modern features that make it more than ever The Quality Car in the Low-price Field.

ing your case any. Your story would hang together better if Kelly hadn't been shot. Sheriff, I think we're going to have to ask for a couple of indictments for this man. And if you'll find the rifle, I'll prove it's the one that fired the shot."

"We'll fight it in court!" Crabflake yelled. "He's due that money, every cent!"

"Wait a minute," Ackerman said. "What's your ticket in this?"

"You won't cheat Jules Barnaby out o' that payment, not if I can help it!" Crabflake said, his little eyes red with anger.

A queer feeling came to Joe above the numbing throb in his leg. There was something that they had missed. Then, abruptly, it came to him, all in one piece.

"If you want to arrest somebody," Joe said, "Crabflake Myers has got Jules' rifle. I remember, now that Crabflake starts yelling about money. Crabflake took the rifle as part interest on what Jules owes him."

"You shut up!" Crabflake screamed, launching himself across the room at Joe. Joe stuck out his good leg and let Crabflake rim himself on it good and hard, then while Crabflake was still gasping, he stood up, balanced himself precariously on the good leg and loosed a solid left fist at Crabflake's bulldog jaw. Crabflake stumbled back against a counter.

Before anything else could happen, Joe's whirling brain tried to interpret a strong pressure of bare cool arms around him, then Nellie's voice: "Leave Joe alone! Can't you see he's taken sick?"

"Daughter," old Jules quavered angrily, "unloosen yourself from around that."

Nellie obeyed, but stood beside the wavering Joe, steadying him. The sheriff likewise steadied the dazed Crabflake. Ackerman studied Joe, and said, "What's the matter, Joe?"

Joe sat down heavily, and answered, "Let me finish, first." They were all looking at him. "I got it all straightened out in my mind, now. Jules owes Crabflake two thousand dollars he borrowed a long time ago. Crabflake knew he'd git paid if Jules collected the insurance money. That's how come he shot at Kelly, I guess."

"He's crazy!" Crabflake said.

"You got Jules Barnaby's .30-06 rifle?" the sheriff asked ominously.

"Yes, but I wasn't tryin' to hit that feller, just scare him. We knew that insurance company would try to squirm out of payin', if they found that hole."

"I don't blame 'em," the sheriff said, snapping the cuffs on Crabflake.

"Well, I wouldn't be too sure," Joe said slowly. "I got that sort of figured out, too." He drew a misshapen piece of metal from his pocket. Jules' watch. It was this watch and the outboard motor, he knew now, that had stuck in his mind. "Look at that watch. I found it in the boat. Jules' granddaddy used to own it. You wound it with a little key. Jules was sure proud of it."

They all stared at him. Ackerman said, impatiently, "Well?"

"Don't look to me like a man planning to burn up his boat would 'a' left a prize watch like that aboard," Joe said. "Looks to me like Jules was telling the truth about the boat."

"He could have just forgot the watch," Ackerman said.

"I guess he could," Joe said. "But knowing how bad Jules hates to row a boat, I don't believe he forgot that there outboard motor I seen on the bottom. Smart as Jules is, if he'd been planning all along to burn the Pelican he'd've found reason to have that motor on the skiff. Five miles of rowing against a tide ain't Jules' idea of fun, ner mine neither. But Jules was too busy trying to put out that fire to wonder about gitting home. Don't it kind of look that way?"

Ackerman looked startled. "Maybe we better look around a little more."

Nellie gave Joe's arm an excited squeeze.

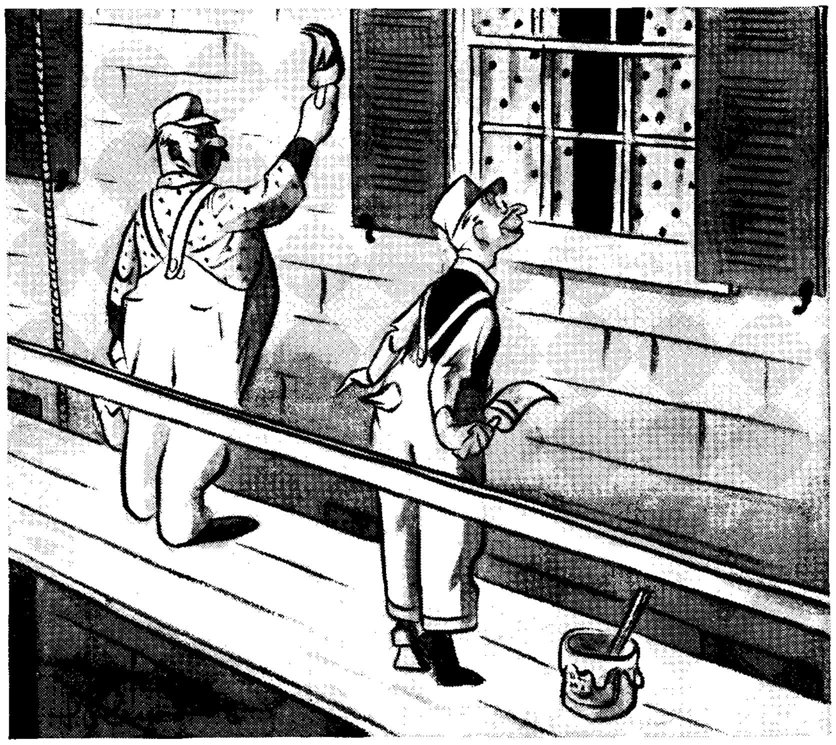
Joe stood up and his leg trembled and buckled, and he fell. "Fell down," he said apologetically.

IT WAS several weeks later when Joe broke the news to the boys down at Mullins' fish house. Joe walked with a stick.

"Looks like I just naturally ain't hard luck any more," Joe said happily. "Getting me a wife that can do nigh anything, from cutting bait to cutting hair, and gitting a job on Jules' fine new boat. Yes, sir. Goodby, trouble."

He limped out, hunting for somebody else to tell.

"Shucks a-mighty," one of the fishermen said. "He thinks his troubles is over, and him just 'fore a-gittin' married."



"'Figger,' not 'build.' 'Build' is when you're referring to a man"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

1. *Guardian!* . . . "Watch how my Doberman pinscher guards his mistress. A purse snatcher grabs her purse. Instantly, the dog goes into action. Training of this type should be done by a professional trainer, but you can teach your dog many simple lessons. The first requirement in training is a well-balanced, nutritious ration. I feed Red Heart Dog Food, all 3 flavors in rotation."

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● The hardest of all tests—*actual home and kennel feeding*—proves that large and small dogs thrive and grow on Red Heart's quality and its tempting taste variety. That's why Red Heart is America's most popular dog food. Made in federally inspected plants of clean, wholesome meat and meat by-products, vegetable and bone meals, cereals, cod-liver oil, and Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Irradiated Yeast—providing abundant supplies of anti-neuritic Vitamin B1 and Sunshine Vitamin D, as well as Anti-infective Vitamin A, growth Vitamin G, and other essential vitamins. Laboratory-tested and kennel-proved. Feed Red Heart's 3 tasty flavors—beef, fish, and cheese—in rotation.

Red Heart Dog Biscuits, heart-shaped or kibbled, provide important gnawing exercise for your dog—and they are a rich source of energy. 3 flavors in each package. Order from your grocer.

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Limited Offer! Inside this Red Heart dog locket is space for your name, address, phone, dog's name, etc. And with this locket get the Official Obedience Rules taught to dogs at famous Von Motzeck Training Kennels, Chicago. Just send 3 Red Heart labels—Diets A, B, and C—to John Morrell & Co., Dept. 32, Ottumwa, Ia.

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DIET B—FISH
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February brings amazing new Elgin values!

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THESE BRILLIANT new ELGINS are more than fine watches at an astonishingly low price. They represent one more advance in keeping with ELGIN'S 75-year-old policy of continually giving America *better watches for less money.* This month, for the first time, you can get a 15-jewel ELGIN wrist watch for only $24.75! And for the first time, too, this low price gives you watches equipped with two exclusive ELGIN features for added accuracy: Elginium hairsprings* and Beryl-X balances. Both are rustproof, non-magnetic, unaffected by climatic and temperature changes.

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*Patent No. 1,974,695

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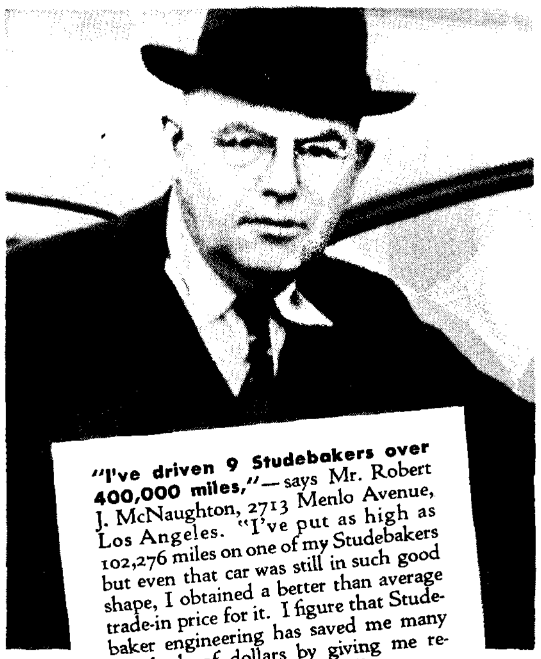
Oscar and Milton Frederickson, with a total of 37 years at Studebaker, are two of many jig and fixture makers whose skill means money saving to you

1939
1 2
8 9
15 16
22 23
30

"Time out for lunch," says Dan Koches, a Studebaker die maker for 38 years. His two nephews are also able Studebaker craftsmen



"I've driven 9 Studebakers over 400,000 miles,"—says Mr. Robert J. McNaughton, 2713 Menlo Avenue, Los Angeles. "I've put as high as 102,276 miles on one of my Studebakers but even that car was still in such good shape, I obtained a better than average trade-in price for it. I figure that Studebaker engineering has saved me many hundreds of dollars by giving me remarkable gasoline economy."

Studebaker pays them well to save money for you

Each expert craftsman, in this select group of 7,500, proudly builds low upkeep cost and high trade-in value into the Studebaker you buy!

YOU can count on getting workmanship that saves you money every mile you drive, when you choose a new Studebaker Champion, Commander or President as your next car.

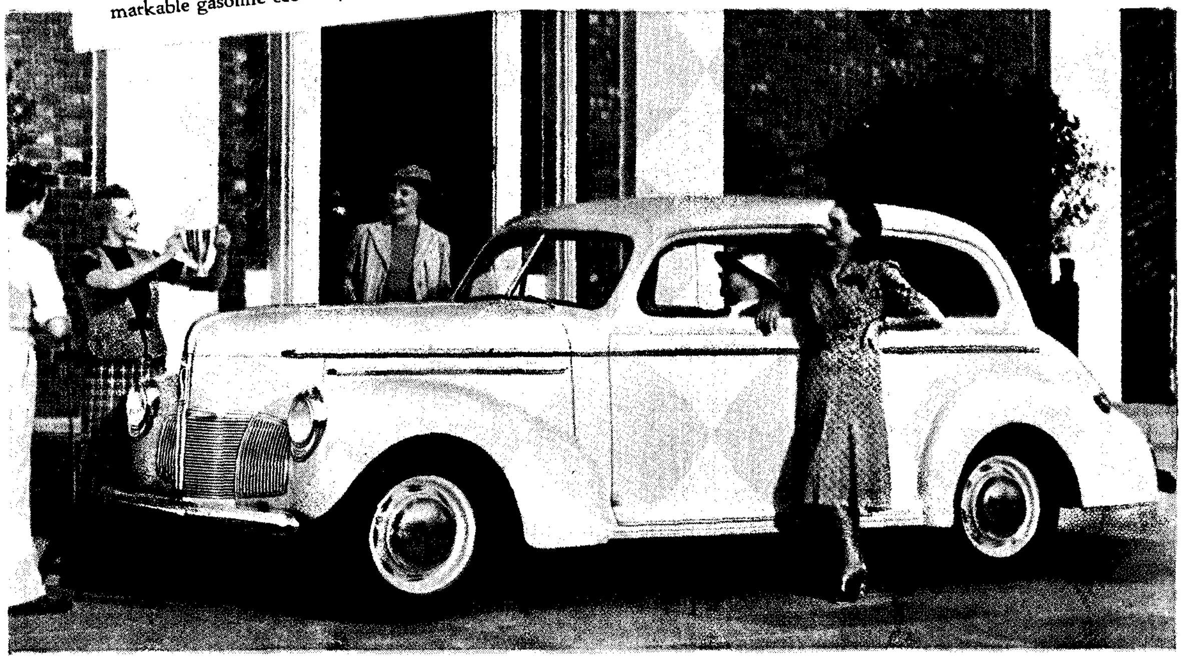
Studebaker craftsmen themselves set the standards which put Studebaker cars in a class apart for smooth-performing, low-cost, long life.

Most of these expert mechanics are members of families with years of Studebaker employment to their credit. Fathers and sons, uncles and nephews, brothers and cousins, friendly neighbors by the thousands, comprise the Studebaker working force. No transients are employed.

You appreciate all the care they put into building every car, when you see how little it costs you to keep your Studebaker in tip-top running condition.

Moreover, when you're finally ready for a new car, your faithful Studebaker still has thousands of miles of fine transportation left to assure you a top trade-in allowance. And Studebaker engineering provides you with gas economy that no cars at the prices of the Champion, Commander or President can match.

Studebaker's vast, modernly equipped plants, famed engineering and research laboratories and 800-acre million-dollar proving ground combine still further to safeguard your investment.



Travel everywhere in style in a Studebaker Champion club sedan, $700 delivered at factory, including sealed beam headlamps, steering wheel gear shift, non-slam door latches, planar suspension, inside hood lock, shockless steering.

PRICES BEGIN AT

$660

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See your
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Fun in Flickers

Continued from page 11

leisure that her career was almost ruined by an auto accident. She was riding with Harry Cooper, son of a Los Angeles banker, when a car on a hill backed down against the Cooper car, smashed the windshield, which in turn cut Carole from the corner of her nose to her cheekbone. She happened to fall into the hands of a medico who sewed her up (without anesthetic) and left her with only a faint scar showing.

After recuperating she managed to get a job with Mack Sennett and considers that the turning point of her acting life. Prior to this she had adopted the name of her mother's close friend, Mrs. Harry Lombard, and had tacked an "e" on the Carol to satisfy her belief in numerology (she is also much given to astrology). With that settled, she joined the Sennett crew, which had included such celebrities as Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver, and acquired the adeptness of action that was later to save her career. Sennett insisted on his actors knowing the business from the ground up, so Carole learned how a camera operated, monkeyed around with sets and lights and was encouraged to bean a director who mangled a scene. The matter of dignity was treated lightly at Sennett's and she was soon being slapped in the mush with custard pies, whammed over the anatomy with fence palings and soused in horse troughs.

"Little touches like having a lobster tied on behind and a nose painted as red as a neon light," she recalls. "Didn't get that paint off for two weeks. Lost a perfectly good boy friend over it. Said he didn't like girls who weren't dainty."

When Sennett closed up shop, she was out of work again. She filled in by doing a few nifties for Tram Carr and then caught on with Pathé, where Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett were carrying on a vendetta that threatened to bring the Marines on the quick. As usual, Lombard got right in range and was blasted out of the joint. After that she went over to Paramount and stayed for seven years.

"Most of the time in the doghouse," she adds wryly.

She walked out on pictures, refused to do Bad Boy with James Cagney on a loan-out to Warners, turned down Exclusive, wouldn't touch Spawn of the North, made seventeen turkeys in a row and finally ended on top of the heap.

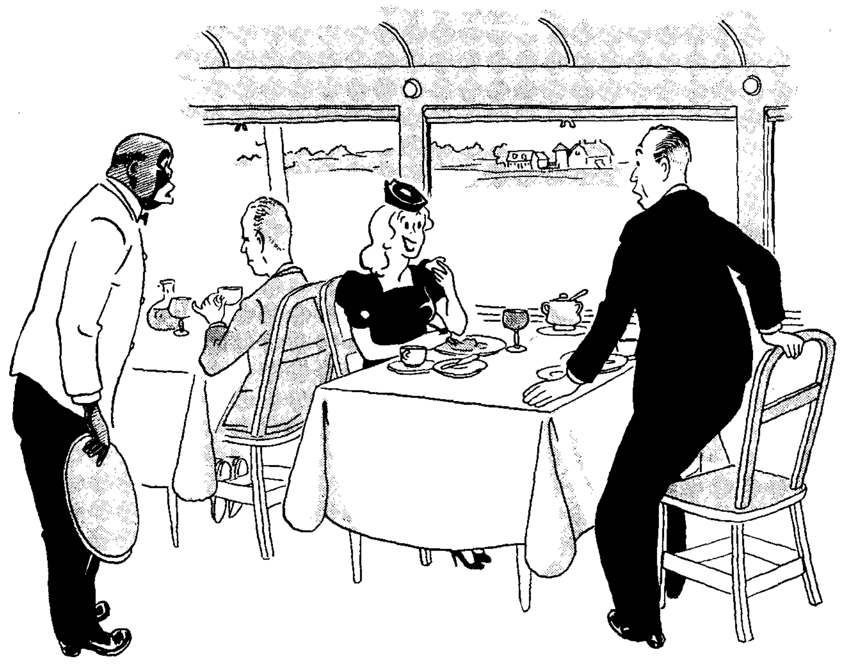
Rumba was her last picture as a glamor girl, and when that was finished she waited around nine months for another assignment. Paramount was paying her $3,000 a week and showing no haste to use her—which could only mean that she was about washed up. Observers maintain that the glamor nonsense arose from her marriage with William Powell, when she wanted to show the world that she was really a dignified human being and not a Sennett bathing girl. While she was in the doghouse a photographer named Hoyningen-Huene came out, took some pictures of Lombard and went back raving that she was the most vital, most exciting, most everything dame he had met in Hollywood. "Drop that stuffed-shirt stuff," he admonished her. "Cut loose like you do in your own parlor."

The Lady Demands

She was first seen emerging from the chrysalis in Hands Across the Table. Ernst Lubitsch, then in charge of the studio, held himself about the head when he saw the rushes. Lombard sobbed quietly in her dressing room. She thought it meant ruin. Instead the picture was a terrific success. She continued being the new Lombard in My Man Godfrey and The Princess Came Across.

At this moment the studio wanted to sign her to a new contract and she, remembering those horrible nine months of idleness, made it as tough as she could for them. Aided and abetted by her agent, Myron Selznick, at mention of whose name picture executives totter and grow pale, she demanded $150,000 a picture and concessions such as had never before been heard of in the Western Hemisphere. She wanted permission to bring her car on the lot—which you can't do at Paramount without special dispensation from on high. She wanted certain hairdressers, electricians, carpenters. Whenever they would ask if she wouldn't please come down and sign, she'd think up more things with which to harry them.

As a matter of truth, she is not daffy



"Let's go on to Cleveland, dear—I haven't had my dessert yet!"

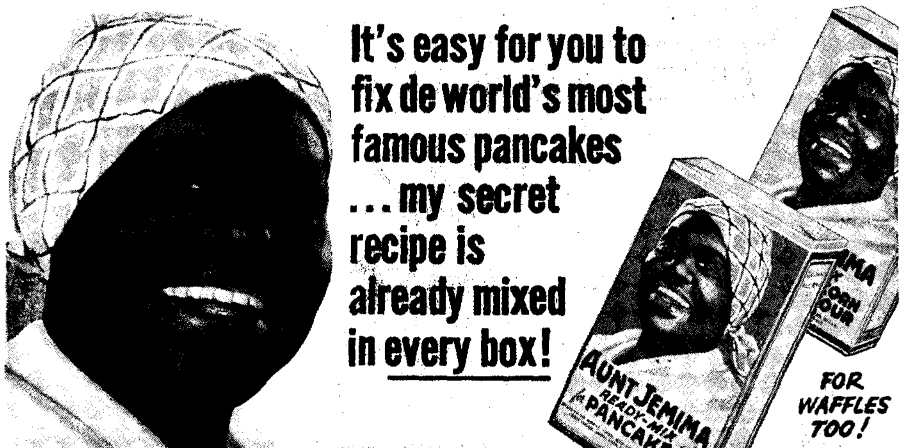
BO BROWN

"Dad...let's ask mom for some Aunt Jemima's today!"

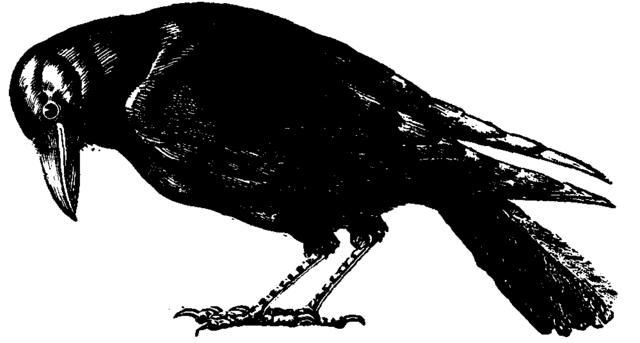
"It's too long since we've had those swell-tasting pancakes!"

Thanks for these Aunt Jemima's, mom!
Yes, "us men" have decided we should have Aunt Jemima's more often!

And mother will be glad to serve nourishing Aunt Jemima's Pancakes and Buckwheats more often! It's easy as 1-2-3. For Aunt Jemima's legendary secret recipe—with that touch of her own Down South cooking genius—is already mixed in every box of her magic Ready-Mix. Ask your grocer for both kinds of Aunt Jemima's famous Ready-Mix today...the red box for delicious Pancakes; the yellow box for wholesome Buckwheats.


It's easy for you to fix de world's most famous pancakes ... my secret recipe is already mixed in every box!
Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix Pancake
For waffles too!

AUNT JEMIMA'S READY-MIX FOR BUCKWHEATS AND PANCAKES



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at all. She is never late for an appointment and is always first on the set for the day's work. Even her swearing is said to have a basis in good sense. She does it, they say, to relieve tension on the set, to put people at ease with her, to break up fights between the director and the staff. She has very refined parties at which her mother and old family friends are present, and never a profane word passes her lips the entire evening. Her charitableness and kindness are exceptional. It provides in all her contracts that Pat Drew must also be employed. Drew is a gaffer (electrician) who was in the Richard Wallace-Paul Wing party that crashed in a transport plane in Missouri about five years ago. He lost a leg. Lombard feels very sorry for people with handicaps, figuring life is tough enough without them. So unless Drew works in a picture, Lombard refuses to work.

What distinguishes her in Hollywood is her genuineness. If she hates you, she lets the secret come out. If she likes you, she'll battle cops all up and down Hollywood Boulevard on your behalf. For years her closest friend and inseparable companion has been Madalynne Fields ("Fieldsie"), who was her pal in the old silent days when they were extras and slept in the same bed. For years Fieldsie ran the house, paid the bills, attended to the interviews (giving many of them herself) and helped with tearing up the mail, the girls being a bit careless with their correspondence. "Started a letter to Aunt Mary twelve years ago and it still isn't finished," admits Carole ruefully.

At first they had a house on Sunset Boulevard, but when the landlord hinted at raising the rent they decided to move. Fieldsie did the house-hunting and drove the bargains. They got another rented place out in Bel Air with Fieldsie pretending she was renting it for herself. When they moved they had some new furniture made but got along with most of the old stuff by repainting it. Carole covered a sofa with the material that had been in the dining-room drapes of the old house.

She Likes to Pay Taxes

Fieldsie was married two years ago and is now Mrs. Walter Lang but she is still close enough in touch to have been involved in the Lombard tax payments, which brought the lady some little fame in the prints when she said she had no objection to paying taxes. Carole earned $465,000 in 1938 and gave up $285,000 to the federal government, $54,000 to the state of California and $45,000 to Agent Selznick. Taking out the regular expenses and the money that goes to her mother and Fieldsie ($10,000 each), Carole had $50,000 left for herself. She has been saving those little driblets for years and will never be on a Hollywood breadline. If she had to go back working for $75 a week, she could do that, too—at least her friends insist she could.

As a way of getting something back from the government, Lombard built a house out in San Fernando Valley on an FHA loan. It cost $9,500 minus a swimming pool and guest rooms, and looks like a tourist cabin by the side of most Hollywood homes. She is not even extravagant when she appears to be, which is rarely. They tell of a cross-fox cape she once bought for $500. It was the only one in town. R-K-O heard about it and rented it for Katharine Hepburn to wear in a picture. Lombard collected $250 in rentals. Paramount rented it for $70. The thing finally cost her only $180.

She probably does more for young actors than anybody in Hollywood. When she saw Margaret Tallichet among the stenographers at Paramount, she annoyed everybody on the lot till she got the girl a screen test. Cheryl Walker was picked up by a screen company after being queen of the Pasadena Rose Festival but it was Lombard who saved her life. She insisted in taking the screen test with Cheryl and always managed to blow up in her lines just an instant before Cheryl blew up in hers. By dint of this maneuvering, she got Cheryl through safely with a good test.

Her home is infested with pets. Clark Gable gave her Smoke, a cocker spaniel. She has two dachshunds. There is a rooster named Edmund and a couple of hens. When she moved in (this was the Bel Air house), she found an alley cat crying in a barrel. This is Josephine. Also a Pekingese named Pushface.

If there is anything distinctively Hollywood about her, it is her love of gags. It's something like a disease. She is always giving Gable a dead cat or he is giving her a stuffed nanny goat. After Nothing Sacred, she and Fredric March gave Director Bill Wellman a strait jacket (very humorous). The Selznick wits gave her a burro named Scarlett O'Hara (awfully amusing). She gave Gable a ham with his picture on it, as indicative of his style of acting.

Shoot the Works!

Because she has a habit of falling over everything, he gave her a pair of old shoes as big as a motorman's boots (how do they think of such things?). She once gave him an antediluvian auto tied up in ribbons for his birthday. Mr. Gable had the car fixed up with gadgets such as are seen only on the swankiest cars, aluminum and nickel all over the thing, and they still drive it whenever whimsey casts its spell. Also there was a little business about a bear, a gift from Carole to Bill Howard, the director. It had some marvelously comic meaning, now forgotten. Howard sent the bear to a zoo and the zoo sent Lombard a bill for keep, all very hilarious.

The Gable-Lombard romance is said to have started when Carole arrived at a "white party" (everybody to be dressed in white) in a white ambulance, with nurses and internes in white and Lombard herself being carried in on a stretcher, looking as delicate and pathetic as a lily. Before that she had divorced Bill Powell, had run around for a time with Robert Riskin, the writer.

Lombard's tastes are simple, she is the best woman tennis player in Hollywood, her manner is frank, and she will undoubtedly end up in Madame Tussaud's wax works posing for a study of Tactlessness.

She has stood up to anything the movies could do to her and seems no worse for the experience. Her new ambition is to get some sense into the profession by making it a sporting proposition. If they think $150,000 is too much for her services, she'll gamble with them on percentage, either cashing in big or standing part of the losses.

She insists on passing on her scripts but admits that her judgment isn't infallible. She once kept Paramount upset for months over a picture on spiritualism. She refused to act in it, was threatened with guillotining if she didn't, started in it, said the director should be running a delicatessen, and was only held to her post by thugs standing around with clubs.

"It only made a million and a half," she comments sourly.

The domestic stuff is certainly not a gag and it is also not an end in itself. The skeet gag is also a bit on the corny side, everybody knowing that a skeet is a clay pigeon, which loves being shot. Carole concedes she could just as easily get along with something else as a target.

"Producers," she suggests. "They'd be just as good."

Anybody Missed a Ham?

Continued from page 13

charge, Moony, 'count of you was the one that asked for the meetin'."

Moony hitched up his pants and cut loose: "Grandpappy Braxton is a ham-meat stealer!"

We all nodded our heads.

"You got any partic'lar evidence to present?" Zack asked.

"I have," Moony said. "Night afore last I heared a ruckus out in my smokehouse and I run out in my nightshirt thinkin' it was a mink. Just as I got to the smokehouse door, Grandpappy come runnin' out with a piece of ham meat under each arm. Afore I could grab him, he drawed back and busted me cross the face with one of 'em. It knocked me down and while I was layin' there, he lit out through the woods. Now it's bad enough to be stole from, but when a codger slaps you 'cross the face with the plunder, it's past all bearin'."

"Ain't a one of us but what knows Grandpappy's a thief," I said. "Anyhow I sure do. I reckon he's stole more ham meat from me than he has from all the rest of you put together."

This challenge was took up right now and we had it hot and heavy as to which smokehouse Grandpappy had robbed the most. The discussion was right edifying. I knowed Grandpappy had done a sight of stealing but I never figgered it was so all-fired general.

After this we hadn't nothing left but to fix punishment. "Anybody got any ideas?" Zack asked.

The Doc roused up and said, "I'm agin hangin'. 'Sides old Granny Braxton, Grandpappy ain't got nobody in the world 'ceptin' that boy Alan. And with Alan in a fair way to gettin' married to Rosemary, it just wouldn't be right to hang Grandpappy."

"You could nail a bundle of switches to his door for a warnin'," Labe Talbot piped up, "but it wouldn't break him."

"That's the gospel truth," Moony said. "As I see it, ain't but one thing to do. We'll invite him to leave the Hollow."

We agreed on that and I was appointed to acquaint Grandpappy with the verdict. Then we broke up as it had started snowing.

Soon as I got home, I got my writing tablet, being real quiet so Ivy wouldn't hear me, and wrote out the notice:

GRANDPAPPY BRAXTON

We give you to sundown tomorrow a week to git plumb out of Chinkapin Hollow and stay out. You know why.
The Committee.

Along after midnight I rode over to the Braxton place and nailed this to a walnut tree that growed by their house.

I WAS right wore out with all this night traveling and the next morning I didn't get up till near six o'clock. It was about shoe-deep with snow on the ground and when I went to the back door, the air was sharp as a knife. Way off down the Hollow I heared a hound baying himself sick.

If ever I wanted to rabbit-hunt that was the day, but I figgered I ought to stay close to home, because when Grandpappy found that notice, all hell was liable to break loose. So after breakfast I went over into the woods and cut me some oak shingles to fix the roof where Ivy said it had been leaking in her kitchen.

Late in the morning Ivy called from the back door that Zack Hargrove was there to see me. Soon as he come through the woods, I seen something was heavy on his mind. "You seen Grandpappy?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "But I seen Alan."

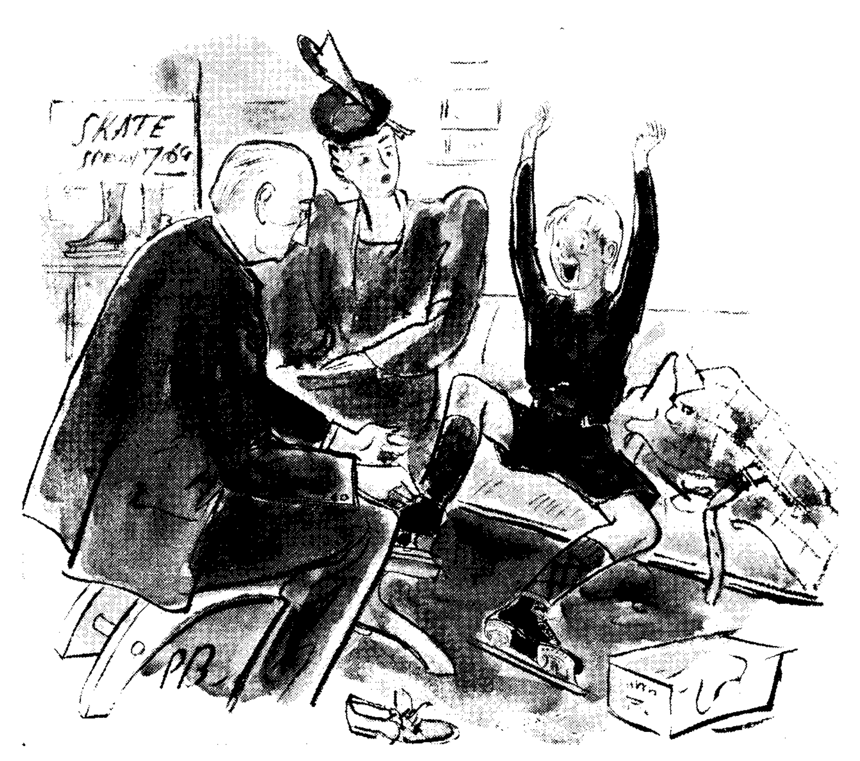
I helt my breath and looked at him.

"Had to ride up to Riggersville to git my wife some sewin' thread and as I come out the store, I seen Alan goin' into the Daily Democrat and Printin' Office. Terectly it come another horse up the road and it was Rosemary.

"Her eyes was right red and swole from cryin'. But when she spied me, her nose went up in the air like she'd raised a polecat. 'You seen Alan anywhere?' she asked.

" 'Seen somebody that was either him or his twin brother goin' into the Democrat office,' I told her.

"She started to leave but just afore



"I'll wear them!"

PERRY BARLOW

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Snapshots AT NIGHT
Easier

she did, she said, 'Thank you very much for tellin' me, *Mister Hargrove*.'

"That struck me as mighty unfriendly all of a sudden as Rosemary always calls me Uncle Zack. 'What in the world's the matter, Rosemary?' I asked.

" 'A bunch of night riders are tryin' to run Grandpappy out of the Hollow,' she said.

"I never let on I knowed what she was talkin' 'bout.

" 'Of course,' she went on, 'I know *you* wouldn't have no part in such a sneakin' business. But it 'pears they's some low-down scalawags in this Hollow that ain't got yore kind of honor.'

"This sure took me down a notch, I can tell you. 'Well, Rosemary,' I said, 'I'm mighty sorry to hear 'bout this. What you reckon Grandpappy done to git the night riders after him?'

" 'I'll just leave you to find that out for yourself,' she said. 'But if you happen to run across any of those night riders, you might tell 'em that Grandpappy ain't left yet."

"WITH that she slammed the door and run across the road to the Democrat office. Alan come out and they throwed their arms round each other and hugged and kissed right there in broad daylight. She whispered somethin' and Alan said, 'No, Rosemary, if Grandpappy tries to stay round here, he'll show up missin' one of these days with a bullet in his head. I reckon they's nothin' left but for us to sell out and leave. I'll go long to take care of him and Granny. After they raised me up from an orphan boy, I couldn't leave 'em in their old age. But maybe after a time, if you don't fall in love with nobody else in the meanwhiles, I could come back and git you.'

"After that Rosemary said something more that I couldn't hear but I could tell from the look on her face she was graveled most to death. Then she got on her horse, blowed Alan a kiss and rode off.

"I set round the store for near an hour till Alan come out of the Democrat office. He had a big handful of dodgers and he pitched a stack of 'em up on the store gallery. Then he rode off too, and I reckon by now he's tacked one of them dodgers to every crossroads tree in the Hollow."

"You think to bring one of 'em with you?" I asked Zack.

He reached one out of his pocket and handed it to me.

Me and Zack checked down the dodger together:

PUBLIC AUCTION

My farm known as the Scarred Pine place, 2 miles south of Riggersville in Chinkapin Hollow, to be sold out, lock, stock and barrel.

Chiefly the following described property:

1 team horses
2 good mules
2 milk cows, 1 fresh
3 brood sows, 1 will farrow Dec. 2
10 pigs, all weaned
20 chickens
some ducks and guineas
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1 manure spreader
1 hayrake
6 cords of wood
1 dozen bee gums
2 sets harness

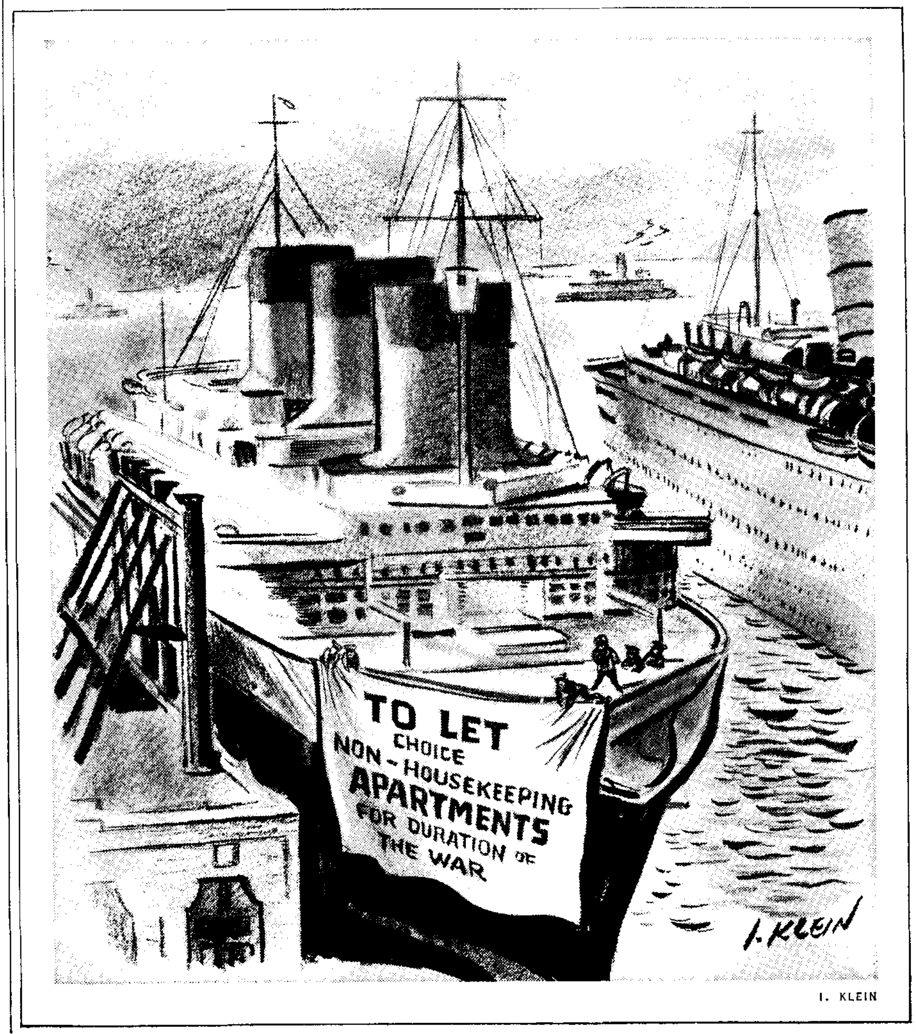
Also many farm implements and other valuable articles. Auction to be begun at 11 o'clock sharp A. M., Friday, November 24.

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE BRAXTON

COL. JUBE HARKWRIGHT, AUCTIONEER
WILL ELDER, CLERK

"As rich as them Braxtons are," Zack said, "just whatever would possess Grandpappy to go round stealin'?"

"Be dogged if I know," I said. "If you ask me, they's somethin' 'bout this whole



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Where is the nearest automobile electrical service station or garage? Who sells the advertised product or service you want?

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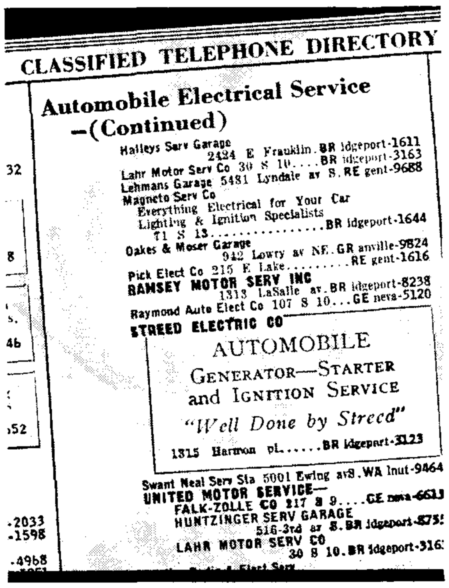
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Automobile Electrical Service
–(Continued)

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Lahr Motor Serv Co 30 S 10....BR idgeport-3163
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business that has the scent of a pig in a poke."

"Well," Zack said, "it wouldn't take me by surprise if that Rosemary was to try to stir up trouble between now and the auction. Her and Alan are mightily in love."

With this Zack went off. I worked till dinnertime and then went back to the house. As I come in the back door, I heared Ivy up front talking to somebody. They was going on at a great rate but talking so low I couldn't make nothing out. I sort of tiptoed up but the floor squeaked so bad till they must of heared me.

When I seen who it was Ivy was talking to, it sure gave me a turn. "Hello, Rosemary," I said. "What you and Ivy up to?"

Her nose lifted like she'd flagged a second polecat.

Ivy cocked her head on one side and said, "I never thought to ask you, Billy, but where was you last night, doin' all that ridin' round?"

It was my turn to play possum. "Who? Me? Nowhere in partic'lar."

"That's what I thought," Rosemary said, and with that she was gone.

Ivy looked at me like I was all daubed up with jam. "Rosemary tells me the night riders are goin' to run Grandpappy out of the Hollow."

"That so?" I said. "Zack told me somethin' 'bout the Braxtons was sellin' out and leavin'. I'm mighty sorry to hear it."

"Yes," Ivy said. "Chinkapin Hollow won't be the same without the Braxtons. Many's the time you've said more'n half the fun of goin' huntin' was to go with Alan."

THIS was a blow to the heart and I couldn't even speak a word.

"Mighty neighborly too, them Braxtons," Ivy went on.

Then she looked me square in the eye and said, "You know, Billy, I'm sure glad I don't have to worry 'bout you bein' mixed up in such goings-on."

I must've colored plumb to my ears. "Well, Ivy," I said, "I reckon them night riders wouldn't be after Grandpappy without they had the goods on him."

"But it ain't American to condemn a man out of hand," Ivy said.

"Now, Ivy," I said, "you mustn't get worked up this way. These matters had best be left to the menfolks."

If this made any impression on Ivy I couldn't tell it. "I ain't worked up," she said. "Fact is, the Braxtons ain't left yet."

I never knowed Ivy to carry on so. "Look here, Ivy," I said, "what was you and Rosemary talkin' 'bout when I come in? A man's wife hadn't ought to have no secrets from him."

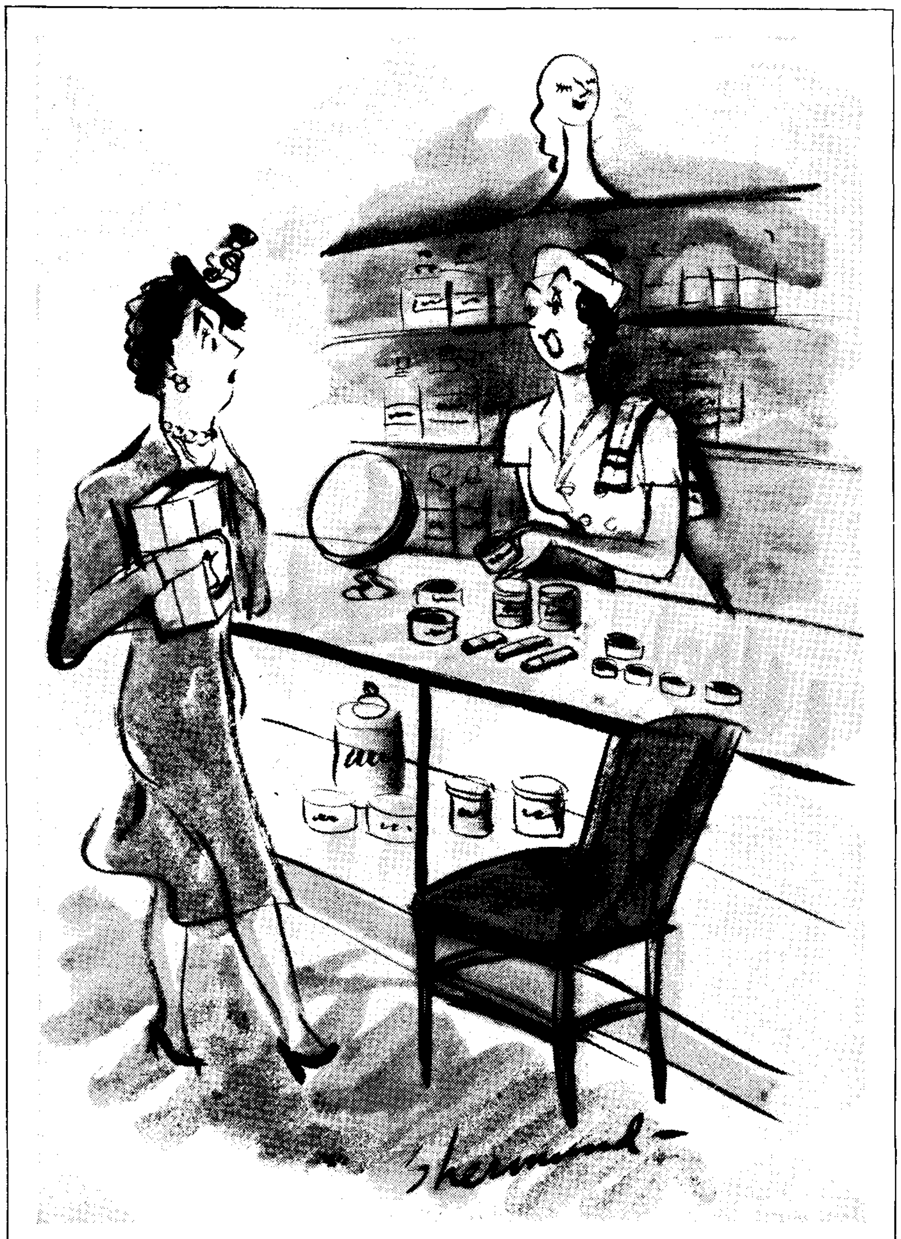
"Secrets?" Ivy said. "Why, Billy Minkus, you know I wouldn't keep secrets from you any more than you'd keep secrets from me."

I seen she had me there. I went back to the woods and cut me some more shingles. I reckon I cut enough to last me ten years.

But about three o'clock I couldn't stand it no longer. I saddled up and rode over to the Sutter place. I found the Doc around back in the woodshed, and be danged if the whole committee wasn't in there with him. Sounded like election day.

They didn't act a bit surprised when I sidled in. The Doc edged over to make room for me on the chopping block. "Pitchfork," I said, "I'm worried. Rosemary's done been down and got Ivy all riled up about Grandpappy."

"That's not the half of it, Billy," the Doc said. "We all got the very same trouble. That Rosemary's a caution. Bib Hardy should be told to keep her tied up."



"Good morning, Madam. Care to witness a miracle?" SHERMUND

I hadn't but to look at the faces of the others to see the Doc was putting it mild. We talked it over a spell. Finally Zack Hargrove said, "Boys, it's too late to back down. Womenfolks has no business to meddle. If we give in to 'em now, we might just as well turn this Hollow over to a long session of petticoat rule."

We all agreed, and I felt steadied to know we was sticking together. "But still," the Doc said, "when it comes to the day of the auction, it's up to us members of the committee to see that a fair price is bid for every last parcel that's sold. After the Braxtons are gone, I don't want no conscience that we mistreated 'em."

We practically fell all over ourselves to promise we'd do exactly like Pitchfork said.

FRIDAY morning I hitched the double team to the wagon and got ready to go to the auction. Be dogged if I didn't wish I'd never heared the name of Braxton. I could just see myself paying out a lot of hard-earned money and coming home with a load of truck I hadn't no use for on this earth. But the committee had done promised the Doc and I was going to do my share if it bankrupted me.

Soon as I hitched, I run down to get my money from under the fence post where I kept it hid. When I got back, there sat Ivy on the wagon seat. "I'm goin' to the auction," she said.

"No, you ain't," I said.

Ivy just set and scratched her ear the way she does when she's riled. "I'm goin' to the auction," she said, same as if I hadn't spoken.

It was near two miles to the Braxton place, and on the way we seen any number of other wagons going too. Pretty soon I seen the Talbots and, by golly, there was their wives right on the wagon with them. I had me a quick glance at Ivy and from the way she looked I had a pretty good idea, when we got to the auction I was going to see the wives of everybody on the committee.

I sure figgered it right that time. They was every one there. It commenced to worry me.

As we drove into the Braxtons' yard, there was Granny Braxton and Grandpappy, running around through the crowd, laughing and joking like it was a Fourth of July picnic. Grandpappy was wearing his Sunday best; even had on a collar and necktie. I'd expected to find him off in a corner by himself all hunched up in his whiskers. It was like having a man turn up telling jokes at his own funeral. But I didn't see Alan and Rosemary nowhere and that upset me some more.

I seen the rest of the committee was getting together so I sidled over to be with them. I stood alongside the Doc and first thing I knowed he jabbed me in the ribs and pointed 'cross on the other side and be danged if the wives of the whole committee wasn't huddled right there in a bunch.

"Well," the Doc said, "I reckon it's up to us to bid the last dime to be on the safe side. That's likely what the women folks come for, to see we didn't let the Braxtons be cheated."

"I'm absolutely agreed," I said, "and right with you on that."

"Folks," Col. Harkwright said, starting the auction, "I call yore 'tention to that pig with the bit-off ear. He'll dress two hundred pounds or I'm a liar. Who'll offer ten dollars just for a starter?"

Zack looked at me. I nodded. "Fifteen dollars," Zack said.

Col. Harkwright looked mighty pleased. "That's the way, folks. Zack Hargrove bids fifteen dollars. Do I hear sixteen? Do I hear the half? All right then, fifteen for the first time, fifteen for the second time. Goin' to Zack Hargrove for . . ."

"One thousand dollars!"

Col. Harkwright like to of fainted. "Who said that?"

"I did! I bid one thousand dollars." It was Ivy.

"All right, Ma'am," Col. Harkwright said, wiping sweat off his forehead. "Must be some points 'bout that pig I never noticed."

I tried to say something but I couldn't make a sound. I shook all over like a dead leaf in a Christmas wind.

Just then Doc Pitchfork's wife spoke up. "Col. Harkwright," she said, "they's six of us ladies here what would like to bid on that pig all together, if they ain't no objections."

"Well, Maria," Col. Harkwright said, "I don't know what six people could do ownin' the same pig, but I don't see no reason why not."

"Good," Maria said. "In behalf of the six of us, I raise the bid for that pig with the bit-off ear to six thousand dollars."

Right here I got my wind back. "Great goshamighty, Col. Harkwright," I hollered, "all the pigs in Arkansas ain't worth six thousand dollars, let alone one old chewed-up razorback. I demand that you deliver that pig to Zack Hargrove for the fifteen dollars he bid, and tell them womenfolks to git off the place unless they can behave theirselves."

Col. Harkwright started to say something, but afore he could Alan and Rosemary stepped out from the back door, with the sheriff from Riggersville right behind them. "One minute there, Colonel," Rosemary said. "They tell me down to the settlement that once a bid's been made, it can't be withdrawed nohow. That's the law on it and the sheriff's here to back me up."

The sheriff nodded. Alan never said a word but his jaws was set like a bear trap.

"Yes," Col. Harkwright said, "that's the law. The bid'll have to stand."

"Let it stand for all I care," Ben Talbot hollered. "Let's see them women fork over the money. Why, I bet they ain't got six dollars among 'em, let alone six thousand."

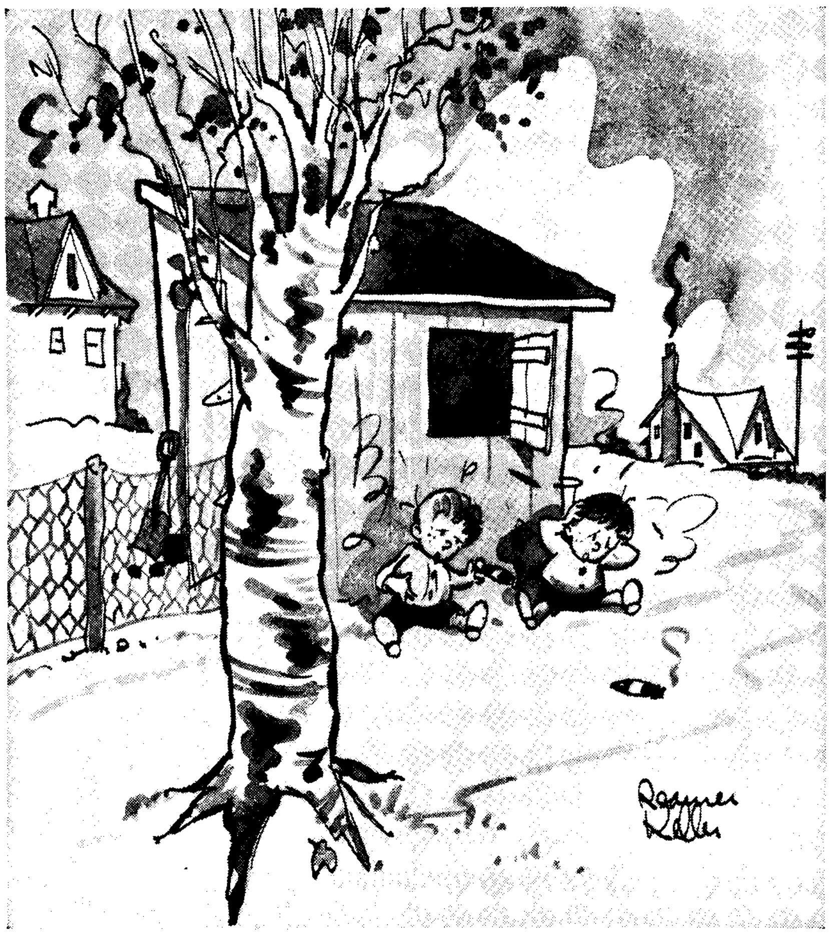
"There's law on that too," Rosemary said. "It reads in the code book that a man is bound for his wife's debts, so as I make it out, it'll be up to the men in this case to produce the cash money or sign a thirty-day note. Ain't that so, Mr. Woodward?"

"Yes, Ma'am," the sheriff said, "that's right."

BY THIS time Will Elder had the note all wrote up, and the committee sort of crawled over to the table and signed it. I reckon the snow on the ground wasn't whiter than our faces scarcely.

While we was signing up, I heared Grandpappy call out, "Sorry to disappoint all you good folks, but with the consent of the sheriff and Col. Harkwright, the auction won't go no further today." The next thing I knowed Rosemary's maw was asking the committee to come to the house. "Granny says she wants you-all to step in and warm by the fire afore you go home." We all went in but I knew it would take a spell of summer weather ever to loosen me up. When I signed onto that note, I seen all my life's savings took out from under me and me in debt to Grandpappy for the rest of my days.

When I got inside and had me a look around, I blinked my eyes like a toad in a hailstorm. There was Parson Litchfield standing over by the window, and Alan and Rosemary standing by him. The whole place was decorated with paper flowers and Granny was dish-



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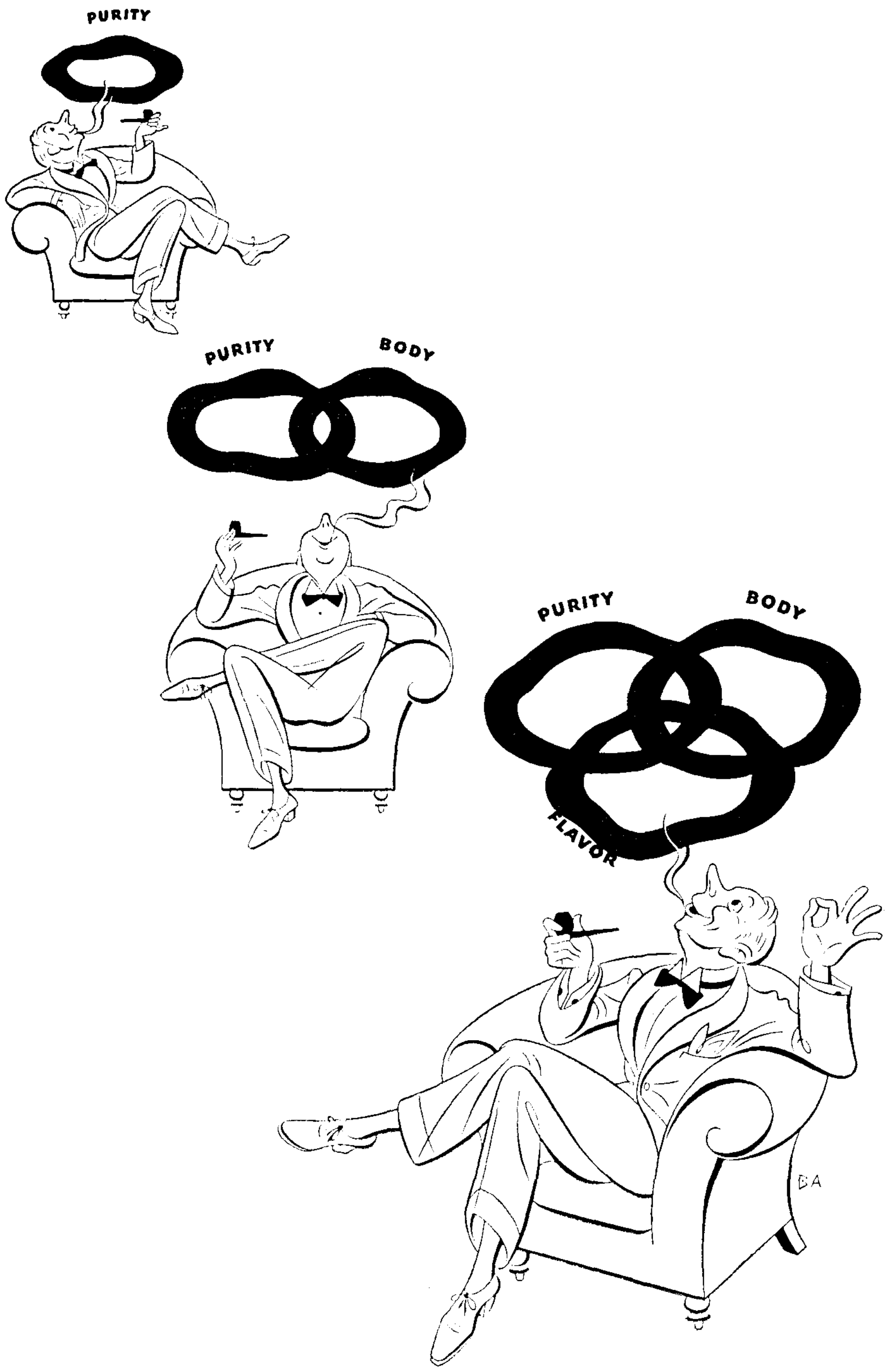

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GET IT?

ing up hot toddy from a big china bowl set by the fireplace. Two cups of this thawed me a little and I felt like I might live.

But pretty soon Grandpappy come in, holding that note, and I heared the Doc swallow some toddy down his windpipe at the sight of it. Grandpappy stood a while and looked us all over real slow. Then he said, hardly above a whisper, "I have somethin' to tell you-all. Rosemary and Alan are thinkin' 'bout gettin' married today."

When he said that, Rosemary smiled up at Alan, her dark eyes sparkling pretty and her cheeks flushed as apples at the first touch of frost. Next thing I knowed Ivy was standing by me, and she reached out and caught her arm through mine.

"They don't aim to git married but once in this lifetime," Grandpappy went on, "and I feel like this day's sort of special and sacred for that reason. It shouldn't be spoiled by no hard feelings 'mongst old friends." With that he handed the note to Rosemary and she laid it on the fire and burned it up.

I'LL never forgive myself for letting Zack Hargrove beat me to it but he did. He helt out his hand to Grandpappy and said, "Grandpappy, the way I feel, I'd like to crawl into a cave and never show my face agin. And in behalf of certain parties I want to say that the night riders of Chinkapin Hollow done sang their swan song. In the future they won't be no more undercover dealin's in these parts." They shook hands and then Grandpappy shook with all of us.

We made a half circle there in front of the fireplace in the front room and Alan and Rosemary was married by the parson. After the rites there was considerable of kissing and God-bless-yous, and I like to of choked completely up. After while Granny said we must excuse Alan and his bride to go up to Rosemary's house account of they was planning to spend a honeymoon in Riggersville, and everything had been planned so sudden Rosemary hadn't had time to get her things together.

Just then Grandpappy piped up and said he'd ride part way with them as he had a matter that needed attending to up that way.

Granny showed them to the door. When she come back, she said, "After the honeymoon it'll be up to Rosemary to do the carryin' back. I'm too old to be goin' all over this Hollow to carry back the hams Grandpappy'll steal afore he dies. But Rosemary's young and strong, and much as she loves Alan, she won't mind."

I expected Granny had been upset by too much excitement. I helped her into a chair. She sat down, filled her clay pipe and lighted up. "Yes, Grandpappy's a ham-meat stealer all right. Born that way and be that way till he dies, I reckon. He'll steal a ham out of his own smokehouse and run hide it in the woods. But he don't mean no harm by it. He just can't he'p hisself."

"Ivy," I whispered, "is that so?"

"Gospel true," she said. "Many's the day I've seen Granny pass the house with a ham under each arm, and she'd holler up, 'Ivy, you missin' a ham lately?' And I'd run look in the smokehouse to see."

"For the land's sakes, Ivy, why didn't you never tell me?"

"Granny said not to. Men can't keep a secret nohow and we didn't want it told all over that Grandpappy was a ham stealer."

"I reckon I can understand that," I said. "But for the life of me I can't see why you let us try to run Grandpappy out of the Hollow."

"Because," Ivy said, "you-all acted so highhanded without consultin' nobody. Rosemary was plumb exasperated and figgered to give you a lesson you wouldn't soon forgit."

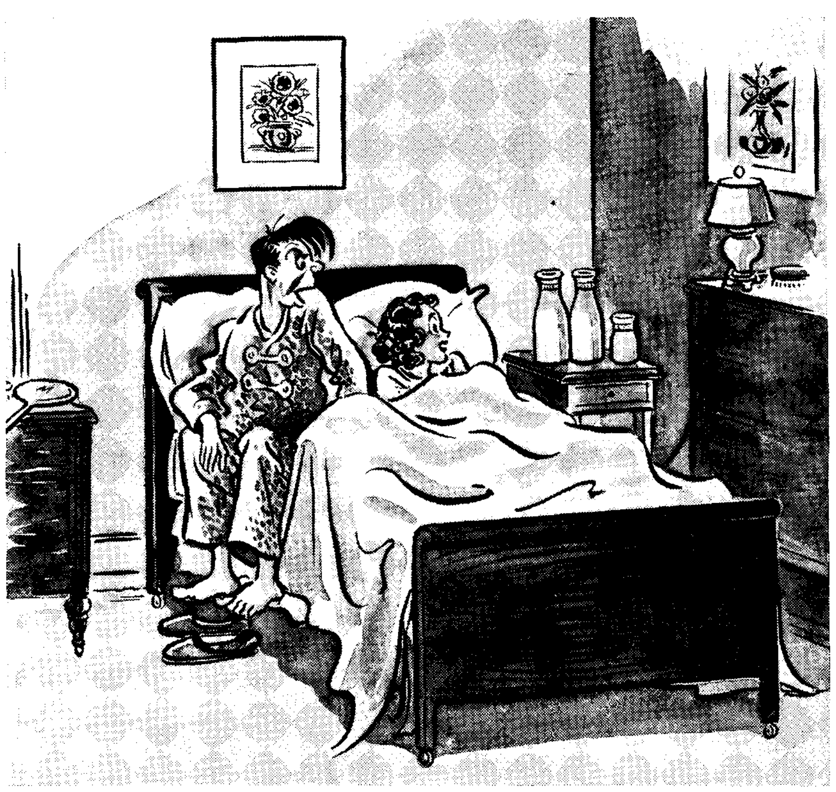
"She done it," I said.

A spring wagon creaked by and we all stepped to the door to look out. It was Alan and Rosemary coming back by theirselves on their way to Riggersville. They waved and throwed kisses and we done the same till they was out of sight round the bend.

But just then Rosemary's kid brother come running in the back way, looking for Bib. "Paw," he said, "did you tell Grandpappy he could have a piece of ham meat from our smokehouse?"

Bib sort of looked at the rest of the committee. "Well, son, come to think about it," he said, "I reckon I did."

Granny coughed. "Looks to me like Rosemary's goin' to be right busy when she gets back."



"Mabel, I think that milkman of ours is getting entirely too brazen!"

KAY KARAFFA

Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 22

"He ain't gwine away," prophesied Fauna happily. "He's swore to proteck me fum you—no matter who it hurts."

Frenzy stumbled from the kitchen. This was pretty terrible. "Nothin' I can do," he groaned. "An' I better do it quick."

Fortunately, there was work for Frenzy. Over at the lodge that night the white folks were preparing a magnificent barbecue, and Frenzy had been delegated to help. The pits had been dug, the ovens were ready. But there were a thousand and one little details. Several of the domestic servants had been assigned to service and Frenzy was one of them. At first he had been glad that his duties would end when the barbecue started, and a new corps of helpers would take over. Now he felt most definitely that he didn't want to be turned loose for a minute.

He moved forlornly into the dining room, and observed Lynn and Toby in the next room. He sho envied them pretty white ladies. Miss Toby, for instance—she was so happy an' smilin' an' them blue eyes of her'n was so bright, as though a barbecue was impawtant doin's. An' Miss Lynn . . . well, she di'n't ezackly look happy—kinda worried, in fack . . . but you couldn't say she looked sad, neither. Not the way Frenzy figured sadness at the moment.

Toby was asking, "What *is* a barbecue, anyway, Lynn?"

Lynn explained as best she could, and finished, halfheartedly, "It should be fun."

"Everything here's been fun." Toby's eyes were dancing. "Gee, these folks have been swell. And Gregg's mother . . . isn't she something?"

Lynn nodded and said, "Yes."

"Say, look—what's gnawing on you? You look as though you'd just et the canary. Something wrong?"

"No-o. . . ."

"You're in love!"

Lynn said, "Perhaps I am."

"So you have to look like a funeral! Aw, snap out of it, Lynn. Love ain't so terrible, really."

The other girl pulled herself together with an effort. "I'm a trifle screwy, I suppose, Toby."

"What do you mean, you suppose? A guy like Gregg Stuart chasing around after you, all choked up with nice, honorable intentions. . . . I'm glad I've got maximum body and minimum brain. When something good comes to me, I'm dummy enough to enjoy it and to hell with what comes after."

LYNN was staring at the rug. It wasn't any use trying to pretend something she didn't feel. But for Toby's sake . . .

"What'll we wear tonight?" she asked.

"Mrs. Stuart says no dressing, which suits me fine. Just clothes, that's all."

"There'll be dancing."

"Sure—after the barbecue." Toby rose and put her hand on Lynn's shoulder. "Be yourself, honey. Whatever's hit you—it hasn't any business here. I'm on my way."

"To where?"

"Elsewhere. Your boy friend is coming. I see him approaching the house. One thing you can hand Miss Fuller—she knows her exit cues."

"Toby! Please don't. . . ."

Miss Fuller waved from the doorway and said, "Nuts to you, in a nice polite way." And she was gone.

Gregg barged through the front door, glanced into the living room, and his expression softened. He walked quickly across the room and dropped onto the couch beside Lynn. He said, "Glad you're alone."

She said, "I'm glad I'm not. Now."

"Sweetly uttered." He stopped to light a cigarette. "I've just been down to Karnak."

"Have fun?"

"Sort of. Been buying things for the barbecue tonight. You'll like it."

"I like everything here—and I'm probably an ungrateful pig."

"You're tops—plus. Which reminds me . . ."

"Of what?"

"Something. . . . Honest, I'm not butting in again, Lynn—but it's something you ought to know."

She sensed that it was important.

"What is it, Gregg?"

"It's about your boy friend—Rick."

She drew in her breath sharply.

"What about him?"

Gregg's eyes held hers steadily.

"Rick is in Karnak," he said quietly. "I just saw him."

GREGG said lightly to Lynn, "This is a barbecue. How do you react?"

She smiled. "I'm amazed, astonished and delighted."

"So's Toby. Give a look. She's really having herself a time."

Toby was sparkling. So, for that matter, were all the other guests.

They were dining at long, wooden tables in the grove, under a canopy of great, spreading oaks from the branches of which huge bunches of Spanish moss hung like a benediction. Moonlight filtered through the branches. The night was brisk, but not cold; the appetites were keen, the food was succulent.

"If I had a penny," said Gregg, "I'd offer to buy your thoughts, except that you'd tell me you didn't like pennies, and I haven't got one anyhow."

Lynn smiled. "If you really want to know . . ."

"Lady, I'm bustin' with curiosity."

"We-e-ell, I was sitting here feeling sorry for myself. Things are shaping up wrong. A month ago—maybe even a month from now—all of this could be so perfect."

"Naughty, naughty! Papa spank if Mamma gets serious tonight. Remember, Lady—this is a barbecue: a highly festive occasion. What do you suppose Emily Post would say?"

"She'd probably say that I shouldn't ask for a second cup of coffee, but I'm still going to do it. On this sort of a night, I have vague yearnings to be a bit of a lush."

"And tomorrow will be the kind of a day when you're glad you weren't. Hang-overs are tough sleddin'." He covered her hand with his. "Is it so hard to forget, Lynn? Even for a little while?"

Lynn forced herself to speak with an exaggerated gaiety: "Watch me take myself in hand, Gregg. Presto! A new Lynn Harrison . . . who knows she can't help having fun on a night like this. Odd, isn't it, Gregg: I'm a Middle Westerner living in the East and falling for the South like nobody's business."

"Which makes you an All-American something. Though, as Frenzy states—the South is potent."

Lynn said, "What amazes me, Gregg—is the way you seem to fit into the picture down here. Any minute I expect to hear you break out in a rash of 'Pahdon me, suh's' and 'You-alls.' Last week, when I first met you—you were the perfect New Yorker. Of course, it was a brief acquaintance, and under circumstances—"

"Whoa, Lady!" He shook an admonitory finger. "Let's stay right here in Karnak. Which impels me to ask: Have you recently grabbed yourself an eye-

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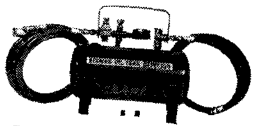

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ful of Toby? Is she on high or is she on high?"

"The answer seems to be that she is. And why not? She's getting more attention than the Brunswick stew—and when you say that nobody has to smile."

"Do I detect a hint of wistful jealousy in those words? Any complaints on the adoration I've been dishing out, Miss Harrison?"

"Nary complaint. I wonder if you're always so nice to damsels in distress. Oh, Gregg—I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bring that up again, really . . . but I guess it's no use. I just can't seem to act normally tonight."

"Okay, Sweet." He rose and pulled her to her feet. "Let's get moving. The aftermath of barbecue is exercise—or else."

CHAIRS were being shoved back and the guests were rising. Pretty nice gang, thought Gregg. He knew most of them intimately, and liked them all. They were so—well, *regular* was the word. Mature, intelligent folks who knew how to enjoy themselves, who took life with zest.

Attractive, too. Men in slacks and tweed coats; the girls and women in whatever had come to hand. No formality here, no restraint, no effort on the part of anyone to outshine the others. Light conversation; nothing serious. Banter, keen repartee that was natural and not show-offy; enthusiasm, friendliness.

The men lighted cigarettes and pipes and cigars. A few of the women puffed cigarettes. They trooped inside the brilliantly illuminated lodge for liqueurs. Someone suggested that they dance on the veranda and the idea was accepted with vociferous unanimity. Gregg propelled Lynn toward the lodge and said, "Quit staring."

"At whom?"

"Madge. She's doin' all right."

Madge was. She always did. Short, pudgy, comfortable . . . she was absurdly popular with the men. They fussed over her and paid her extravagant compliments while Wally stood adoringly back and beamed. "The happiest couple in the world," somebody had said. "They have everything the gods can provide, and it's superfluous. Just having each other—that's all they really care about."

Gregg was thinking, "You don't find people like that very often. They're quite an advertisement for marriage."

The music started. It wasn't very good, but it was loud. It fitted the occasion. Gregg swept Lynn into his arms. He danced well, and looked down at her reproachfully. He said, "You needn't be so ardent, Miss Harrison. You'll embarrass me."

"Sorry." She let her body come closer to his. "I was thinking of something else."

"How you build up my ego. It's astounding."

"It's my own ego that's worrying me."

"Forget it. You're adorable. You don't need an ego."

The crowd was in a party mood. Gay words cut through the blare of trombone and trumpet and beat through the room with the drums. Toby Fuller was being cut in on with every dozen steps—and loving it. Lynn came in for her share of attention, too, despite the tacit understanding that she was Gregg Stuart's personal property. And pudgy little Madge Andrews was receiving the rush of her life. She, too, danced well, and with such obvious enjoyment that it was a pleasure to be with her. Wally tried a half-dozen times to cut in on her, but her partners repulsed him. "You've got her all the rest of the time—so keep away from us now." And Wally would grumble and retire to a corner, fairly bursting with pride and love.

Ten o'clock came. Eleven. The music was more torrid than ever, the gaiety more unrestrained. Gregg looked for Lynn, and she wasn't there. He strolled inside the lodge and couldn't find her there, either. A trifle worried, he walked outside again, and then he saw her, down at the end of the veranda. She was talking to someone. A woman.

He moved closer and saw that it was Madge Andrews.

He shook his head and walked slowly to the other end of the porch. Lynn Harrison and Madge Andrews. His thoughts went back ten days . . . and he felt a twinge of apprehension. Lynn had been talking earnestly, and he had seen Madge's head moving, as though in agreement. He couldn't fathom what was behind all this, so he continued to worry.

Then a group of three men: two of them young and single, the third portly and married, bore down on him. They said, "Where's Sheba?"

"Who?"

"Toby Fuller. She done run out an' lef' us flat." They put their arms about one another's shoulders, and chanted in chorus: "We want *To*-by! We want *To*-by! We want *To*-by!" Then one detached himself from the group and, in the manner of a page boy, walked through the crowd wailing, "Caaaaall for Miss Ful-ler; caaaaall for Miss Ful-ler. . . ."

Gregg wondered indifferently where Toby had gone. The demand increased in volume and insistence. But Toby didn't come back. Wally Andrews said, "She just got fed up with you mugs—that's all. She'll be back."

There was a brief intermission, then the orchestra resumed again with commendable zeal. Gregg went in quest of Lynn. Whatever she was discussing with Madge Andrews, it was high time she quit and started to enjoy herself.

But as he approached them he saw Lynn and Madge rise and start down the steps. He called, "Hi, Lynn—how's about that dance?"

"Not right now, Gregg." He thought he detected a brittle, strained note in her voice. "A little later."

LYNN and Madge walked off through the trees in the general direction of the cottages. Gregg's place was in that direction, perhaps a quarter mile away The Andrews cottage lay that way, too. They disappeared down the footpath, moving slowly, talking earnestly.

Gregg shook his head and walked back inside the lodge. On the veranda the clamor for Toby crescendoed. It became a gag now, and the men were having a lot of fun with it.

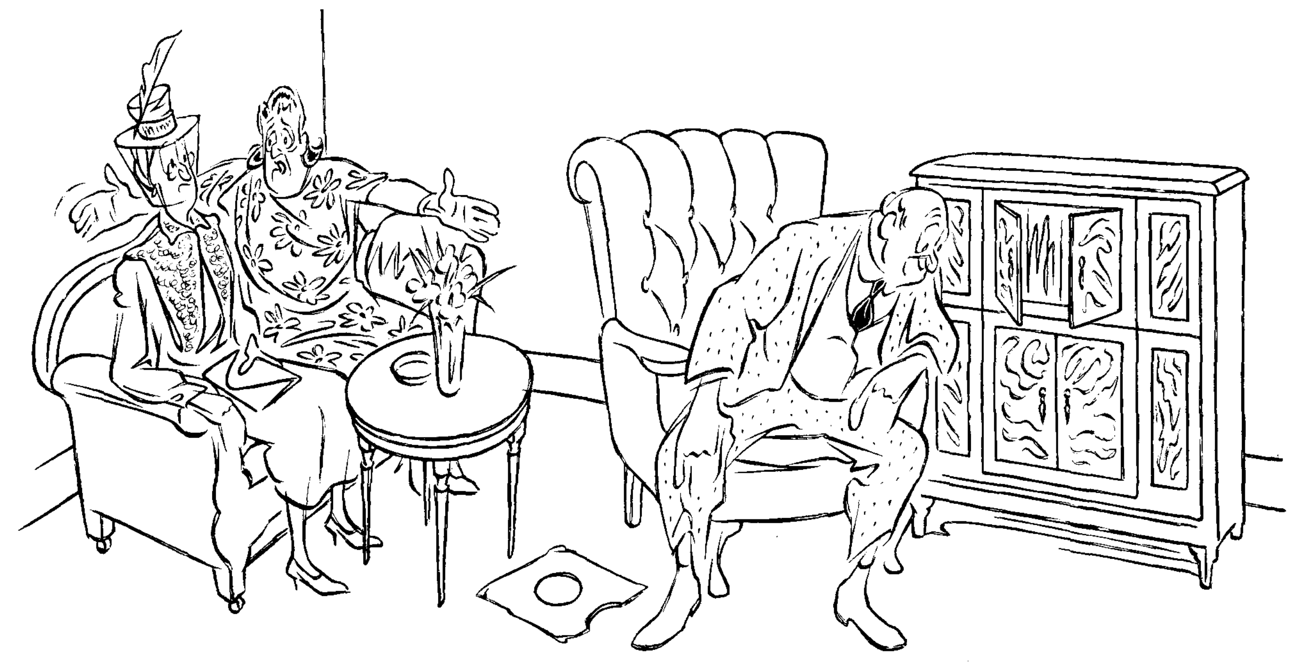
Everybody having a grand time . . . yet Gregg was worried. He told himself that it was silly, that he was letting his imagination run away with him. But the apprehension persisted. He was still in the grip of it when the next intermission came and he returned to the veranda and stared through the trees. Lynn Harrison and Madge Andrews. . . .

There was a brief lull in the merriment, one of those unaccountable silences that usually end with a laugh and a bright remark. But this one did not end. Not that way.

There was a yell—and another yell. Hoarse and throaty. A man's voice. The folks on the veranda stiffened and turned their eyes toward the direction from which the screams had come.

A man—running. Threshing toward the lodge. Running fast and yelling hysterically. Somebody said, "It's Gregg's man—Frenzy." And then they heard Frenzy's voice, shot through with terror . . . "Mistuh Gregg—Mistuh Gregg. . . ."

Gregg went down the steps to meet



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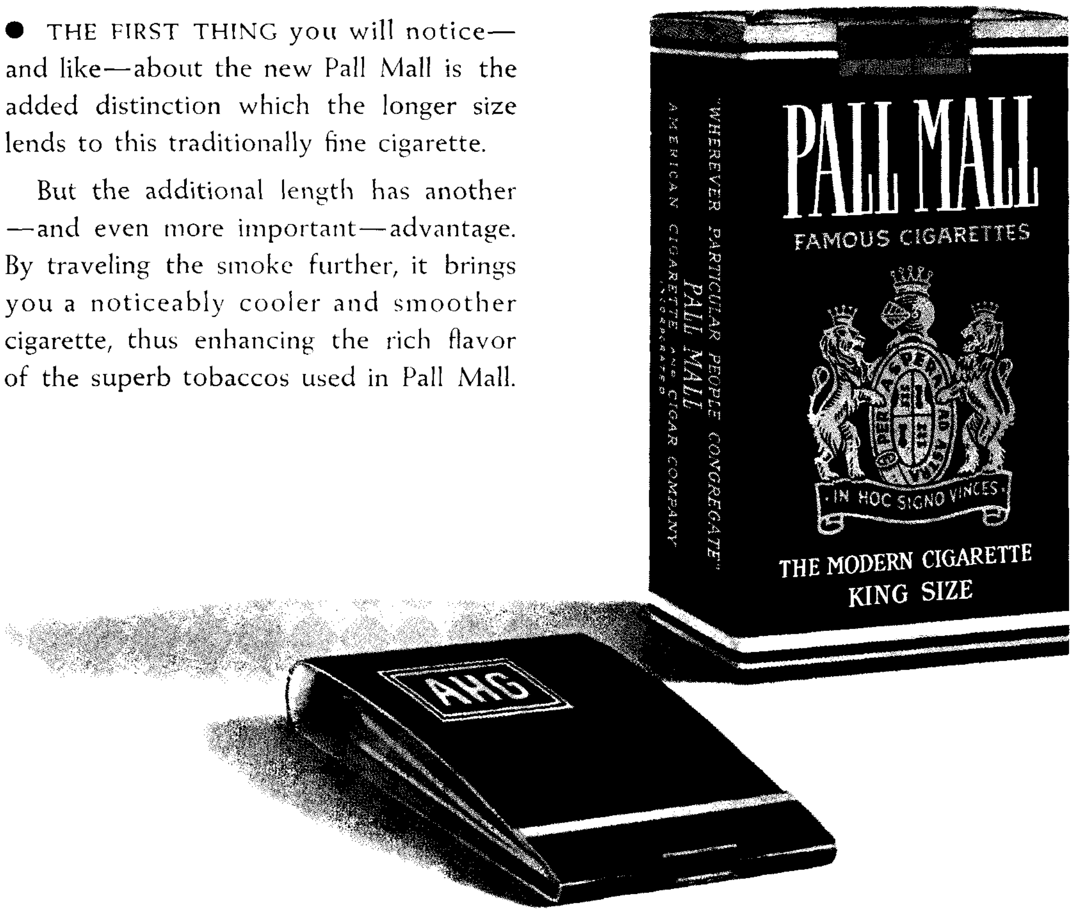
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

him. The fear in Frenzy's face and in his rolling eyes electrified them all. There was utter silence where just a few moments before there had been music and noise. Gregg grabbed the Negro by the shoulders and shook him. He asked, “What's the matter?”

“Come along, Mistuh Gregg . . . quick.”

“Where?”

“Yo' house, suh. Somethin' terrible. . . .” Frenzy was shaking and sobbing. “Quick. . . .”

Gregg started off. Somebody said, “Perhaps we'd better go, too. . . .” and they trooped after. The night was suddenly somber and a low-hanging cloud momentarily obscured the moon and sent a black shadow scudding across the carpet of pine needles.

The front door of Gregg's house gaped open. Frenzy pointed to it with a shaking finger, and refused to move another step. Gregg led the way inside.

Lynn Harrison stood at the head of the stairway. Her lower lip was caught between her teeth, and her eyes were wide. Gregg leaped up the stairs and the others followed.

Lynn turned and led the way to the room that she shared with Toby. Gregg went in with her, and Wally Andrews and Tommy St. Julien and some woman in a knitted suit. Then somebody said, “Oh! . . .” and they all saw.

There was a body on the floor. Just lying there. Not sprawled grotesquely, but they all knew that it was a body; that death had visited this room.

It was the voice of Wally Andrews that broke the silence. He was on his knees beside the body of his wife. He wasn't hysterical, but there was heartbreak in the way he said, “Madge!”

There was an ugly round red spot just over her heart; like a too large ornament on her gay sports dress. No one asked, “Is she dead?” because they knew that she was.

Wally raised stricken eyes. His head was shaking slowly. He looked around the room and his gaze rested on Lynn Harrison.

He spoke quietly, and with certainty. He talked straight at Lynn.

“You killed her,” he accused . . . “You killed her.”

Someone said, “We'd better call the sheriff,” and a man's voice answered from outside the room, “I'll telephone him right away.”

There wasn't much else being said—not right then in that first moment of shock. The gaiety of a few minutes since had vanished, and in its stead had come incredulity and bewilderment.

Even Wally Andrews' direct, low-voiced accusation of Lynn Harrison did not excite an immediate reaction. They just stood there, jammed into the attractive little room, crowding the doorway, spilling over into the hall . . . staring at one another, whispering parts of sentences, unable as yet to think connectedly.

Carey Marshal of Karnak, who was a lawyer, said, “I think we'd better not touch anything until the sheriff gets here,” and nobody argued the point. They stood looking down at the body of Madge Andrews and at the pudgy figure of her husband, and after a while some few of them looked at Lynn Harrison who was standing just inside the doorway. Gregg Stuart had moved to her side, and now he put his hand on her arm. He whispered, “Steady, Lynn—steady,” and she nodded.

People were beginning to talk nervously, as though to relieve the tension of their own nerves. One or two of the men stood awkwardly beside Wally Andrews, struggling mutely to convey to him the depth of their sympathy. He was so quiet about it, just kneeling there shaking his head slowly. Gregg caught Lynn's eyes for a moment and whispered, “Not you . . . ?”

She answered simply, “Of course not.”

It was rather ghastly, this waiting for the sheriff—the enforced inactivity—the unobtrusive grief of Wally Andrews. A few of them stared at Lynn. There was pity in their glances and wonder and conjecture. They were remembering that she was an outsider, someone about whom they knew nothing except that she had been sponsored by Gregg Stuart. They knew Gregg all right enough . . . but then Gregg hadn't been accused. And Wally had spoken so definitely, so positively.

There was a noticeable lightening of tension as a man's heavy tread sounded on the stair and someone said, “It's the sheriff.” They made way for the tall, angular man with the clear gray eyes and the sparse hair and ill-fitting clothes.

There wasn't anything picturesque about Ed Crawford, but he had a certain air of efficiency. His arms and legs were too long, he was inclined to slouch, and he spoke with a slow drawl.

He dropped to his knees beside the body of Madge Andrews and made a quick—not inexpert—examination. He didn't say anything, but the nodding of his head confirmed what they all knew. He rose then and looked around. His manner was gentle, his voice soft. He asked, “What happened heah?”

Tommy St. Julien said, “We were having a barbecue and dance at the lodge. Gregg Stuart's man came running to tell us something had happened. We found—this. . . .”

The sheriff asked, “Anybody find the gun?”

There was a general shaking of heads and somebody said, “We haven't touched anything. . . .”

“Good.” Ed Crawford scrutinized the pallid faces. Some of them he knew—young men and women who lived in Karnak and in Pineville. Most of them were strangers: Northern members of the Karnak Hunt Club. He asked, “Whose house is this?”

Gregg Stuart answered quietly, “Mine.”

“Were you heah?”

“No.”

“Who was?”

There was a tense, awkward silence. Lynn Harrison spoke. She said, “I was.”

Wally Andrews looked up and said, “She killed my wife.”

Ed Crawford blinked, and asked the obvious question, “Why?”

“She's a professional criminal,” answered Wally.

Gregg said, “Wait a minute, Wally.”

The pudgy little man had risen. There was a certain dignity about him. He said, “I'm not hysterical, Sheriff—I know what I'm talking about. This woman is a professional criminal. My wife knew it. That's why she was killed.”

The sheriff said, “You-all folks relax a little—please. There's a heap bein' said heah that I don't quite understand. S'pose you explain, Mr.—Mr.—”

“Andrews.” Wally's voice was low but distinct. “Ten days ago my wife and I were held up on Long Island and robbed . . . just before we came down here. We were held up by a man and a girl. Lynn Harrison was the girl.”

“How do you know?”

“I met her at the dance Thanksgiving night. She was with the Stuarts . . . she and a friend of hers. Madge and I recognized her, but later we decided it was just a coincidence: a strikingly close resemblance. Afterward we talked it over. We knew we were right, and yet it was so incredible that we couldn't believe it. So we decided we must be wrong.”

“What changed yo' mind, Mr. Andrews?”

“This . . . tonight. My wife has been talking to her. I don't know what they were saying, but they talked a long time. They walked away from the lodge together—in this direction.”

“That sounds mighty friendly,” suggested the sheriff shrewdly.

“Yes. I suppose that's the way Madge figured it, too.” Wally was holding himself in check.

“What's your idea of what happened, then?”

“That Madge told this girl what she suspected. Then Lynn Harrison got her over here and killed her.”

Ed Crawford mopped his forehead with a vivid handkerchief. He said, “It suttinly seems mighty cu'ious to me. . . .”

“Ask *her*.”

Gregg spoke quickly: “You don't have to answer any questions, Lynn.”

Her eyes were somber. “I'll answer.”

The rest of the crowd was silent. Things were happening too fast and too incredibly. Mrs. Stuart stood by Lynn and took the girl's icy hand in hers. She said to Wally, “You can't be sure, Wally. You're all upset. . . .”

“I'm sure. Now.”

The sheriff questioned Lynn:

“Did you kill this lady, Miss?”

“No.”

“Was you heah when she was killed?”

“No.”

“Then how come . . .”

“I found the body.”

“Thought I just heard someone say you started over heah with Mrs. Andrews?”

“I did. But I stopped to talk to somebody on the way over, and Mrs. Andrews went ahead. She said she'd wait for me here in my room.”

“An' then . . . ?”

“I came after her. When I got into my room—she was . . . like that. . . .”

“Did you heah a shot?”

“No.”

Crawford raised his eyes. “Did anybody?”

There was a general shaking of heads, and someone said, “The music at the dance was pretty loud, Sheriff.”

“After you found her, Miss Harrison—what did you do?”

“I saw a light in the servants' quarters. I called.”

“Who answered?”

“Frenzy. He works for Mr. Stuart.”

“An' what happened then?”

“I told him to get Mr. Stuart. . . .”

“Presumin' for a minute that you didn't have nothin' to do with this, Miss Harrison . . . s'pose you tell me if you saw anybody else enterin' or leavin' this house just about that time?”

“No. But there must have been someone else, because when I got here . . .”

“Sho—I know. She was dead a'ready.” The elongated sheriff rubbed long, bony fingers reflectively across his chin. “How come you and Mrs. Andrews was comin' heah together?”

A startled light flashed in Lynn's eyes. The faces she saw were not hostile, nor were they the faces of friends. Acquaintances, merely; people whom she scarcely knew; people who had been kind to her because she had been sponsored by Gregg Stuart. Only Gregg and his mother seemed to be warmly friendly; and Carol Faulkner, the Karnak girl who Lynn had heard might some day marry Gregg. Carol moved across the room now and stood beside Lynn—as though to make her physical isolation less obvious. She asked quietly, “Do you have to do all this right now, Ed?”

Crawford nodded apologetically. “I sho do, Miss Carol.”

Gregg whispered in the girl's ear, “Nice going, Carol . . . keep it up.” He understood what she was doing: that she was making a gallant effort to give Lynn time to think. She didn't understand—none of them understood . . . but she had sensed the aloneness of the girl whom they scarcely knew and she wanted to help. She said, “How about the coroner, Ed?”

“He's comin' now, Miss Carol. Honest, I'm doin' the best I can. . . .”

Wally Andrews said, “Why don't you search this room, Sheriff?”

“Glad to, Mr. Andrews. What you reckon I'd find?”

“You might find the gun. And maybe you'll find the jewelry that this woman helped steal from us ten days ago.”

Gregg broke in harshly: “That's ridiculous!”

Wally didn't raise his voice. He made a simple, direct statement, and everyone in the room knew that he was talking to Gregg Stuart.

He said, “You know it isn't ridiculous, Gregg. You're trying to shield this girl because you're fond of her. And when you told me you were with her the night we were held up, you didn't tell the truth.”

“I was with her the entire evening—”

Lynn had been staring at Gregg. Then she walked across the room to her dresser and took a little package from the second drawer. She faced Wally, and her voice was strained. She said, “Is that what you're looking for, Mr. Andrews?”

He opened the packet. He gazed down at a magnificent emerald brooch and a necklace of matched pearls. Then he looked up at Lynn again and started to ask, “Why did you . . . ?” but his voice broke and he turned back to Ed Crawford. He said, “These are the things that were stolen from us that night.”

The sheriff was efficient enough now. He asked sharply, “Did you hold up Mr. Andrews like he says?”

She shook her head and answered, “No.”

“Was you there?”

Gregg caught her arm. “Don't answer, Lynn; please.”

Her eyes were hopeless. “Why not, Gregg?”

“Because you haven't had time to think.”

Wally said tonelessly: “She was in that holdup, Sheriff. Madge recognized her. Maybe Madge told her she was coming over here to see for herself . . . of course that's only a guess, but it could have happened that way. But you've got the motive there, Sheriff—and a heap of proof.”

“I sho have got a lot of somethin',” conceded Ed Crawford. He looked straight at Lynn, and Gregg thought, “I'd better do something—quick.”

He turned to Carey Marshal. “You're a lawyer, aren't you?”

“Yes, Gregg.”

“Will you take her case—right now?”

Young Marshal hesitated, and Gregg went on swiftly: “I give you my word of honor I believe she's innocent.”

The young man nodded and stepped forward. He said, “She's my client, Ed.”

“That's all right, Carey. But what's it mean?”

Carey Marshal spoke to Lynn. He said, “Please don't answer any more questions, Miss Harrison.”

Gregg came close and whispered to Lynn. “Mother says Toby's suitcase is gone. And she's not here, either.”

She looked at him. She said, “You know what I'm thinking . . . ?”

“Rick?”

“Yes.”

Carey Marshal asked, “Who is Rick?”

“We'll explain later. . . .”

Sheriff Crawford was speaking: “Reckon if you won't answer no mo' questions, Miss Harrison—there ain't but one thing fo' me to do.”

He faced her.

“I sho hate this, miss . . . but I'm arrestin' you fo' the murder of Madge Andrews.”

(To be continued next week)

How much does it cost to go to college?

THE NEED Even if your little son or daughter is very young, you have probably asked yourself two questions:

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2. "Where will the money come from, particularly if I am not here to help?"

A folder, "The Cost of Four Years at College", published by the New York Life, shows approximate costs for 105 leading colleges at the present time. The four-year cost varies from a minimum of $1,000 to $6,000 or more. A copy of this folder will gladly be sent upon request.

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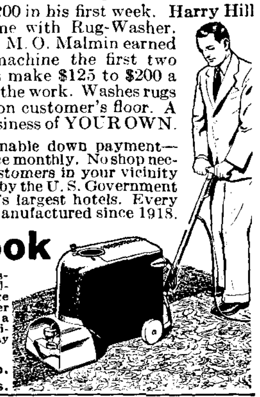

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Flash—!

Continued from page 16

a queen or the turban of a maharaja or the fourth finger of a bride's hand, many other hands touch the jewel, and in all those hands there remains much gold, considerable excitement and something of the blessing, momentary though it may be, of beauty.

Through the agents, bids were made and rejected and made again. Higher and higher the price of the lemon-sized chunk of dirty ice went, until finally it was settled that Manoel and Joaquin together should be richer by $250,000. By that time the nosey, bright-eyed men whose job it is to locate and purchase precious stones for their masters in distant capitals knew that the rock the *garimpeiros* had found was the largest diamond in the world, the largest since the fabulous 3,025-carat Cullinan, heavier by six tenths of a carat than the 726-carat Jonker

Because General Getulio Vargas was then dictator of Brazil and at that time a very important guy indeed, they called it "The Vargas Diamond."

They Guard Their Secrets Well

To Manoel and Joaquin, who probably never will see the milled beauty that is to be cut from the rock they found, it sufficed that they received $125,000 each. In the money language of their Brazil they are millionaires. And they who only yesterday worked for three milreis (or fifteen cents in American money) a day take their ease in the afternoon sun in an open carriage along Rio's roads, under the palms where the sun is not too hot.

To the *garimpeiros* went only a fraction of the value of the stone they found. For an option to buy it a small, compact New Yorker, whose manner and speech are as hard and as precise as the stones he conjures from lumps of dirty ice, laid plenty of cold cash on the line. Nobody knows just how much Harry Winston paid for that option. He won't tell, for that is the way of the "dealers in precious stones—importers and exporters."

They are men who guard their secrets well. They do not shout their finds as did Manoel and Joaquin. Their language is cribbed from the foreign exchange quotations and they think in thousands by the fifty as I would talk of four bits. Their world is bounded by Antwerp, Amsterdam, London, New York, Johannesburg and Calcutta.

Winston is efficient. He's got to be. He can hold that piece of dirty ice Manoel and Joaquin found down below the equator in the hollow of his manicured hand and read the mystery of its crystalline guts. He can tell you that the diamonds cut from the rough stone will be blue though in its present state the Vargas is streaked with oxides of iron and other impurities. If and when he takes up his option, he will tell his expert cutters just how to cleave and saw and cut the Vargas to wrest from the stone a fortune in money, a fortune that may be measured in stacks of gold to the equivalent of two million dollars, most likely. He's got to be right, for if he isn't and the cleaving and the sawing go haywire because he's guessed wrong, he may not recover the hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in the chunk of ice.

So far he's never been wrong. Twice, to be exact, he has misjudged a minor stone and each time the error has cost him about $20,000. But he wasn't wrong about the Jonker diamond. Secretly he bought the stone soon after discouraged old prospector Jacobus Jonker found it in January of 1934. Jonker got $350,000. Winston paid some $700,000—although this figure too is conjectural and based on the known bids of competitors.

Winston had the rock, but how to cleave it and cut it to obtain perfect gems? For months he studied the rough diamond, seeking to divine its "grain," to learn the secrets of its composition, secrets hidden behind an exterior resembling a coating such as you find on frosted glass. Others had studied the stone, too, in London and Amsterdam and elsewhere, and all had their own ideas as to how it should be cleaved.

Winston turned the stone over to the cleaver, Lazare Kaplan, who actually determined the lines of cleavage. His findings were confirmed by Dr. Frederick Poe of the Museum of Natural History, an authority on the crystalline structure of diamonds.

The crucial moment in the lives of an uncut diamond, its purchaser and the man who does the cutting, coincides. It comes at the instant the cleaver's counterbalanced hammer, an affair of steel that looks like two cylinders joined by a rod, strikes the wedge held against a previously determined spot on the diamond.

The hammer falls with a light tap and the stone splits like a bit of hard, straight-grained hickory—if all's well. But if there is a flaw in the diamond unperceived by the cleaver, or if the cleaver has misjudged by a thousandth of an inch the direction and location of the diamond's grain, then instead of cleaving off a slab he will split the whole darn' thing into a mess of odd-sized fragments whose total value may be infinitely less than the amount paid for the entire uncut stone. Every time a cleaver cleaves he gambles with a fortune.

Lloyd's of London, it is axiomatic, will insure anything against any risk. But Lloyd's refused to underwrite a policy on the cleaving of the Jonker, although the St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company issued a $1,000,000 policy on the stone to guarantee its safe arrival in New York by plain registered mail from London. The postage was sixty-four cents.

When the Cleaver Stops Breathing

In cleaving the Cullinan, Joseph Asscher risked not only his employer's millions, but his own life. Asscher was that combination of engineer, surgeon and mystic required to burst the diamond whence came the British crown jewels, but he felt the responsibility heavily, for he was aged and infirm. He had a doctor and two nurses in attendance when he struck the blow that split the Cullinan. The tap delivered, he sank into a chair, and when, three months later, he recovered from a nervous breakdown he could not believe until he confirmed it with his own eyes that his work had been well done.

The diamond cleaver finds his spot. Then he makes a small groove on the spot with a specially constructed triangular tool somewhat resembling a machinist's reamer. You can see the groove only with a magnifying glass. This groove must be as true and straight as the edge of a fresh razor blade and must coincide with the microscopic plane of the diamond's grain.

The groove is scratched more deeply, slowly, laboriously, for the diamond is the hardest substance known to man. When the groove is sufficiently deep, a short, blunt, steel blade, like a square-ended surgeon's scalpel, is inserted in

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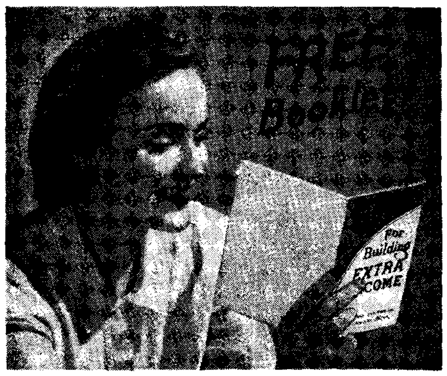

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the V of the groove. The action of the blunt edge against the sloping sides of the V gives the effect of a wedge, forcing the sides to exert the pressure required to split the diamond. The blunt blade is struck lightly with the counterpoised hammer, and the diamond splits—while the cleaver stops breathing until he's sure everything's okay.

Only one slab of diamond comes off with each cleavage. Sometimes an uncut diamond is of a size and contour that make it possible to polish it without either cleaving or sawing. After large diamonds are cleaved they are sawed into convenient sizes for polishing into gems such as go into a finished piece of jewelry. But it often happens that an uncut stone goes from the mine to the polisher's wheel.

Cleavage is done in an instant but the sawing is a long, tedious job. One cut through a slab of diamond may take five weeks or more. Sawing is always done across the grain instead of with the grain as in cleaving. The saw used in the procedure is a true disk of tough phosphor bronze, five or six or eight inches in diameter and about .002 of an inch thick, and if you take a hair and split it you will get an idea of how thin that saw is.

The slab of crystallized carbon that is to be sawed is held in a vise resembling a crude pair of oversized and rudimentary calipers. The blunt edge of the circular saw is placed against the stone, which by now looks like a piece of fine, pure crystal. Diamond dust mixed with olive oil—a black, sticky mixture—is used to lubricate the saw as it revolves at high speed against the stone's surface. An electric motor, its speed controlled by a rheostat, turns the saw.

Dust—Two Dollars a Carat

Diamond dust, really a powder, is black and looks more like what the diamond, chemically speaking, really is—a second cousin to the stuff you pile into that hungry monster in the basement these winter nights. The dust is carried into the imperceptible slit in the diamond by the oil. The dust particles bite into the phosphor-bronze disk and give the metal wheel, softer than the diamond, an incalculable number of "teeth." Only a diamond can cut a diamond and, actually, the disk saw is merely a medium for keeping sharp, hard, individually invisible fragments of diamond scraping at thousand-revolutions-per-minute speed against the crystal surface.

Cutting is slow on damp days, for some unaccountable reason. Sometimes the progress of the saw will be imperceptible after twenty-four hours' continuous work. The humidity somehow renders the diamond dust impotent, robs it of its cutting properties. On such days, usually encountered in hot weather, the operator uses an electric heater to reduce the atmospheric humidity in the vicinity of the saw.

Twelve precious gems, blue-white and of exceptional beauty, more dazzling than the Cullinan stones, were sawed from the 726-carat Jonker. The largest weighed about 170 carats and together with the eleven other gems weighed 400 carats, so that 300 carats, or enough diamond to be worth about two million dollars as a perfect gem, went into dust in the cutting. The dust, worth about two dollars a carat, is carefully collected in trays during the cutting.

The large stone cut from the Jonker, now known as the Jonker jewel, is for sale, the others have been disposed of. The large diamond can be had for a sum starting upward of one million dollars cash.

Diamonds That Work

Eventually the Vargas will be cut up into marketable gems. How many the rough piece will yield only Harry Winston can guess and he won't talk. He predicts they will be blue-white, the finest of gems.

Prices of diamonds vary with weight and color. Yellow diamonds are the most common; white, more rare, more expensive; blue-white and blue, rarer still and the costliest. There are black diamonds too and red ones, but these are so rare as to be museum pieces. If you had a black diamond you couldn't convince anybody but an expert it wasn't just a piece of black glass or something equally absurd.

Diamonds are expensive largely because the supply is delicately controlled to meet the demand. The market is never overloaded and diamond dealing constitutes an international big business. The De Beers Corporation controls the sale of ninety per cent of the world's output, and in 1937 the company did 9,000,000 pounds sterling worth of business, and in American dough that was about $45,000,000 at the extant rate of exchange, which is not bad, for a luxury trade.

The cost of most diamonds would be slashed in half or worse if the available supply were dumped on the market. There will never be any dumping. The operators in the South African fields and the Brazilian and Indian mines figure their sources may run out some day and then they wouldn't have any diamonds to sell and they would go bust. So they offer only enough to make a neat profit—and keep the price up.

There is only one noticeable shortage in this business today—in skilled craftsmen, cutters, cleavers, polishers. The training period for the trade is long and tedious and, besides, the individuals concerned must have "diamond eyes," that instinct for the craft. Few have it, apparently.

Kaplan was supposed to have received $50,000 for cleaving the Jonker, so it would seem to be a lucrative trade. Good workmen receive from $40 a week to $100, and some earn as much as $15,000 a year and have all kinds of income-tax troubles.

Stones like the Koh-i-noor, the Great Mogul, the Orloff, the Hope diamond and the Star of Africa are decidedly romantic. All of those names are linked with kings and rajas and the history of some is the history of blood and greed and the vanity of women and men.

But all diamonds are not of the royal family. Small, cheap, fragmentary diamonds are used in industry for grinding tools in a hundred phases of the production of machinery of every category where hard alloys like manganese steel or chrome steel are used. Business in "industrial diamonds" is up twenty-five per cent this year. That's because of the war.

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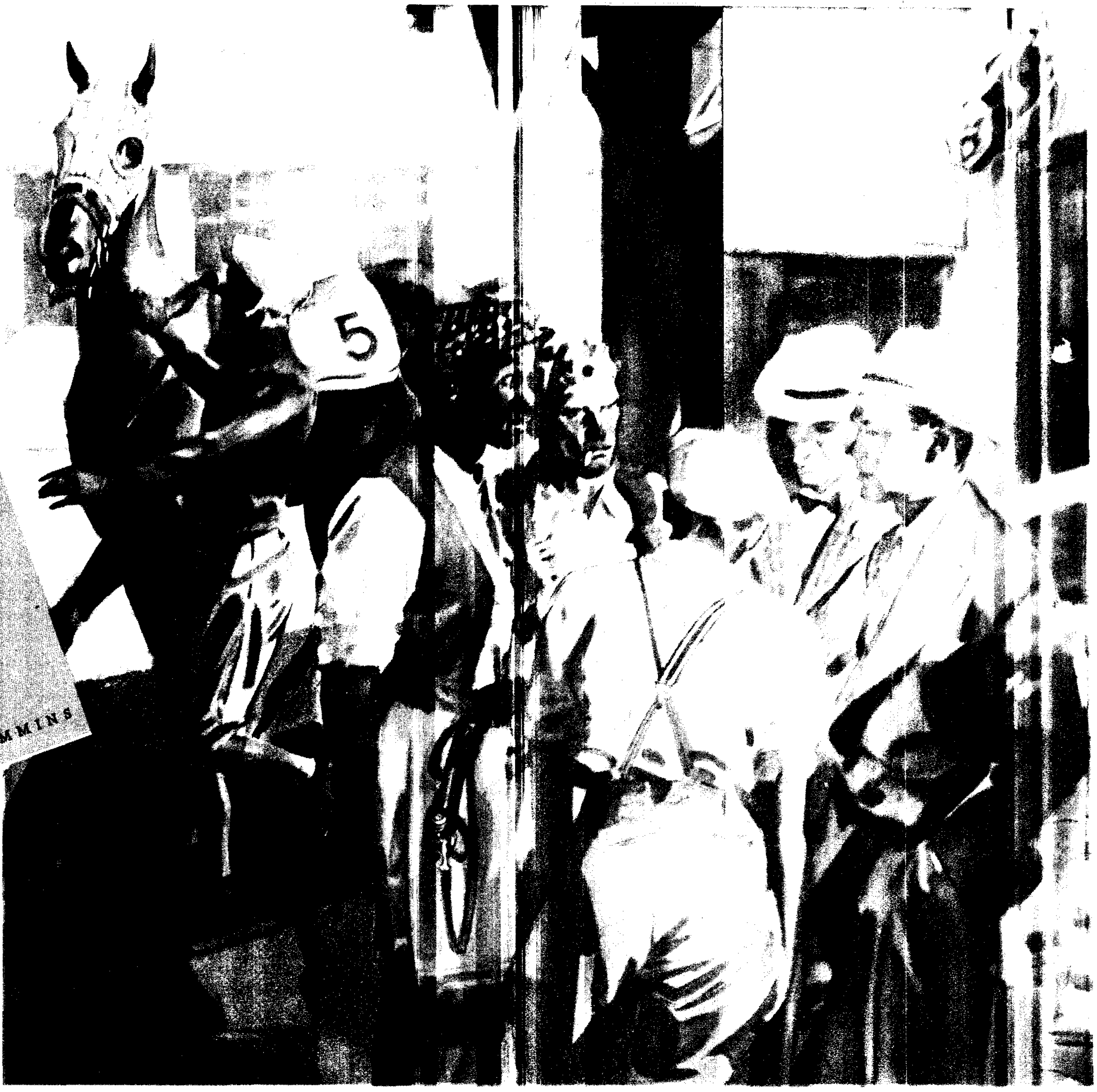
GOOD BET

By William MacHarg

Murder at a race track—and Detective O'Malley backing a pony with highly surprising results

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



"You see Gillen that night?" O'Malley asked Anders. "Sure we seen him," Anders said. "He was all right when we left"

A GUY named Gillen disappeared on Long Island," O'Malley said. "Him and another fellow named Pedder owned race horses. They were moving some horses from one race track to another and Gillen was looking after it; then Gillen's car got found parked at a railroad station and there was blood in it. Long Island cops asked help of Manhattan cops about it, and they give me the nomination."

"What do they think happened to him?" I asked.

"They think now he got murdered, but they got no idea where, or by who, or why. They move horses at night. The gate guard at the race track says Gillen was in and out of the grounds several times in his car, and the last time he seen him go out was about three in the morning. They can't find nobody that seen him after that. I probably won't learn anything, but I got to make inquiries."

We examined the car. The Long Island cops had it. There were a few drops of blood in it. Someone had tracked earth into the car but not enough to make footprints.

"I wouldn't think he was killed in the car," O'Malley remarked, "or we'd be seeing more blood. My idea is as follows: We'll start at the track where Gillen started and follow the road he would have went along, and see if we find anything. His partner's to meet us."

We drove to the track and Pedder met us. He was a big man with pleasing manners and I liked his looks. There were no races at the track but some horses were in training.

"You figure Gillen's dead?" O'Malley asked Pedder.

"I begin to think so. I believed at first he had merely gone away and would come back when he got ready. The stable hasn't been doing very well, and we've had financial troubles, and he might have got sick of it."

"Why would anybody kill him?"

"I've wondered. I've thought everything over and I can find no reason."

We all got in the car and followed the road. There were several miles of it. It wound between cultivated fields and through clumps of woodland. A couple of hundred men had been searching the fields and woods but they hadn't found anything. Neither did we. We followed another road to the village where Gillen's car had been found parked. Then we drove to the second race track. The track was open, but it was too early in the day for the races.

"Well, we got nothing," O'Malley remarked. "What I want," he informed Pedder, "is to talk with all the guys that were on the road the night this Gillen disappeared—whoever was with the vans in which you moved them horses, and anybody else that might have had business."

Pedder sent for them. Pedder's trainer, who was named Kirtle, showed us the stable. A tack room had saddles and other horse trappings, and there were horse blankets and other articles in trunks, and from a long line of stalls horses looked out at us with gentle eyes. In the stall with one of the horses was a collie dog.

"Whose dog?" O'Malley inquired of Kirtle.

"Well, it was Gillen's, but I guess now you'd say it's Red Apple's."

"Come again."

"Red Apple's the horse. These thoroughbreds are what you call temperamental—like they were motion-picture stars. Sometimes one of 'em gets a yen over some other animal—maybe a pony, maybe a kitten, maybe a dog. The horse wants that animal always with him, and if it ain't there, the horse won't eat, he won't race. These two are like that."

"This one of the horses that was brought over here the night Gillen went absent?"

"No; he was being conditioned over there. We brought him here last night."

THEN Pedder summoned us. He had the men. There were half a dozen of them. A big blond man was named Anders, and a small man was Nickelsen, and two others were Holly and Burke. These had been with the horse vans. A huge, sullen Negro named Jondy and an exercise boy called Kindel had brought over some saddles and other horse matters in a small truck.

"You see Gillen that night?" O'Malley asked Anders.

"Why, sure we seen him. He was there when we got the horses. He was all right when we left."

"You see him, too?" O'Malley inquired of the Negro.

"No, boss; he was gone when we got there. We knew what we was to get and we brung the stuff over."

"What do you think of it, O'Malley?" I asked when he had finished questioning them.

"I got no doubt this missing guy was murdered. But we got no murder case because we got no body. Without any corpus delicti we won't ever have a case, because you can't accuse anybody of murder till you know somebody got killed. It looks like the body ain't hidden at either of them race tracks, and if it's anywhere in between, men have been searching them fields for two days and haven't found anything."

"Why not at one of the tracks?" I questioned.

"Well, think it over."

I did. "You mean the dog?"

"Yeah, sure. It's Gillen's dog, and the dog's been at both tracks because the horse has. I figure if the dead guy was at either of 'em, the dog would have showed signs of it."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know nothing to do."

We went back to Manhattan and I met him next day.

"Any progress?" I asked him.

"No progress. I been prosecuting inquiries. Pedder owned that racing stable and got short of cash and, a couple of years ago, Gillen bought into it. They employed Kirtle afterward. The blond guy Anders has been Gillen's right-hand man and looked after his interests, and the big black boy, Jondy, done the same thing for Pedder. Gillen didn't like Jondy, and one time he tried to fire him and Pedder prevented it. Anders and Jondy don't get along very well together. The stable hasn't been winning many races, and Gillen and Kirtle had trouble over that. We got no proof even that Gillen's dead, but if he is he probably got knocked off because of some trouble among them people."

"In that case," I said, "I would advise you to keep an eye on Jondy."

"How come?"

"The man looks like a killer. I

(Continued on page 67)

Be Cute or Starve

Continued from page 10

"Thanks," he said. "If I come across any swaps"—the words leaped up from his forgotten boyhood—"I'll remember you. So long."

"So long," said Derek; and with obvious regret watched Forrest go indoors.

THE following day, lunching at the Ivy, Mark Forrest greatly surprised his companions by collecting two cigarette cards out of two empty packets left on the next table. Later in the afternoon at a rehearsal, he acquired three more. Nor were they wasted, for when he returned to Oakham Street, there was the boy.

"Here you are," said Forrest. "My swaps."

Derek took them gratefully, grinned, stood on one leg, but made no move to go. Incautiously, Forrest asked a question:

"Haven't you anything to do?"

"No," said Derek.

"Don't you go to school?"

"It's holidays."

Mark got out his key and put it in the lock.

"Look here," he said earnestly, "you must have some friends?"

Derek shook his head.

"All right," said Mark. He knew when he was beaten. "Come in."

During the next half-hour, over a whisky and soda for Forrest and a nonalcoholic passion-fruit cocktail for Derek, the latter recounted his brief history. He was eight years old, until a week previously he had lived with his grandmother in the country, but his grandmother was ill so he had been transferred to London, which he disliked very much, indeed.

"Whom do you live with now?" asked Forrest.

"Mother."

For some indefinable reason Forrest found this answer surprising. The child's next statement was more surprising still:

"You know her. You took her out in your car."

So he was the son of Perry Ducane. Forrest grinned wryly; he could see how embarrassing, to a little-girl type, would be the presence of an eight-year-old offspring. . . .

"Look here," he said, "I don't believe I'd go telling that to everyone."

"I don't."

The answer was so prompt, so matter of fact, that for a moment Forrest imagined that the child's mind had worked along the same lines as his own; then he looked at the child's face, and knew himself mistaken. Derek did not understand the situation, he merely accepted it—without rancor, probably without much grief, but certainly without comprehension.

"I'm half an orphan," added Derek, with an air of clearing everything up, "and legitimate."

Forrest looked at him with interest.

"Where did you get that word?"

"From Grandma. I heard her tell Miss Wilkins at school. It's all right, isn't it?"

"It's splendid," said Mark. "I'm legitimate myself."

They had another drink apiece, to celebrate this common trait, and then Mark glanced at the clock. Derek sighed.

"I suppose you want me to go now?"

"If you don't mind," said Mark. "I'm rather busy."

"All right," said Derek. "I'll come back."

HE DID. Soon he was coming back every day, and he was much less of a nuisance than might have been expected. Even Miss Marsh admitted that. He sat quietly in the studio, absorbed in a bundle of back numbers of the Boys' Own Paper which Forrest had picked up in the Charing Cross Road. From discarded sheets of drawing paper he fabricated, according to Boys' Own instructions, barns, haystacks and pig sties, and soon had a large model farm that covered two square yards of floor. Forrest sometimes wondered why the studio exercised such a charm; and one day (the very day on which he completed the first scandalous draft of King Cophetua) he received a most enlightening explanation.

Derek had been working quietly on a paper windmill when he suddenly looked up, gazed round and heaved a deep, satisfied sigh.

"No girls," he said thankfully.

This sentiment in one so young struck Forrest as remarkable.

"Don't you like girls?" he asked politely.

"Well, I'd rather have men," said Derek. "I'd like to be with men all the time. I mean, at home there was Grandma, and now there's mother and Viola and Sylvia, and one downstairs as well, and all they talk about is their silly clothes and going out to parties. It's sickening."

For the first time Mark considered the life of one small boy among three chorus girls. He had never been inside the Maple Street flat, but he could imagine what it was like: full of unmade beds and chatter and stockings hanging up to dry. . . .

"And I like you," added Derek, returning to the windmill.

A PECULIAR warmth filled Mark Forrest's breast. He took five minutes off to admire the farm, and found it a very fine farm indeed. In fact, he was so much impressed that the next time his friends came in for cocktails he fetched the thing out and set it up himself, asking whether they didn't think it a pretty good effort for a child of eight. The friends were considerably surprised. They were also surprised, on subsequent occasions, to see young Derek ensconced in Forrest's car, usually eating bananas. No one knew whom he belonged to, for both Derek and Forrest loyally kept their mouths shut; as far as they were concerned, Perry Ducane's secret was safe.

Mark had seen her only once since the trip to Richmond, and that solitary occasion was rather awkward for both of them. They met at a large supper party, they were seated directly opposite each other, and Mark could distinctly hear her conversation with the man on her right.

Perry had been admiring his gold cigarette case.

"Tell me when your birthday is," the man said, "and I'll send you one like it. Or aren't you old enough to smoke?"

"Of course I'm old enough!" cried Perry indignantly. Her tone was perfect: it held just the right shade of boastfulness. "I've been smoking for years!"

"I don't believe it," said the man. "I believe I ought to send you a Persian kitten instead. I'll send you a Persian kitten for each year of your age!"

"Then you'll have to send nineteen!" squealed Perry triumphantly—and even as she spoke her glance flicked across to Mark. He grinned reassurance, but a swift flush mounted under Perry's rouge. Later in the evening Mark asked her for a dance, and was refused. Perry Ducane had decided to avoid him, and the fact did not worry him in the least.

What did worry him, as the summer advanced, was Derek's increasing pallor. Naturally a country child, Derek found

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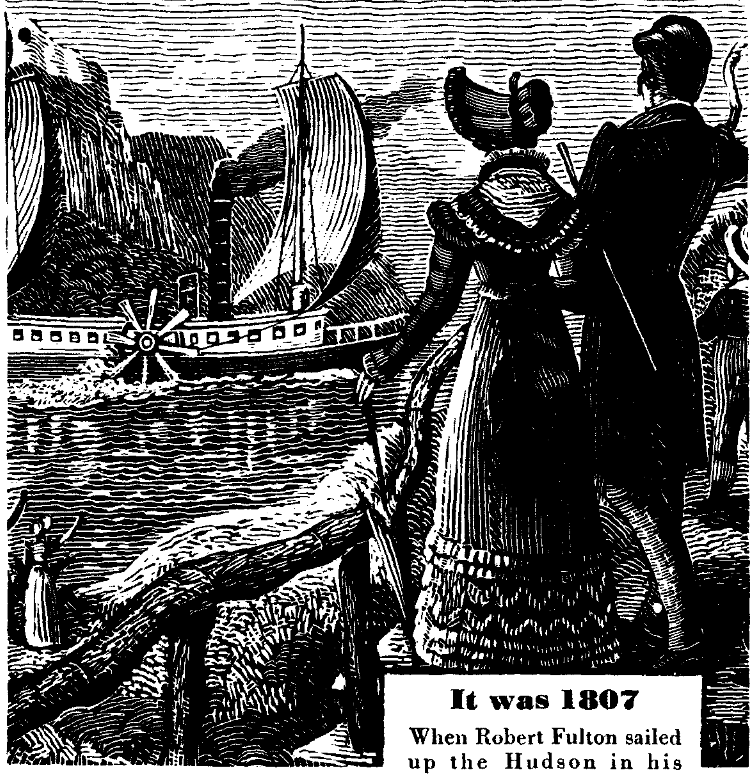

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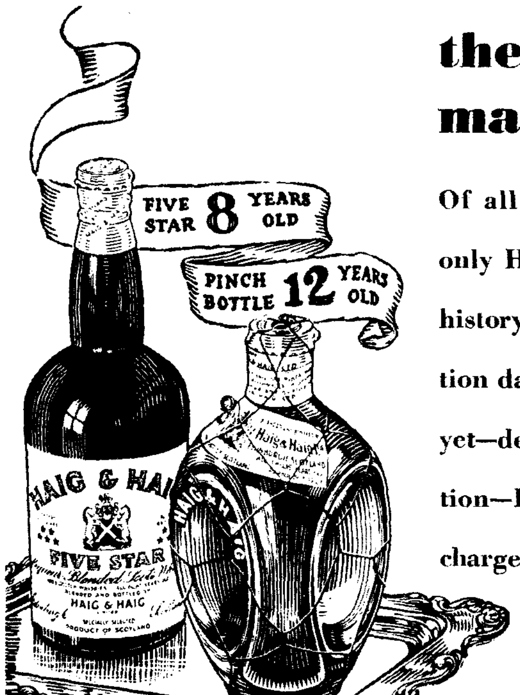

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the close London heat extremely trying; he lost his appetite even for bananas, hung listlessly about the studio and on one or two occasions showed unprecedented temper. Forrest was worried, and, as always, consulted Miss Marsh.

"Have you any idea, Miss Marsh, where Derek ought to go for a holiday?"

Miss Marsh, who was also worried, though for different reasons, answered his question with another:

"Don't you ever read the newspapers, Mr. Forrest?"

"Not often," said Forrest. "I haven't time. Why?"

"Because if you did, you'd know that Derek's—holiday—has been arranged for already."

Forrest stared.

"Why on earth should there be anything about Derek in the papers? Where's he going?"

"He's going to be evacuated," said Miss Marsh.

THE world of theater and studio is a small world, a highly self-centered world, a bubble world whose iridescent wall refracts all that does not immediately concern it; through that wall Miss Marsh had heaved a brick. The cold outside air blew in and made Mark shiver.

"War?" he said. "Nonsense. It's just another of these damned crises. . . ."

"Anyway, they're evacuating all the children from London, Mr. Forrest. The first lot go off next Monday."

Mark did no more work that morning, but went earlier than usual to the Ivy and moved from table to table collecting opinions. The bubble closed round him again. No one seemed disturbed, the plans for the autumn productions were unchanged, and he heard incidentally that Perry Ducane had landed the second lead in the touring company of a new musical show. But after lunch he drifted toward Fleet Street, and in the company of a journalist acquaintance again felt the wind blow cold.

"What about this evacuation business?" he asked. "Where are the kids being sent?"

"Oh, up and down the country. To various respectable householders."

"Have the householders asked for them?"

"Doesn't matter. They've got to have 'em whether they like it or not."

"But suppose they *don't* like it?"

The journalist looked at Forrest in surprise.

"Remarkable anxiety," he commented, "on the part of a confirmed bachelor. Don't worry, the kids will have the time of their young lives."

But Forrest did worry. He disliked extremely the thought of Derek—so silent, reserved and defenseless—planted alone in a strange house, among people who might or might not want to have him. . . .

"I suppose," he said slowly, "if other arrangements have been made for a child already, they'll be allowed to stand?"

"Of course," said the journalist. "One less headache for the billeting officer. Is it a boy or a girl?"

Forrest grinned absently, went back to Oakham Street, got out his car and drove due west.

He was away two days, and came back the owner of a small furnished house in a perfectly safe area, for which he had paid exactly twice its normal value.

"But it's just the place," he told Miss Marsh enthusiastically. "Garden in front, orchard behind—"

Miss Marsh went straight to the point:

"Who's to be there *with* Derek, Mr. Forrest? Are you lending the house to Miss—Mrs.—Ducane?"

"No," said Mark hastily. "She's going on tour with a new show. I've hired a woman from the village to housekeep, and I'm going to get a governess as well, and I hope to get down a good deal myself. Where's Derek?"

"He hasn't been round since you left, Mr. Forrest."

"Then I'll get hold of him at once," said Mark.

BUT at the house in Maple Street no one answered Perry Ducane's bell. Forrest *remembered* where the new company was rehearsing and drove round to the theater. But Perry, as a complacent understudy informed him, was not there either. He went back to Maple Street, rang all the bells at once and from a less complacent landlady learned that Miss Ducane had gone.

"Gone?" repeated Forrest.

"Evacuatin' that boy o' hers," explained the landlady. "It seems the government wasn't to be trusted with 'im. Went off yesterday, she did, to Hivy Cottage, 'Icksham, and I'll be very glad indeed to see her back."

The village of Hicksham was only twenty miles from London—far too close, thought Mark disapprovingly—and not particularly attractive. Ivy Cottage itself was frankly hideous, a square box of bricks surrounded by a narrow margin of unkempt garden. Forrest knocked at the door and was answered by a thin, elderly woman in a black apron.

"I've called to see Miss"—he checked himself—"Mrs. Ducane."

The woman thrust open a door on the right.

"In there."

She made no move to announce him. Mark walked through, and found himself at last in the presence of Perry Ducane.

"HAVE you come," asked Perry coldly, "to make that drawing?"

"No," said Mark, heedless in his preoccupation. "It's about Derek. Where is he?"

"In the village somewhere. Why?"

"I've come to take him off your hands," explained Mark kindly. "I mean you're quite right about not letting him be evacuated—but I've found a much better place for him than this."

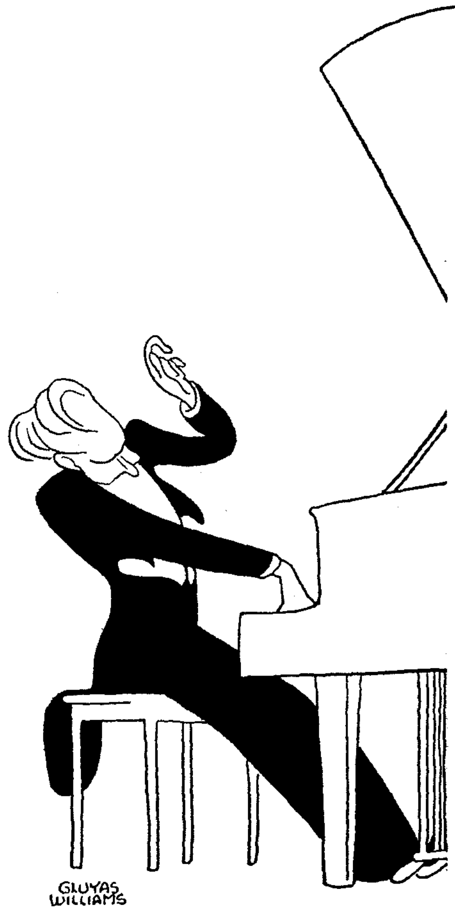
"*You* have?"

Mark realized that he had been going rather too fast.

"Well, you know I've been seeing a good deal of the kid? And—and he hasn't a father, has he?"

"He never had," said Perry sharply. "My husband was killed before Derek came. He was a racing motorist."

"I'm sorry," said Mark. The condolence sounded lame enough, but Perry Ducane did not seem to expect anything more. Her thoughts were evidently not on the past, but on the present, and as Mark outlined his plan he had all her attention. "Let me stand *in loco parentis*," said Mark earnestly; and he expatiated on the orchard and the garden, on the wholesome food to be provided by



People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

19—PIANO VIRTUOSO

From Western Coast to Eastern Seaboard
Rages the battle of the keyboard,
For storming the pianoforte
Is famous as an Indoor Sport.
Surrounded by a hundred men,
Like Daniel in the Lions' Den,
The VIRTUOSO takes his seat,
Preparing to resist defeat.
A few stray shots, with unconcern
He ducks, and coolly waits his turn,
It comes, and shooting flats and sharps
He knocks them for a row of harps.
Courageous as a stag at bay,
He's up, he's down, he's got away—
The fighting stops, the music ends;
They usually part as friends.

the housekeeper, on the excellence of the proposed governess. Then he waited.

"What about me?" asked Perry Ducane.

"You'll be on tour. And that reminds me—you oughtn't to cut any more rehearsals. Your understudy's getting a bit uppish. I'll drive you back to town—"

"I'm not going back."

Mark stared.

"Your landlady said you were!"

"I believe," said Perry, with a faint smile, "that that's what they call wishful thinking. I owe her two pounds."

"But you've *got* to go back!" protested Mark indignantly. "What about your new part?"

"I'm chucking it." Perry looked at him squarely. "Mr. Forrest," she said, "you've been very good to Derek, and I'm grateful. But—what makes you think I'm not fond of him too?"

FORREST was quite taken aback; it seemed so obvious that she wasn't fond of him; but before he could think of any courteously explicit phrase, Perry Ducane was speaking again. She spoke fast and vigorously, and not at all like a little girl:

"I haven't given him much time, but how was I to? I've had to work. I've had to work for him. He was happy at his grandmother's, though I never saw him, but she died two days after I fetched him away. I know he had a rotten time in the flat, he hated it, but where else could we live? I could hardly afford his extra room! Of course he loved having the run of your studio, but you never asked me to come round with him, did you? And if you think I don't care for him. I'm not proud of him, just because I didn't take him about with me—"

"I understand that," said Mark quickly.

"You don't. You may understand that I couldn't take him round agents' offices, but you don't understand how it hurt. I *wanted* people to see him, and—and admire him—but I've looked after Derek for eight years, and the only way I've done it is by pretending to be a cute little kid of nineteen!"

"How old are you really?" asked Mark curiously.

"Twenty-nine. And after I've let myself go like this, I look it."

Mark considered her. What she said was true; as soon as she left off her babyish, little-girl expression, her face was suddenly years older. It was also much more interesting.

"Hasn't it ever struck you," he said, "that people might like you better as you really are?"

"Perhaps. But they wouldn't give me jobs in musical comedy," retorted Perry Ducane grimly. "If I could act it wouldn't matter; you can act till you're a hundred. But all I can do is show my legs and try not to sing flat. I've had to be cute or starve—and you can't be cute at twenty-nine."

MARK suddenly thought of the drive to Richmond.

"You were being cute that day in the car. . . ."

"I was—but it didn't work. Did it? You forgot about that introduction, you never did that drawing—"

"I'm sorry," said Mark. "I really am. But I get very tired of being asked for things. That's why I like Derek. He doesn't want anything of me except my company."

Perry Ducane smiled bitterly.

"He hasn't had to ask for things, yet," she said. "I've done all the asking for him. You were quite right, Mr. Forrest; I've been the original gold digger."

The word roused a memory; before Mark's inner eye rose the picture, with his own satirical version, of Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. The first gold digger, he had called her—without considering what she wanted the gold for; perhaps her nice middle-class family had the medieval bailiffs in. He began to feel very displeased with himself.

"I've been a fool," he said earnestly. "I apologize. I do really. But now that you've got a real chance, the chance you've been—digging—for all this time, you can't let it go!"

"I can," said Perry. "I'm not going to leave Derek by himself in a war."

"But how will you manage without a job?"

"Haven't you heard," said Miss Ducane gently, "that there's a shortage of domestic servants? I've got daily work here already, as a mother's help. Thank you so much, Mr. Forrest, but there's nothing you can do for me."

There was a long silence, while the words echoed in Mark's ears. For as long as he could remember no one had ever said such a thing to him before. For as long as he could remember, he had never said what he was just about to say:

"Then will you do something for me?"

"What is it?"

"Let me see Derek again. Come back with me, both of you, to town, and let's have a whacking great tea in the studio. I don't know how long I'll be keeping it on, I'm too old for the army, but there's this balloon barrage show, and—and Derek and I have had some pretty good times there. I'll drive you back straightaway."

Perry Ducane suddenly smiled without any bitterness at all.

"Very well," she said. "But I'm not coming for *you*. I'm coming because I do so want to see Derek's farm. . . ."

AS MISS MARSH afterward said, that settled it. She was in the studio when Derek and Mark and Perry arrived, and as soon as she saw the three of them down on their knees before Derek's barnyard, she knew what would happen. In that moment, she told Miss Davies, she made up her mind what she would give for a wedding present—six silver egg cups, with spoons to match.

"I do hope she'll make him happy," observed Miss Davies, taking up a fresh skein of wool. They were both attached to the same first-aid post, and spent half their nights knitting in a sandbagged public library.

"Certainly she will." Miss Marsh, pearl among secretaries, had already extended her loyalty to her employer's prospective wife.

"These wartime marriages—" began Miss Davies.

"It isn't a wartime marriage. Not really—though it took the war to bring it all to a head. You see"—Miss Marsh paused, fumbling for what she knew to be the basic truth—"you see, the whole of Mr. Forrest's trouble was that he always distrusted people because he thought they only liked him for what they could get. And I believe the *only* reason he proposed to Miss Ducane was to get hold of Derek. Permanently. But once they were engaged, and he was giving her *everything*, it seemed quite natural to him. After all, she was giving him Derek. And so now it's all right."

"It doesn't seem right to me," murmured Miss Davies. "*I* should want to be loved for myself alone."

Miss Marsh looked at her friend dispassionately.

"You'd be lucky," she said. "We all should. But don't think they're not in love, because they are, now. She adores him, and I know he loves her, because—"

"Well?" asked Miss Davies eagerly.

Miss Marsh smiled.

"You remember that drawing we had such trouble with? King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid? Well, he's just done it again, and this time it's perfectly beautiful. . . ."

He Set a Trap for Lightning

STALKING thunderstorms is nothing unusual for Karl McEachron. He's done it for years—photographing lightning bolts, traveling miles to study struck trees and buildings, enticing lightning to strike his equipment so that it will write a record of its voltage and power. He even has in his laboratory a machine to imitate it—a 10-million-volt lightning generator like the one seen in action last year by two and a half million visitors to the General Electric building at the New York World's Fair.

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TWO-FISTED CHAMPIONS

The team that keeps pouring the ball through the hoop wins the hard games

By Howard A. (Hobby) Hobson
as told to Richard L. Neuberger

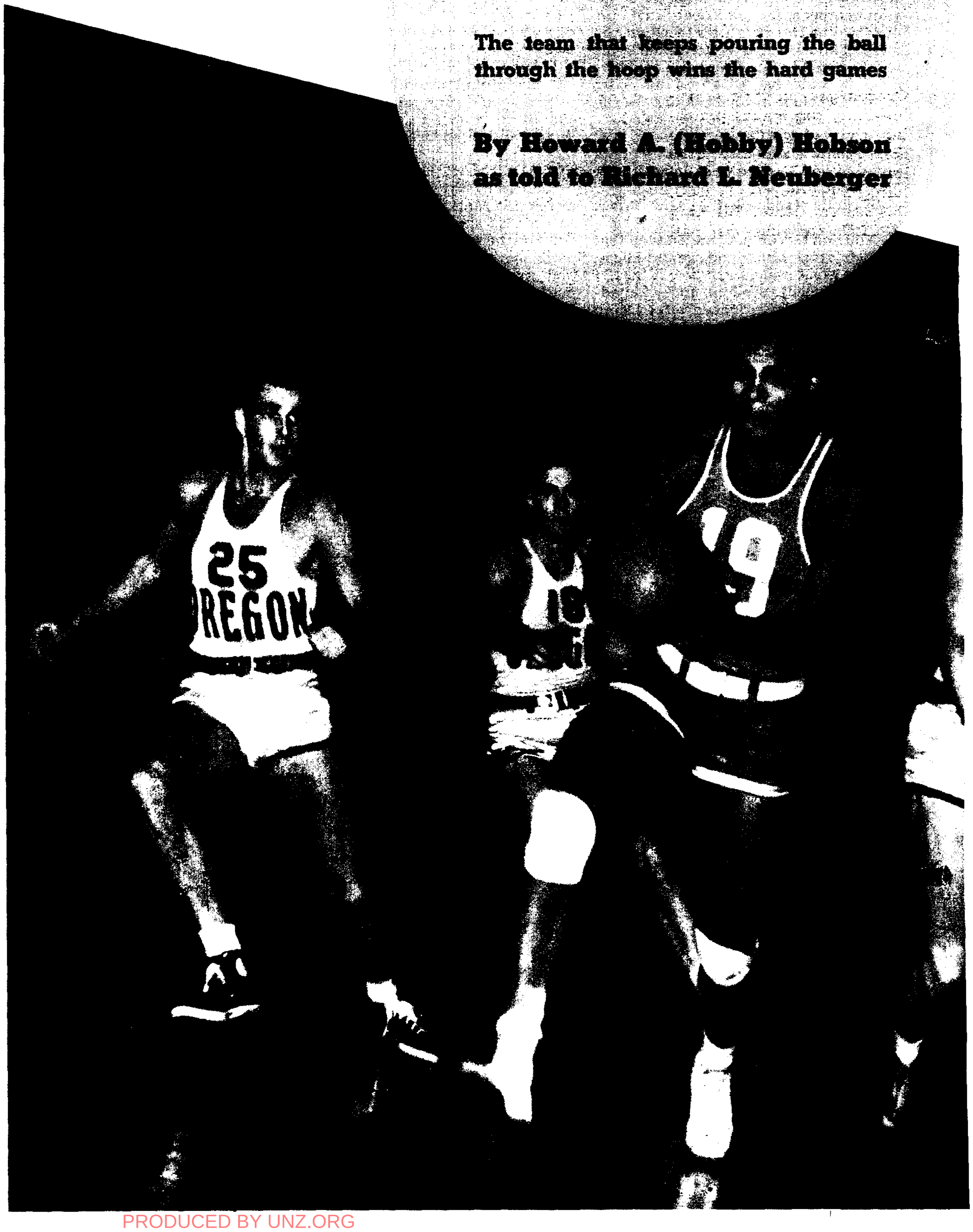
ON THE Oregon bench the gloom was as thick as country gravy. The University of Washington's big boys had been running up and down the court like a bison stampede and led us 53 to 44 in an important Pacific Coast Conference basketball game. Only four and a half minutes were left. The nine-point margin appeared to be a safe-deposit vault for a Washington conquest, particularly in view of the speed and activity the Huskies were demonstrating. The conference championship, so far as Oregon was concerned, seemed a long way off right then.

Suddenly the Washington players slowed down. They stopped galloping and began to stall. No longer did they shoot for the basket, trying to build up their lead. They passed the ball back and forth among themselves like baseball infielders playing catch. Their only object now was to dilly-dally and keep the ball from Oregon. Sure enough, one of our forwards darted in and grabbed it. This time Oregon started to gallop. Slim Wintermute, our center, swished through a field goal. Two points had been whittled off the margin. Then we got another basket, and another, and another. We trailed by one point.

The Washington boys tried to get under way again. But it was too late. They had lost their push; the momentum of their attack was spent. Oregon won 56 to 53. In four and a half minutes we had got twelve points while our rivals went scoreless. Putting the brakes on their offense cost the Huskies the game. If they had continued to bombard our basket, Oregon might have been beaten by fifteen points.

"Keep moving!" is the best basketball maxim I know. Teams that constantly thrust into the opposition's side of the court are the teams that in the long run will produce the most victories. They are superior, in my opinion, to teams that proceed cautiously, consider ball handling more important than drive and protect rather than fatten a slim lead.

There are two ways to play basketball. One is the fast break. This simply means that the team with the ball tries to outrun the opposition to the basket. It attempts to score before the other team can take its defensive positions. The entire emphasis is on rolling up points. "Fire at any time" is the strategy. A basket is always in the making. Speed and aggressiveness are the



essentials. This type of basketball is most common in the Far West, although it is becoming increasingly familiar in all parts of the country.

The other style of basketball is the percentage system, in which a team passes the ball around until it finds a gap in the defense through which it can score. Players try only the shots that look like safe risks. Skill in whipping the ball about handily is the principal requirement. This sort of game was once predominant due, I think, to several features of Eastern basketball: (1) The schedules of professional teams, which call for three or four games a week from limited squads and thus force players to use a minimum of energy and stamina, and (2) small courts, closely hemmed in by big crowds, where players must learn to maneuver the ball out of tight places. These are not suited to a dashing type of play.

Last season basketball attracted eighty million spectators in the United States, more than baseball and football combined. One reason is that the fast break is rapidly superseding the percentage system. The fast break means action and that is what fans want. The average fan prefers a game with zip to a fancy exhibition of ball juggling.

The difference between the two methods of basketball is pretty much comparable to that between a baseball club that sacrifices runners to second base and goes after one tally at a time and a club like the Yankees that swings for homers and triples. Baseball crowds cheer fence busters—and basketball crowds get enthusiastic over teams that are always cannonading the basket.

Oregon goes in for the fast-breaking, continuous punching style of play. It made them Pacific Coast champions last season. Here, they are losing a one-pointer to L.I.U. this season, Center Bill King of L.I.U. carrying the ball

I learned my lesson ten years ago when I was a high-school coach at Benson Polytechnic in Portland, Oregon. We had a speedy outfit, led by a nimble, full-blooded Indian called "Chief" McLean. Our foremost rival was a school with a tight defense and a little cracker-box gymnasium. I decided—alas!—that once that defense was ready and waiting in those cramped quarters, our fast-breaking tactics would not work.

A Lesson for the Coach

In the first three minutes Benson galloped hard and scored eleven points. Then McLean cried, "Set 'em up!" Our team abandoned its rush toward the basket and started passing the ball around. The bombardment of shots ceased. The ball would change hands twenty-five or thirty times before some Benson boy chanced a heave. Table tennis would have been exciting.

The crowd began to stir restlessly and finally protests and catcalls chilled the back of my neck. Later in the game we attempted to fast-break once more, but that long stall had bogged us down. McLean and the other Benson lads seemed frozen. I was finding out that the drive and attack of a basketball could not be turned on and off like a tap. It had to be sustained or not at all. We scored eleven points the rest of the afternoon.

Afterward, the father of one of the players came up to see me.

"Mr. Hobson," he said, "my boy told me basketball was an exciting sport, but after the first few minutes out there it looked awfully dull and slow."

I took a couple of complimentary tickets out of my wallet. "You and your wife come to our next game," I promised, "and you'll see a different performance. It will all be like those first few minutes. You learned something about basketball today, and so did I."

If any American sport is a game of offense and attack, it is basketball. Other pastimes honor heroes of the defense. Baseball sings the praises of a Matty or an airtight shortstop. Followers of baseball shout for strike-outs and double plays, and co-eds at a football game shrill, "Hold that line!" But no one ever heard basketball rooters clamor for defensive stratagems. They crave scores.

The greatest basketball player I ever saw was Angelo Luisetti of Stanford. He proved that in basketball a perfect offense can become an irresistible force and no defense is an immovable object.

In 1938 Oregon and Stanford met in a play-off series at San Francisco for the championship of the Pacific Coast Conference. I thought we had a pretty fair team and a good chance, but we lost two straight. The only reason was the offensive wizardry of Luisetti.

In the first game Luisetti kept pouring into Oregon's side like water flowing through a grating. He moved with the grace of Zorina and the power of an electric locomotive. He scored twenty points himself, most of them tip-ins from directly under the basket.

That night I made up my mind we would have to keep Luisetti away from the basket; otherwise we would be swamped again. All day I emphasized to the team that this was the job. The last thing I said to Captain Bobby Anet before the game was, "Don't let Luisetti get under our basket!"

The boys guarded the basket the way Horatio held the bridge. Each time Luisetti got close he was surrounded by Oregon players. We started off with an early lead. The great Stanford star seemed stopped. Suddenly, from almost the center of the court, he cast off with one hand. The ball soared in a big arc and went through the hoop. Oh, well, only an accident, I thought. A minute later Luisetti did it again.

I gulped, and sent in a substitute to tell the boys they had to watch Luisetti in the middle of the floor, too. After that it was all over. Luisetti would lope down the court, sprint sharply for the basket and then leap up like a flying fish and shoot with one hand. A basketball is thirty inches in circumference, but he could toss it through the net with the accuracy of Bobby Feller whipping a strike across the plate.

In the locker room a sports writer asked me, "Hobby, what happened to your defense?"

I answered: "I know now that basketball is a game of attack. A British Square armed with bayonets couldn't have defended our basket against Luisetti. I'm beginning to think maybe we did all right to hold him to forty-six points in the two games!"

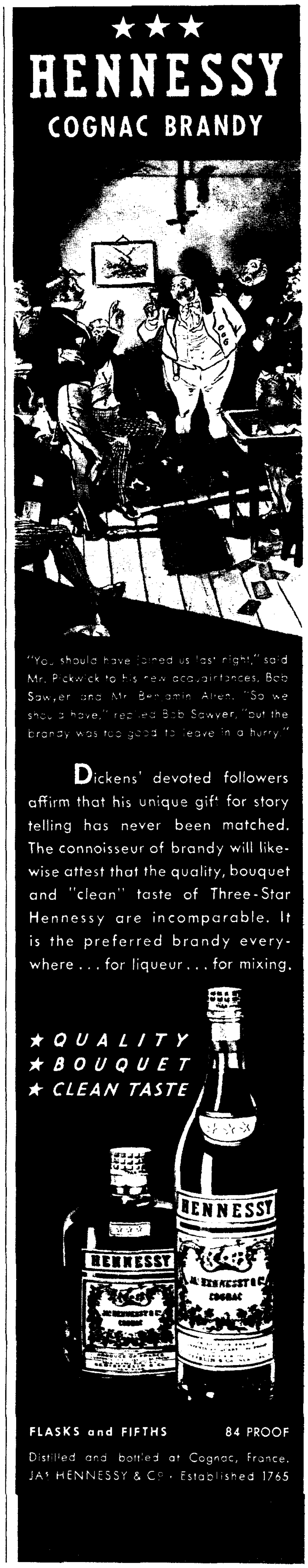
Entire teams in the East frequently play through a game without caging as many baskets as Luisetti often collected alone. The customary way of scoring along the Atlantic seaboard is the two-handed chest shot. It is reliable and steady but easily guarded. In the Middle West and the Dakotas, one-handed shooters are developed. This offensive threat is harder to check.

Keep the Defense Guessing

But from the Rockies on to the Pacific Coast, players are trained to shoot with either hand. The defense is kept guessing all the time. No matter where or how a player is boxed or guarded, he is invariably a potential scorer. Oregon won the 1939 National Intercollegiate championship because we had boys who could shoot with left hand as well as right. The opposition never knew from which direction we were going to cast off. We missed our share of shots, but we hit enough of them to win twenty-nine out of thirty-four games.

The ultimate in basketball speed and excitement is an encounter between a pair of Far Western teams that use the fast break and shoot whenever the basket is within aiming distance. I remember one of our games with the University of Washington, which traditionally turns out fast, hard-driving squads. The pace was nearly as swift as ice hockey, although the boys were on rubber-soled shoes and not skates. In four minutes, twenty-one points were scored—eleven by Oregon and ten by Washington. The tempestuous fans made more noise than a woods full of magpies.

Among basketball players in the West there is a superstition that the team that calls the first time-out in a game will lose. Fast-breaking varsities often try to run each other off their feet. The team asking for a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"Beeman's!" says he, looking mighty tempted. "I've been hankering for a chew of that smooth, tasty gum. Beeman's flavor rings the bell with me every time. Always fresh, always peppy. And just to show you I appreciate it—by golly, I'll lend you your fare myself!"

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

rest first is considered to have cried, "Uncle!"

When we met Ohio State for the national title at Chicago last March, I urged Bobby Anet, captain for the second year, not to call time-out unless one of our players was hurt or really tired. I thought forcing the other squad to take the first rest would give us an important psychological lift. After the game, which Oregon won, 46 to 33, I was looking at the scorebook. Ohio State had asked for a pause five times, our team for none.

I think the fast-break style of play instills a will to win that decides many games. A cocky athlete is one of the world's blights, but a dejected athlete licked before he starts is just as bad. Basketball championships are won by boys midway between the two extremes—Lauren (Laddie) Gale, for example.

Gale, the son of a locomotive engineer, scored twelve points in one of his first conference performances. After the game he called me aside. "I think my hand is broken, coach," he said. I hurriedly sent for the team physician, who verified Gale's diagnosis.

"When that happened you should have left the game right away," I reprimanded Laddie. "I don't want any Spartans on the squad. You had no business playing in that condition."

"I was goin' pretty good, though, wasn't I, coach?" he chirped as the doctor strapped a splint to his injured hand.

Gale recovered from this misfortune to become one of the best forwards for two consecutive seasons and the only basketball performer in the country who could challenge the rampaging Luisetti. In 1938 and 1939 Laddie dropped the ball through the basket for more than eight hundred tallies. He came from the Cascade Mountain settlement of Oakridge (population 153) and was one of the most resourceful players I ever knew.

When we met University of California for the Pacific Coast title, Gale unlocked the Bears' defense for eighteen points in the first game. That feat won for Oregon. The next day he told Slim Wintermute and John Dick of our team to be ready for plenty of scoring passes from him. "California will concentrate on guarding me," Laddie explained, "and you fellows are sure to have a chance to romp."

While the Bears swarmed around Gale, he pumped the ball at Dick and Wintermute. They scored sixteen points apiece and we won again.

The National Winter Sport

Aggressive, fast-breaking teams and spectacular players like Angelo Luisetti and Laddie Gale have done for basketball what the lively ball and the long-range hitters have done for baseball. The game has been speeded up and made more colorful. Now practically every school, Sunday school, Boy Scout troop and neighborhood has a basketball squad. Approximately 225,000 boys and young men took part in the sport last season. At least from December to March, basketball is the national pastime.

At Oregon basketball was once a minor subsidiary of football. It relied on football for financial support. The success of the football team frequently determined the quality of the equipment purchased for the basketball squad. On trips the basketball players were glad to travel in busses and day coaches.

Pullmans were for the football eleven only, for football stocked the coffers of the athletic department. Sometimes basketball games were attended by about as many people as the course in Indian archaeology.

Now, consider a few changes. During the 1939 season the Oregon basketball team journeyed 14,000 miles, appeared before almost 175,000 persons and took in gate receipts of $32,000. We won a national championship and came home to as big a crowd as ever greeted a victorious Oregon football squad. No longer is basketball on our campus dependent for financial existence on crumbs that fall from the football buffet.

I believe basketball has demonstrated superiority over other intercollegiate sports. In the first place, it is played indoors and is not ruled by the weather; it can be participated in as wholeheartedly in the Idaho uplands as on the Florida seashore. Secondly, it does not require vast quantities of expensive equipment, and admission prices can be held down to fifty or seventy-five cents. And, most important, little schools can encounter large colleges on something like equal footing. Football is a bruising game that necessitates two or three replacements for every position. Basketball needs only five regulars and severe injuries are rare.

Take the Tall Boys Every Time

Travel is supposed to cut down a basketball squad's efficiency, but I know of only one instance where this supposition could be positively proved. After a couple of overnight train journeys we were playing a game in California. Our opponents were running all over us. I had never seen Wintermute perform so poorly.

In the half-time intermission I was wrathful. "Slim," I said, "if I were six feet eight inches tall and towered over the rest of the boys, I'd be ashamed to make a miserable showing and let down my team."

Slim swallowed hard. "Coach," he said, "if you were six feet eight inches tall and had to sleep in seventy-two-inch berths, you'd be too tired to be ashamed about anything."

After that we took out the partitions between berths and bought two sleeping-car tickets for Wintermute. We also got him a seven-foot bed to sleep in at home.

Since the elimination of the center jump after each score, height has not been as important as it once was. But give me a tall player over a short one every time. In tense scrimmages under the basket, big boys with large hands can get the ball off the backboard and tip it in for a field goal. Those tip-ins settle the close games.

The ideal basketball team consists of a pair of speedy, ball-hawking guards, two tall forwards and a tall center. High-school coaches sometimes pass up the extremely big boys, because very tall lads at sixteen or seventeen usually lack co-ordination. This is a mistake. Any big boy with spirit has a reasonable chance to become a good basketball player.

I value seven qualities in a player: drive, speed, height, morale and team spirit, condition and endurance, quick reactions, experience. Drive is the most vital of all. A player who always moves toward the opposition's basket is certain to be responsible for some point-producing.

The fast-break method of play sounds grueling, but few players ever suffer any permanent disability. The game is safe so long as the participants are in good condition and train conscientiously. One of the worst basketball calamities with which I have been associated involved a stomach-ache. We were playing University of Idaho on the opposition's court. In the first half Wintermute had roamed through the Idaho defense for eight points. During the rest period, however, he suddenly complained of cramps. A doctor said it was not appendicitis, as I had feared. We went back on the floor and started the last half while the doctor was completing his examination.

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Idaho began to cut into our lead. We missed Slim's height and drive. Three, five, seven minutes went by and still no Wintermute. In desperation I sent a substitute down to get him. Three more minutes passed and neither Wintermute nor the substitute appeared. Frantically, I left the team in charge of a student manager and went to the locker room.

The substitute and Slim were seated on a trunk, listening gravely as the doctor lectured them on healthful living. We lost to Idaho by one point.

Diet is important in basketball, but not so important that the players did not growl when they were served poached eggs the evening of a game. Coach Hec Edmundson at Washington told me he always fed his team about two o'clock in the afternoon when a night game was on schedule. We followed suit, and now a lot of squads on the Coast do the same. The usual menu for this meal is consommé, a ten-ounce broiled steak, baked potato, ice cream and tea or milk. Players agree they would rather eat steak at two o'clock than poached eggs at six.

Pitch Till You Win

Basketball has come a long way since Dr. James Naismith invented it in Springfield, Massachusetts, only a half century ago. Oregon played again in the East this year and more spectators attended the Oregon-Long Island University contest than used to watch an Oregon team through a whole season when the sport was new.

"Getting there firstest with the mostest," is the strategy of the fast break, and it is the best strategy in basketball. It makes players alert to every scoring opportunity. Some boys spoil an attack by taking wild, aimless shots, but players who pass up good chances are just as deserving of criticism.

An athlete can be too cautious. I do not approve of a team that fast-breaks by slam-banging down the court. But a squad that breaks sharp and fast for the basket the instant it gets the ball, and takes advantage of every chance—that squad will have trophies when the season is ended.

As between the team that slam-bangs and the team that roots in its tracks and passes the ball back and forth, give me the slam-bangers. Their sin is not so great. At least they keep on the move. They go in for some action. Fans would rather see a game that ends 52 to 50 than one that ends 12 to 10. As the 12 to 10 games have waned in number, the crowds have soared in size.

Basketball is as full of surprises as Santa Claus's bag, and a coach can never be one hundred per cent certain about his generalizations. On our 1938 squad we had a forward named Ken Purdy, who persisted in shooting with one hand from what I thought was a hopelessly long distance from the basket. I constantly told him it would take a howitzer to propel the ball as far as he wanted to shoot.

Then in a game against our traditional adversary, Oregon State College, we trailed 34 to 33 with three seconds to play. The outcome would have an important effect on the conference race. Oregon gained possession of the ball just as the timer's gun was thrust in the air. Everyone on our bench was hollering, "Shoot!"

The gun sounded at the same moment Purdy cast off with one hand from so far down the court I doubted if he could even throw the ball that distance. The shot arched dizzily toward the rafters and then dropped through the basket with the speed of an aerial bomb.

The referee allowed the field goal—the longest I ever saw under those circumstances—because the ball had been in the air when the gun barked. We won the game 35 to 34.

Purdy was nonchalantly buttoning his shirt when I walked up to him in the dressing room. I coughed embarrassedly. "About that one-handed basket shooting of yours, Purdy," I said. "Just do what you think is best after this."

Let Me Call You Comrade

Continued from page 20

"Young Niessen denies that Koslov-Kundbeischer did anything but talk. He says that was all that ever happened at the meetings—just talk."

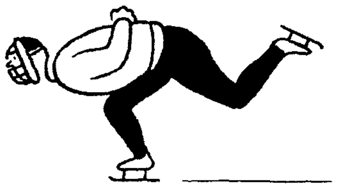
"Santa Claus brought him the thermite?"

"That's about it—according to the kid's story. He says he found a package addressed to himself on a table in the front hall of Koslov-Kundbeischer's house, after one of the meetings. The thermite pencils were in this package. There were no instructions."

I grinned.

"They're awfully careless with Hitler youths. Turning 'em loose in an aircraft factory with thermite pencils and no instructions."

Barney hurried on with Revelation No. 2. He and Katrinka Rolfe had gone to her apartment after the Sporting Fifty putsch. Katrinka adroitly sounded him out on his political and economic theories. Barney told her he leaned toward the left. Thus encouraged, Katrinka pleaded with him to stop prostituting his talents for dirty capitalist gold. She said that the Soviet could use an aircraft designer of his ability. But first, she said, Barney should attend a few Commu-Nazi meetings and see for himself what nice people were supporting the revolution around Los Angeles. He would soon realize, Katrinka argued, that democracy and capitalism were doomed and that he, a scientist and a technician, should march right into the Trojan horse.



So, after much more soul-searching talk, Barney had agreed to go with Katrinka to Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer's house.

"The next meeting is tonight," Barney said, still worried, "but I still can't believe it."

"Can't believe what?"

"Well . . . uh . . . about Katrinka. She's such a clever, lovely girl. How could she—"

"Aw-aw," I said, "have you told me *all* that happened at her place last night?"

He blinked at me.

"No. Dot Walker and that little Beckstein guy came in, later, and they all got pretty tight."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Barney said.

At this point, the thing that was worrying Barney popped out. What were we going to do about Audrey? The plot had thickened, Barney said, and matters were getting pretty serious. We could not afford to have any more monkey business like that corny show

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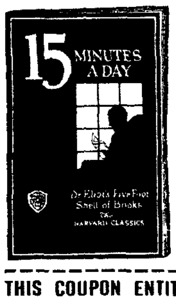

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at the Sporting Fifty. As matters stood now, Audrey had ruined his chance to run heavily in debt gambling. He had given Tony Genella I O U's for three hundred and sixty bucks, and then he had learned that Audrey, before her arrival at the Sporting Fifty, had told Genella she would repay his losses! Of course, he had just mailed Tony a check, but the idea was sour. Too many people had heard what Audrey said at the poker layout.

"She treated me as if I were her gigolo," Barney said, grimly. "Beckstein told Dot and she ribbed me about it."

"I've begged her to lay off," I said, "but she won't."

"She's *got* to, Scoop. I'm in a spot."

THE time had come to tie a can on little Audrey. If we could prove a connection between the Hollywood Trojan horse and a definite attempt at sabotage, it would be a story that might rock the town. Heads would certainly roll in the sand. All the little pip-squeak parlor pinkos and imitation Hitlers would find themselves frying like slugs in a strong sun.

"Barney," I said, "this is not the moment in a sad world's history to be sentimental and squeamish. Audrey is in our way. I want you to sit down at your handsome desk and write her a letter. Tell her you have an awkward confession to make: you married a manicure girl in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, on February ninth, nineteen hundred and—"

"No. Not that!"

We finally compromised on an engagement, not a marriage. Barney insisted on placing her in Boston instead of Okmulgee. I am not the chap to quibble. Barney wrote the letter at my dictation. He suffered pangs of conscience; he sighed and balked and writhed. But he wrote it.

"Of course," he said, "she doesn't really care about me... or I could never bring myself to—"

I grabbed the letter.

"Call me at the office this aft," I said, and ran.

George, the watchman, was practically standing at attention at the Atkinson gatehouse when I rattled up.

"Aunt Tissy told me to expect you," he said. "She's out riding, but Miss Audrey is having breakfast on the east terrace."

"Have you a slug of liquor anywhere about?" I said.

"Absolutely not, sir," said George, shuddering. "Let me tell you what I went through—"

I groaned and rolled on up the drive. I really needed a shot, for I was about to do a far, far worse thing than I had ever done. To Audrey—anyway.

The poor gal jumped up with a glad cry when she saw me, and hurried toward the terrace steps. She had on tan boots, white whipcord breeches and a pale blue hug-me-tight sweater. They did things for her.

"Scoop, you darling! You did it, you did it!"

Let it be recorded that Duncan wavered.

"No . . . not exactly. In fact . . . uh . . ."

I shoved Barney's letter into her hand.

"Doesn't he write the most *distinguished* . . . oh . . . oh, Scoop. . . ."

"Not that bad?"

"Yes. He's engaged to a girl in Boston—"

"The cad! He never told me!"

"You mustn't say that. . . . I—I just took too much for granted . . . it was *splendid* of him to tell me—"

She was much harder hit than I had counted on. I was on the verge of blurting that it was all a gag. But she saved me from my better self by turning abruptly and running into the house.

I went on back to town.

That afternoon, when I reported for work, I was still feeling low. The city editor wasn't any help.

"Scoop," he said, with studied sarcasm, "that wasn't a bad little story you phoned in on the Sporting Fifty riot. I don't want to carp, but there was one teensy-weensy detail you overlooked. Who hired those hams to commit suicide all over the place?"

"I couldn't get that, sir," I said.

The city editor snarled.

"We had a tip this morning that your friend Miss Audrey Atkinson did it. Would it be asking too much for you to verify the rumor?"

"I'll try," I said.

"Kindly do so, Scoop," he said.

I was going out the door to stall for a couple of hours, and bumped into Herman Beckstein.

"Just the man I want to see!" Herman said. "Where can we talk in private?"

"Let's make it next week on the top deck of the Catalina ferry," I said.

But I couldn't shake him off. He insisted on accompanying me to Willie's, across the alley, and buying me a drink.

"Why should you spend forty cents on me, Herman?" I said. "Save your dough for the revolution."

"Ha ha ha . . . not bad," he said. "Do you know Harry Kelleher?"

"Yes."

"Like him?"

"I don't like anybody."

"Are you still doing those 'Passing By' notes for Lee Thorne?"

"Yes."

"It'd be a big favor if you'd mention that you saw Kelleher at Boris' place."

I pricked up my battered ears. Harry Kelleher was a unit producer, releasing pictures through one of the major companies. He had been having a lot of trouble with the racketeers who boss the film unions. I couldn't figure Herman's angle, so I played dumb.

"How could I do that? I've never been to Boris' place. Kelleher hasn't been there, either."

Herman said, oh, yes, Harry had been going to meetings right along. He said Harry had canceled some advertising. He said if I would expose Harry's visits to the shrine of Commu-Nazism it would certainly fix Harry. He couldn't get his production contract renewed and the big shots would probably blacklist him.

I said: "Herman, you are a nasty little man. Come the revolution, I hope you will be the first to be liquidated. Surely, in the rush for plunder, someone will step on you."

THIS only amused Herman, who had been insulted by experts. Herman's face was round like a sad, dark October moon. He wore thick-lensed spectacles with a peculiar brownish tint to them, and they hid his eyes like sunglasses. Not that man, woman or beast would have been interested in Herman's eyes. I never knew a more completely piffling penguin.

"You do me this favor and I do you a favor, Scoop," he said.

"Now what favor could you possibly do me?"

Herman chuckled.

"I can keep Miss Atkinson's name out of the papers for that joke she played on Barney."

My first impulse was to reach out and strangle Herman. But I had been trying to figure some way I could get into that Koslov-Kundbeischer meeting. As a hireling of the reactionary press, I would have to be vouched for; and I could not trade on Barney's entree.

"Will Harry be there tonight?" I said.

"I think so."

"I'd have to see him there. I don't tell lies to Thorne's column, you know. There's a libel law."

Herman didn't bat an eyelash.

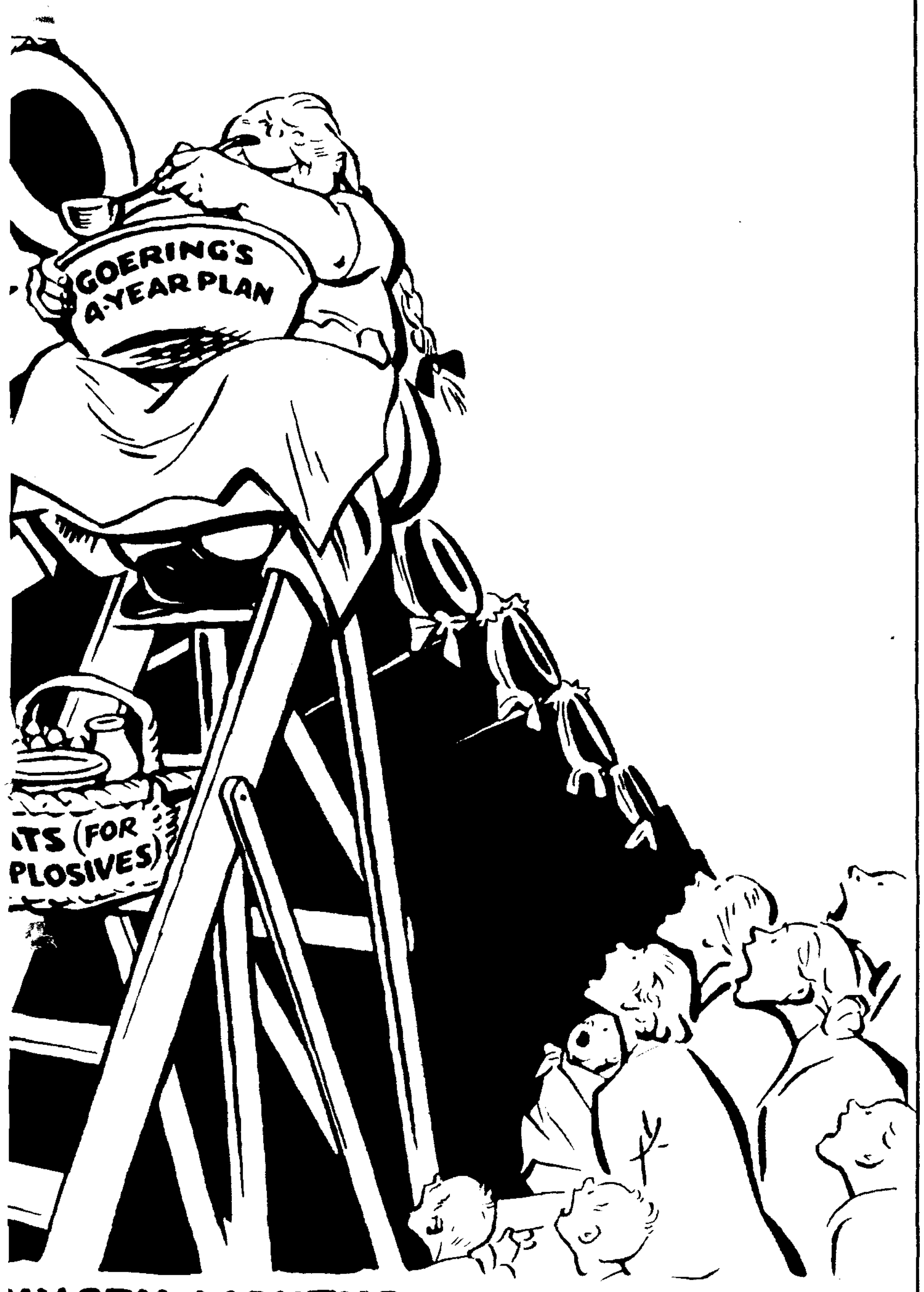
"I'll pick you up at seven-thirty, Scoop," he said.

The chief complaint I've always had against the Hollywood Trojan horse is that it is laughably devoid of humor. Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer's house, for example, could not be an ordinary palazzo in Beverly Hills or Brentwood. It had to be an early De Mille castle perched on a hilltop overlooking the residence section of Hollywood proper.

Herman and I, instead of driving up to the door, parked at a drive-in restaurant at the base of the cliff. A direct approach, I gathered, would have been bad form. We then sauntered across the street from the restaurant parking lot and half a block north to a door in the mansion's retaining wall. Herman had a key to this door.

"Is there a password too?" I said.

"No. We haven't really gone underground yet," Herman answered. "We may have to any day, though."



UNGRY MOUTHS

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

The door in the retaining wall opened into a narrow passageway that led to another door. Herman opened this door without a key and we stepped into a small automatic elevator. The elevator stopped halfway up—in front of a window—and a face peered at us. We were then allowed to proceed to the top of the shaft.

"I'm afraid they've started," Herman said piously. "Boris never delays a meeting for anyone."

We stepped, surprisingly, into the front hall of the house, and Herman led the way on tiptoe toward the doorway of a huge, dimly lit studio living room.

Children, I give you the Hollywood Trojan horse:

About forty men and gals were scattered around in a fog of cigarette smoke and a prevailing odor of Scotch and soda. There were two pretty clearly defined groups. The Bolshies sprawled on hassocks or sat on the floor with their backs against the wall; the men wore flannel shirts without ties or sport shirts with mufflers; skirts, sweaters and bedraggled topcoats appeared *de rigueur* for the ladies. The Bunders, fewer in number, sat on chairs, divans or stood—in fact, I counted four of them with right elbows on the huge mantelpiece.

"Look, Herman," I said, "if there's an earthquake they'll all fall down."

"Shhhhh—" Herman said.

I was frowned at by Joe Hollis ($1,750 a week), by Dotty Walker ($2,250 a week) and by Sam Epshultz ($350 a week, when working). I looked around for Barney but could not spot him in the semidarkness. Herman directed my attention toward the speaker, who was up front on a dais by a grand piano.

"Boris is speaking Japanese now—welcoming two fellow travelers from Tokyo," Herman said.

I peered over the shoulder of Bert Lowyer (he directs three pictures a year at $90,000 a picture and his heart bleeds for the masses) getting a good glimpse of Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer.

He was a giant, with a Tolstoyan baldish head and beard. About sixty years old—legend has it that he was one of Lenin's doubles—he possessed the prime requisites of a boob-bumping orator. He had a basso profundo voice, a hairy fist to clench and shake; a wide smile, a ferocious grimace, a forceful belch and, with all this, a ponderous, phony kindliness. They say Boris could explain Holy Joe's murder of 3,000,000 peasants in 1931 in such a benevolent way that his hearers were convinced he had been talking about pheasants.

Tonight, Boris had another little matter to explain. As soon as the fellow travelers from Tokyo had been greeted, he said in cultured English: "I am ashamed to say that there are a few stupid people who still do not understand the pact!" (Laughter.) "I shall explain the pact only this one time more!" (Laughter and applause.) "I do so chiefly because we have with us tonight a gratifying number of comrades of the Nazi communion—our dear and respected brothers-in-arms for the one great revolution now so happily in progress!" (Loud cheers from the floor, the baseboards and the hassocks.) "I salute their divine leader and themselves!" (A chorus of Heil, Hitlers—and the Nazi salute from four standees by the mantelpiece.)

Herman nudged me.

"That blond man in front is Caldwell. He's their moneybag and has persuaded most of them to work with us."

"I've heard of him," I said, looking around again to find Barney.

BARNEY was sitting between Katrinka Rolfe and the Baroness Thiele, on a sofa near the fireplace.

But I didn't want to miss the official explanation. Koslov-Kundbeischer started off by reminding all parts of the Trojan horse that the spokesman for Chamberlain's cruel democratic imperialism (hisses and boos) were being deliberately obtuse. *They* understood the pact only too well, he said. Our Stalin and our Hitler, he declared, like twin gods with one heart and one mind, had decided on the pact years ago. They had called each other names (tinkling laughter) merely to confuse the arrogant capitalist states of England, France and the U. S. A.

"And what happened?" the speaker shouted. "They *were* confused!" (Vociferous applause) "For a long time they were so confused by our strategy that they were deterred from starting their bloody, capitalist war." (Hisses and boos) "Alas, they were too confused. They lashed out, in their stupid perplexity, and launched a criminal, senseless war upon peace-loving Germany!" (Groans and hisses) "Our Hitler and our Stalin are very sad. They tried to keep the peace. But it was not to be. Their enemies now falsely accuse them of wishing war, when all they tried to do was create a pact for peace. But there will be peace, Comrades. The peace of world revolution!" (Tumultuous applause.)

Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer held up his hands—the right one clenched above his head, the left one thrust forward in the Nazi salute. This spectacle instantly awed the studio living room—there was a religious hush.

"Now, Comrades," he said, gently, "is there one among you who does not understand the pact?"

A pause—and then—

"Yoo-hooo . . . Pssst . . . I don't!"

Miss Audrey Atkinson got to her feet in the rear of the room. She waved her hand like a schoolgirl trying to attract teacher's attention.

I gulped and looked at Barney. He

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[illegible] THAT COUGH [illegible] SOOTHES THROAT!

turned his head, then shook it, slowly, and his lips moved in silent curses.

"Here I am . . . . and I don't understand, Mr. Koslov-Kundbeischer!"

"Let the Comrade step closer!"

"Oh, I'm just a guest—"

There was some bristling and an undercurrent of muttered objections centering about Dotty Walker. Little Herman surprised me by jumping to his feet and saying loudly: "Speak right up, Miss Atkinson! We want everyone to understand the pact!" Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer surprised me by adding, with hearty geniality: "Begin the questions, Miss Atkinson!"

Audrey coolly threaded her way to the center of the living room. There was a great whispering among the Comrades. Did you ever see a forty-million-dollar dream walking down the party line? I feared that some of the poorer sympathizers with the masses ($250- to $950-a-week people) would take bites out of Audrey as she passed. And despite my feeling of futility, I was rather proud of Audrey. She was the Graustarkian princess out among the rabble in disguise, tonight, and wore a hooded ermine cloak that took Joan Bakewell's breath away. I know she did, because Joan (a mere $4,500-a-week movie star) was breathing on the back of my neck and suddenly stopped.

"This is really so very kind of you all," said Audrey, looking around with a regal smile, "and I shan't ask many questions because I've got a meeting of the Altar Guild at our church to attend. But I *would* like to know about this pact."

"THE floor is yours, Miss Atkinson," boomed Koslov-Kundbeischer.

"Well, first of all, if the pact was intended all along to confuse the enemy, why weren't the German and Russian people let in on the secret?"

"That would have spoiled the effect."

"But *everybody* was confused."

"It was planned that way!" (Applause.)

"But did they have to shoot people?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Shoot people. The Russians shot Germans and the Germans shot Russians, didn't they? I mean—before they knew about the pact?"

"That is—regrettably—true."

"But it seems such a shame to shoot people just because they didn't know. Why didn't Mr. Stalin tell his people and why didn't Mr. Hitler tell his?"

"Diplomatic strategy demands absolute secrecy, Miss Atkinson." (Applause.)

"But the poor people *died*."

Boris Koslov-Kundbeischer cleared his throat.

"Now," he said, "if there are no more questions, we will proceed with the business of the meeting."

This brought an embarrassed giggle from Audrey.

"I'm afraid I can't stay a minute longer," she said. "Thank you all so much. It's been a *real* experience."

She started toward me—the dying Gaul at the door—then she turned and looked at Barney.

"Good evening, Barney," she said, "I see you aren't a bit lonesome."

Audrey swept grandly into the front hall. I cringed and tried to slink away. But her imperious, scornful glance pinned me to the wall.

"I'm sure, my dear Scoop," she said, "that a certain girl in Boston would not approve of Barney's women friends—if the poor creature only knew!"

Herman Beckstein did an obsequious, crabwise sidle up to Audrey's elbow.

"Must you rush off, Miss Atkinson?" he said. "We are just going to take up a discussion of how to keep America out of war—"

"You nice man! Thank you so much, but I simply must run!" She turned to me. "Come—Scoop—you may see me to my car!"

And out the front door she went, with Duncan (call me Fido) trotting at her heels.

"Did—did Herman invite you?"

"I invited myself. He gave me a guest card."

"But *why*, Audrey?"

"I happen to have had an altruistic motive you could never understand!"

"How did you know about it?"

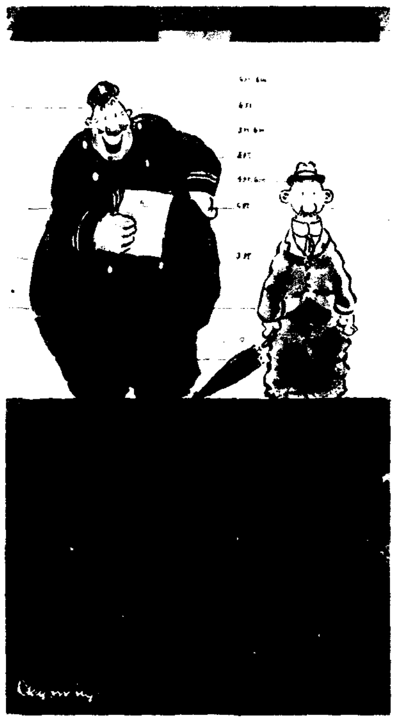
"Oh, Alfonso is in the Trojan horse—in a humble way."

"Your Alfonso—the gardener?"

"Unhunh. He gets homesick for the old gang meetings they used to have in Chicago—with Mr. Capone, you know. So Aunt Tissy said he could join the Trojan horse."

We walked on down the hill in considerable silence.

Clarence was waiting in Audrey's roadster. Behind the roadster, in approved gangster style, was the limousine, driven by Alfonso. George and Cecil, a footman (Folsom '38, bank robbery) and Holmby were in the big car.



"Edgar Ethelbert Wiffle—boy, this'll slay yuh—Edgar Ethelbert Wiffle—bigamy!"

JAY IRVING

"Thank Heaven you're outa there, Miss Audrey!" said Clarence. "Do you want the boys should foller us to church?"

"No, Clarence. They may have the car and the rest of the evening off." She handed Clarence a banknote. "But they must not go to the Venice pier."

"I'll tell them. Thank you, Miss."

"You go too, Clarence. I can get home all right."

"Yes'm. Thank *you!*"

WHEN the boys had driven off, Audrey paused to give me a gentle, sorrowful, big-sisterly chiding. She said she had depended on me to keep poor, dear, innocent Barney away from those terrible women. She could see *now* that I simply did not have the moral stamina to protect Barney. She thanked God that she had doubted me and had gone into the Trojan horse to see for herself. Why had I allowed Barney to sit with that Katrinka person and the baroness? Why hadn't I tactfully explained to Barney the lure of close proximity? Why hadn't I gone right over and broken it up?

"Now, wait . . . hold on, Audrey—"

Audrey knew what I was going to say. I was going to say that she took a wealthy, ruling-class reactionary attitude toward Russia and Germany. But that was not it at all. She had nothing whatever against those nations and their friends in the United States, except that they murdered people. The whole thing had been explained to her in a very excellent simplified history course her last year at Foxcroft. The governments of Russia and Germany were wrong because they had to stay in power by murdering thousands of people. It was exactly that simple—

"You've humiliated Barney again," I said.

"I had to do it, Scoop."

"Why? It's all over between you. He's engaged to a charming girl in Ok—in Boston."

She shook her head, pityingly.

"You might have criticized my efforts to save Barney from those women before I found out about his fiancée, my dear Scoop," she said, "but you certainly cannot accuse me of any selfish motive now. I am saving him for that poor girl in Boston. Think how she is going to suffer, if I fail!"

I'm afraid I became a bit hysterical, saying: "She doesn't care! She's . . . uh . . . broad-minded—"

AUDREY'S voice struck lyric notes: "Oh, yes, she does care—frightfully! I'm a woman and I know how women feel about things. Oh, Scoop, where is your imagination? Think of that poor girl . . . 'way off there in Boston . . . dreaming her dreams of a reunion with Barney! And then comes the news . . . *Barney arrested . . . charged with treason* against his country . . . like Benedict Arnold . . . the sordid details . . . caught in . . . in an anarchist woman's apartment—"

"Hooey. Baloney. Phooey—"

"Could you face her? Could you meet her at the airport? Could you say: 'I'm a friend of Barney's,' knowing that you let him go to his doom?"

"Yes! Gladly!"

Then, Audrey handed *me* the mitten.

"I see that I shall have to fight this thing out alone, Ralph," she said. "You have become . . . oh, must I say it? . . . wholly wicked. Yes—wicked!"

She jumped into the roadster and drove rapidly away in a pink cloud.

I went back to the office.

Barney telephoned me about eleven o'clock.

His voice sounded glum, almost croaky.

"I've got to talk to you," he said. "Where can I meet you?"

I named Willie's bar.

When Barney came mooching in, I knew something pretty bad had happened. He looked as a lit'ry biographer would describe Edgar Allan Poe after a hard bat.

"Bring my private bottle, Willie," I said.

Barney waved it aside and slumped down in the booth.

"Well," he said, "I got propositioned."

"Who've you got to murder?"

"Nobody. They want me to lure Audrey into the organization!"

"You kid me."

No, Barney said, that was it. Just that. They weren't interested in him for any good, honest dirty work. They wanted a rich angel. Since the pact, a *lot of Bolshies had quit. The Bunders* were still suspicious and standoffish. The Hollywood Trojan horse was poverty-stricken. And, to make things a little funnier, Moscow and Berlin had ordered an intensification of the peace-at-any-price campaign in the United States. So they needed Audrey's money.

"Who propositioned you?" I said.

"Dotty Walker."

"How did she attack it?"

"Oh, very casually and cleverly. Lots

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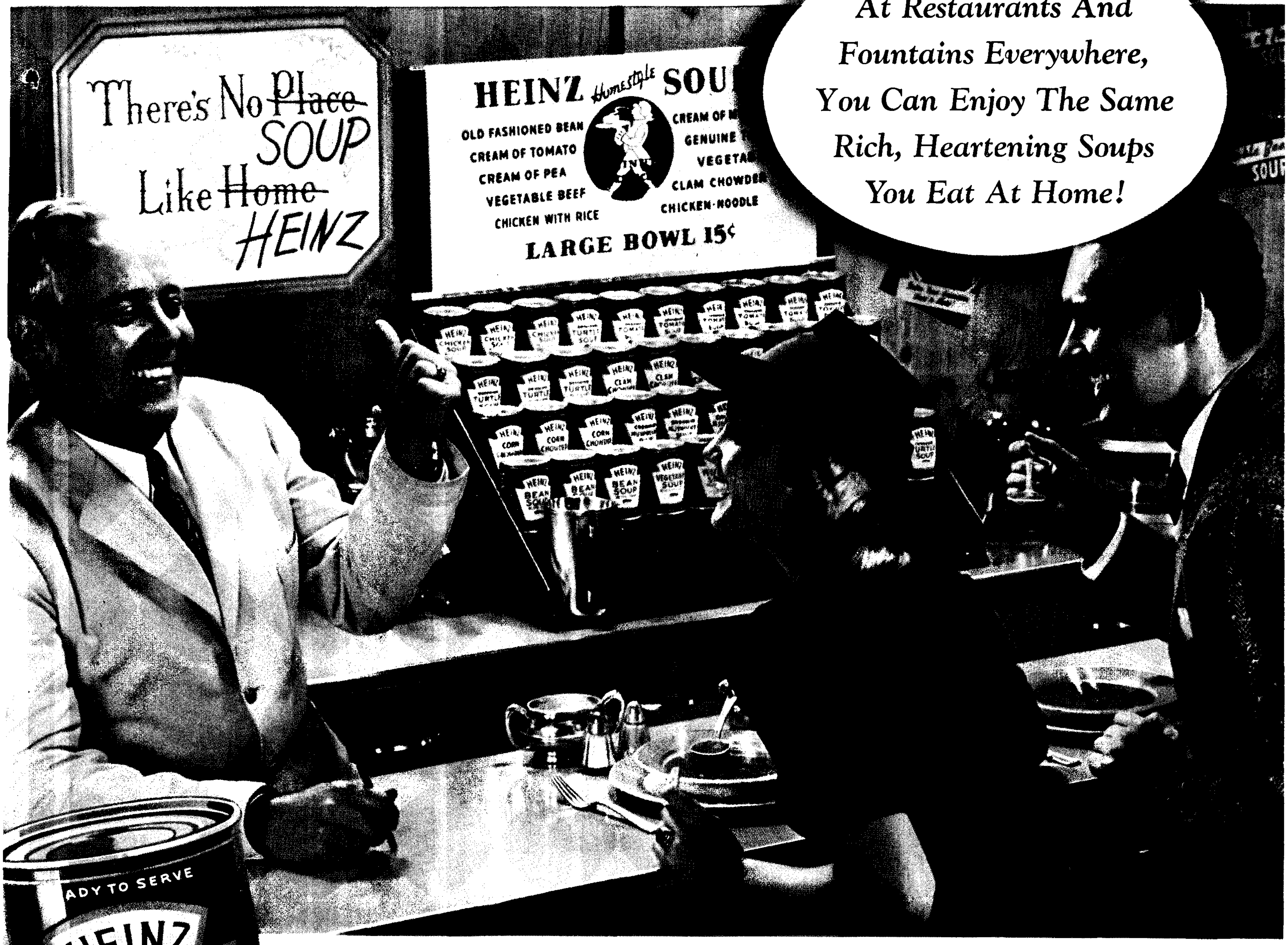

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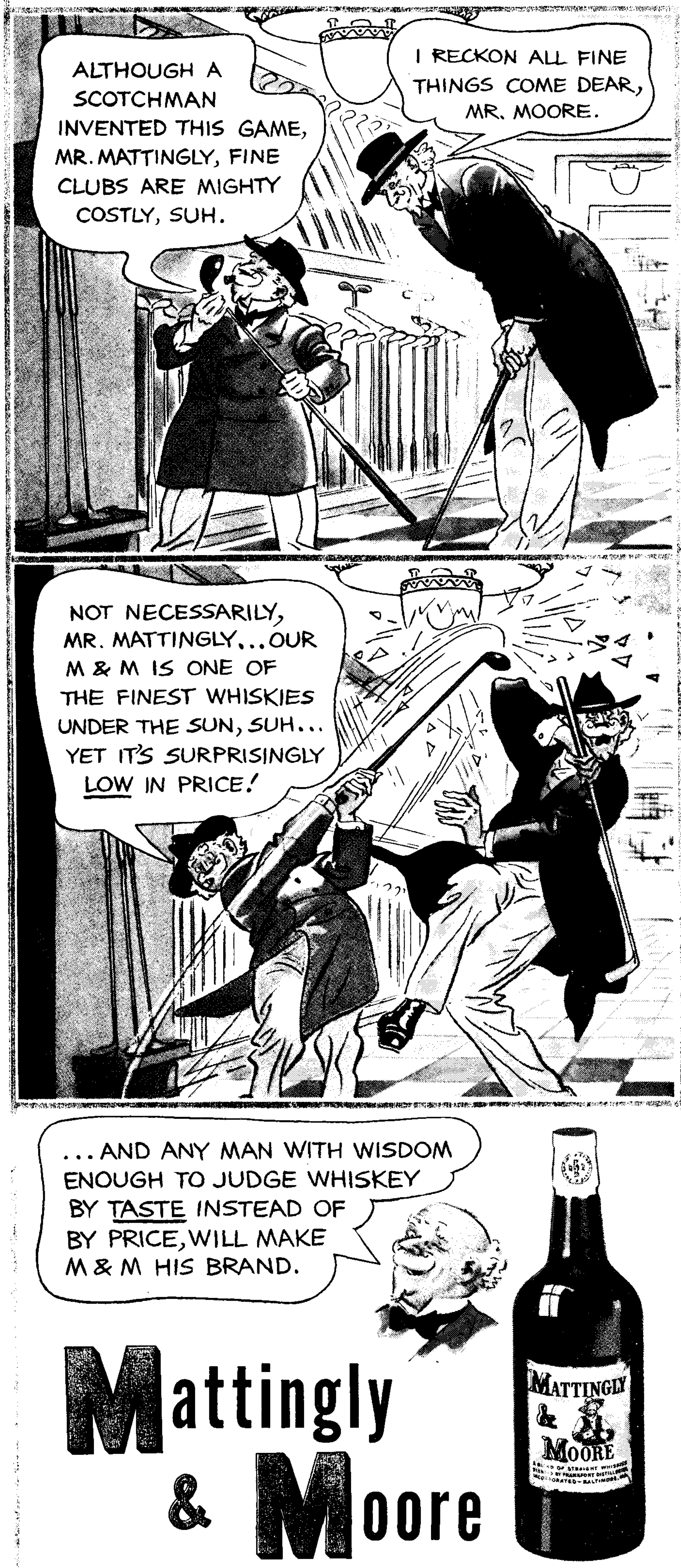
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of wisecracks and double talk. But the gist of it was that the high command believed Audrey would do anything for me. I suppose I'm to marry the poor girl with a handsome settlement in advance and make this over to the organization. Judas!"

Barney reached for a drink, after all.

"Well, what did you say?"

He snorted contemptuously.

"What do you think?"

"I guess that finishes everything," I said. "We haven't a thing on anybody. You go back to designing airplanes and I go back to covering the Boy Scouts. Well . . . happy days!"

"Yes. Uh . . . Scoop?"

"Shoot."

"Audrey . . . uh . . . how did she take it? I mean—about the engagement?"

I told him all. Now that our story was up the spout, Duncan could afford to be sentimental. I described Audrey as the heartbroken lady fair. I related our conversation after leaving Boris' place. Barney listened, taking it big.

"No! She didn't say that?"

"Yes . . . and furthermore—"

"Why, Scoop, she's a girl in a million—ten million! Trying to save me for another woman. Gosh, Scoop . . . I . . . uh—well, this makes everything easier to take. That sweet kid . . . gosh!"

Mr. (call me Cupid) Duncan went all out on the tremolo pedal.

"If you hurry, Barney," I said, "you might make it to Sunny Haven before the lights go out."

Barney reddened, miserably.

"I can't," he said. "Not yet."

"Why not?"

"Well . . . I . . . uh . . . I'm engaged to another girl."

"I'll kill that Boston dame for you. Pooh!"

"It's . . . it's Katrinka."

"What?"

"Yes. I didn't mean to. You must believe me. But the other evening, when she got . . . uh . . . a bit tight. She misunderstood what I said."

"You chump!"

"What else could I have done? Tonight, she seemed to take it for granted. Hell, Scoop, I thought I was getting somewhere with the investigation. So I just had to string her along. It was my patriotic duty, Scoop!"

I thought a moment.

"IT SHOULDN'T be hard to shake Katrinka. Just tell her you've joined the Santa Monica Chamber of Commerce. Tell her you think Holy Joe is a louse—simple."

Barney nodded, gloomily.

"I can do that. But the baroness is going to be tougher—"

"Come, fellow, not the baroness too?"

"Oh, I'm not committed! She . . . uh . . . she just has a silly notion she's in love with me."

I thought another moment.

"Sorry, pal, but you'll have to make it hard and hefty with the baroness. I know those Swedes. Tell her you were the British spy who put that pineapple under Der Fuehrer. Then shout: 'Ten thousand Swedes crawled through the weeds—away from two Norwegians!' But be very firm."

Sighing, Barney floated gradually to his feet. He looked like the ghost of Simple Simon who had strayed into a meeting of the Mathematical Society.

"I was certainly never cut out for counterespionage," he said. "Well, I'll tell the chief in the morning. So long, Scoop—and thanks."

And so, dear children, the Republic might have continued in the shadow of dreadful peril had not two things happened.

The very next morning, Movie Producer Harry Kelleher was found shot to death on a lonely road in the valley.

Miss Audrey Atkinson announced to her friend and admirer, Scoop (call me Screwball) Duncan, that she had decided to join the Hollywood Trojan horse.

YOU can kill writers and they get half a column on the inside title page. You can kill actors and, unless the body is found in a love nest, it's worth a column for maybe two days. But kill a movie producer and the whole fair City of the Angels is thrown into a hullabaloo for a week.

It was at once assumed that the gangsters who run the film unions had knocked off Harry Kelleher. The general newspaper theory was that bad blood had existed between Kelleher and the union hoodlums because of their numerous disputes. But Knows-All Duncan knew better.

That first morning, I got Herman Beckstein out of bed. I shook a banner headline under his pug nose.

"Talk fast, Herman," I said, "or you are a dead penguin."

The little so-and-so either was innocent or a fine actor.

"This is horrible, Scoop," he said. "I didn't like Harry, but—"

"You were out to get him! You tried to make me expose his connection with the Trojan horse. You wanted him blacklisted!"

Herman agreed to that readily enough.

"But I didn't want him murdered," he said. "My goodness, Scoop, am I that bad?"

I gave him quite a going over. He stuck to his story that he expected Kelleher to show up at Boris' house the night before. He was apparently frank in talking about Kelleher's connection with the Comrades. Kelleher, he said, was sore at the unions. He wanted the revolution because it would abolish union labor. Herman shared the conventional theory: that a union goon squad had done the job. He wanted to know if I thought he, Herman, would murder a man because he had canceled a hundred and thirty dollars' worth of advertising.

"Yes," I said, "but I can't prove it."

This broke Herman down. He wept, sitting on the edge of his hotel-room bed and dripping big tears on the carpet like Alice's dormouse. He begged me not to tell the cops about his feud with Kelleher. They would put him in a cell and beat him, he wailed.

"It was a Commu-Nazi job and you know it," I said. "Maybe Kelleher was only pretending to be loyal. Maybe you rats found him out—"

"We don't do such things!"

"No?"

"Not over here. The leader wouldn't stand for it!"

"What leader?"

"Our leader."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. No one knows, not even Boris."

HERMAN shivered and sobbed, but he stuck to it. I cuffed him a few times and gave up.

But I was still convinced that the Comrades had killed Harry Kelleher.

Taking developments in sequence, my next set-to was with Barney. He had gone out to his aircraft factory expecting to resign his "commission" as a counterespionage agent. But the folks there had shocking news. Word had come from Navy intelligence officers that Kelleher had been giving them information on the Trojan horse. It made the case open and shut to Barney. And, of course, when the chief told him that the company didn't want the responsibility of keeping him on the assignment, so forth and so on. Barney made the usual heroic speech. "I shall carry on, sir!" or words to that effect.

I went home to get some sleep.

(To be continued next week)

Good Bet

Continued from page 54

has got what they call the killer's eye."

We went out to the race track. Races were going on. O'Malley bought a program. Then we went to the stable. Kirtle and Anders and some stable hands were there. Jondy wasn't. When a race was being run, Anders and the stable hands went out and stood where they could see the horses run. We went along.

"You ever bet on these gee-gees?" O'Malley asked me.

"Not often," I told him.

"Nor me. A guy is a sucker. Still, if some jockey with round purple dots on his shirt was riding today I might bet."

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"Well, it would have to be a chestnut horse. I know a lady that had a dream about it. She dreamed about potatoes and a race track and then about potatoes again. Three times she had the same dream, and in it she seen a jockey with round spots on him like potatoes win a race on a chestnut horse."

THE stable hands didn't say anything. After the race, we went around to the grandstand. When the horses came out for the fifth race, a jockey in silks marked with round purple spots was riding a chestnut horse. O'Malley bet on it and the horse won.

"What was that silliness about a dream?" I asked him.

"I don't see any silliness. I win sixty bucks."

I thought it over.

"Did the dirt in Gillen's car come from a potato field?" I questioned.

"Say! You're getting smart! The laboratory analyzed it and they say it come from where potatoes had been, but that hasn't helped the cops any. You going to be home this evening?"

He phoned me at midnight. I met him and we drove out on Long Island. Police cars were parked beside roads in spots where they couldn't be seen, but O'Malley knew where they were because we stopped and spoke to the cops in them. We parked our car in some bushes. We waited and didn't talk, because the radio in our car kept giving police signals. About two in the morning the radio mentioned a crossroads. We drove in that direction, and other police cars were driving that way too, and when we got there we found several police cars surrounding a small truck with Jondy and the boy Kindel in it. There was a trunk in the truck, and the police broke it open and found Gillen inside it.

"I told you, O'Malley!" I exclaimed triumphantly. "I knew all along that black boy had something to do with it."

"Yeah, you're a smart one."

They took Jondy and Kindel to headquarters on Long Island, and cars began to arrive, bringing sleepy people—stable hands, and Pedder, and the trainer Kirtle. I went out and waited in the car until O'Malley joined me.

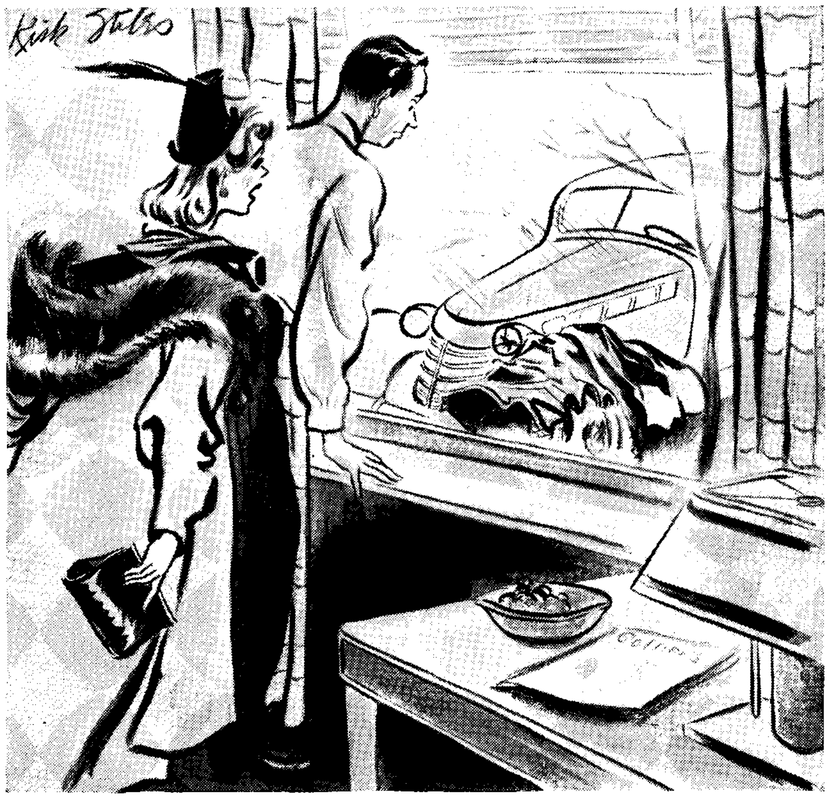
"That's that," he stated.

"Except," I remarked, "that I don't know yet why Jondy killed Gillen."

"Jondy didn't kill nobody," O'Malley replied. "It was Pedder done the killing. That Pedder is crazy over horses. He had that racing stable and it didn't do well, and he run himself into debt. So he took Gillen into partnership because Gillen had money. Gillen was a clever guy that usually got the best of people, and he set out to get the best of Pedder. He kept advancing money and Pedder signed things without paying much attention to 'em till Gillen got him into the spot where he could put Pedder out of the partnership and take the horses away from him. Pedder couldn't stand it to give up his horses and the idea come to him that the only way to get out of his troubles was to kill Gillen."

"Where?" I inquired. "And how?"

"Why, at that first race track we went to. Gillen was moving horses to the other track and that give Pedder the idea of how he'd do it. Pedder give out in the afternoon that he was going to New York, but instead he hid himself in the stable. Pedder come up behind Gillen in the tack room and hit him over the head with an iron bar. He had a horse blanket ready to wrap around him,



"Don't ask *me* how it happened. I was looking somewhere else!"

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so there wouldn't be no blood, and there was some trunks there that had horse fixings in 'em, and he had emptied one of 'em and had it ready."

"Didn't Jondy or Kindel have anything to do with it?"

"Only like this: They was what is called accessories after the fact. Pedder knew that colored guy would be faithful to him, and them boys like Kindel that exercise horses all want to get to be jockeys, but usually they need some horse owner to favor 'em, so Pedder figured Kindel would be faithful because of that. When Jondy and Kindel come for the stuff to take over to the other track, Pedder told 'em to say nothing about they'd seen him there, and he had a trunk with some stuff in it that he wanted to get rid of. So they put the trunk in the truck. Pedder got in Gillen's car and followed 'em. Gillen had been in and out of the race track in his car several times during the night, and Pedder figured if the gate guard seen the car go out again but didn't see plainly who was in it, he'd think it was Gillen.

"Well, it worked out like that. That boy Kindel's people live on Long Island and have a farm there, and in one field is an old house that nobody uses except they'd stored potatoes in the cellar. So they went there and Pedder went with 'em, and they put the trunk in the cellar. Jondy and Kindel didn't know what was in the trunk, but they didn't ask questions; it was Pedder's idea he would come back later and bury it in the cellar."

"WHY later?" I asked.

"Why, several reasons. Pedder was planning to claim he'd spent the night in New York, and he had to get there, and if Jondy and Kindel took too much time getting back to the other race track, that would be suspicious; and Pedder figured it would be safer if them two afterward didn't know what had become of the trunk. So Jondy and Kindel went back, and Pedder drove Gillen's car to the railroad station and parked it, like Gillen had took a train; then he walked to where he could get a bus to Manhattan, and on the way he threw the bar he'd killed Gillen with into a pond. The one thing that wasn't exactly like he'd planned it was that some blood off the iron bar had got into Gillen's car, and he'd tracked some dirt into the car from the house where he'd left the body."

"I see," I said. "A very neat murder!"

"It was that. It turned out I was lucky or we wouldn't have solved it."

"You mean," I asked, "the dream?"

"Say, won't you never learn anything? There wasn't no dream and there wasn't no lady had one. The case was like this: We hadn't any murder case because we had no body. Cops believed if murder had been done it sprang out of the racing, and they was having everybody connected with that stable watched. I had it in my head all along that a way to find the dead guy would be to make the killer move him and then catch him doing it, but I couldn't see any way."

"It seems that you did see one."

"Yeah. Finally one come to me when I and you was standing with them stable hands watching the racing. Only cops knew that the dirt in Gillen's car come from where potatoes were; but the killer, too, would know that. I figured if I could get them stable hands to talking about potatoes, and if potatoes had anything to do with where the body was, the killer might get afraid the body would be found and move it to somewhere else. Now I seen how to do that. Before we went out to the track, a cop at Manhattan headquarters who bets on those ponies had give me the name of a horse he told me might win; so when we got out there I seen by the program the horse was a chestnut and the jockey would have purple spots on his jacket."

"I understand!" I exclaimed.

"Why, certainly. I remembered how crazy them horse betters are to get a winner, and how they'll bet because a horse has a certain number on its saddlecloth, or a certain name, or because of a dream. So I give 'em that shenanigan about a lady that had a dream about potatoes and a race track. I figured if the horse would win, they'd talk about it, and even if the horse didn't win, they might talk anyway, and with all that talk about potatoes the killer might get frightened the body would be pointed out to the lady in her dream."

"So Pedder fell for it!"

"Well, Jondy and Kindel did. After Gillen couldn't be found, them two figured what must be in the trunk. Pedder hadn't been able to bury it and it come to Jondy and Kindel they'd better take the trunk from where the potatoes was and throw it in the ocean for their own protection. Cops who was watching 'em passed word to us and we had police cars on all the roads to stop 'em whatever way they went. When we charged 'em with murder, they claimed Pedder give 'em the trunk. So then we faced Pedder with the two of 'em, and he had to admit he done the killing, and we got the particulars."

"A crazy business!" I commented.

"Well, I wish it had been true. I'd like to know some lady that could dream what horse was going to win them races. I'd quit being a cop."

Evening in Paris

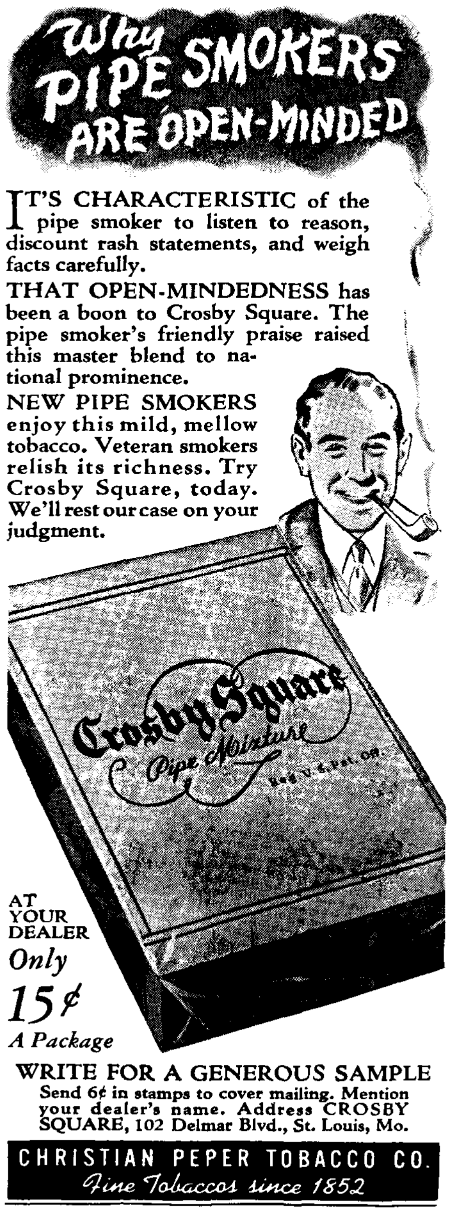
Continued from page 12

thinking of you" is inscribed on the glittering boxes offered by la Marquise de Sévigné. But Olida, Felix Potin or Damoy sell "war boxes" from twenty-five francs up that are perhaps even more popular, since they contain sausages or corned beef!

Society life has obviously been restricted. For the most part, the social leaders have deserted Paris—be it said against their will. Their pitiless husbands sent them away with their children to shore or country. There they are bored to tears, and run up to Paris whenever possible with the excuse that they must see the dentist or their doctor. They call up their friends as soon as they arrive, but since their town houses are closed, they entertain in restaurants. Lunches at Maxim's, the Cabaret, the Crémaillère, the Ritz (the most popular), Larue or "Chez Cotti," (the latest chic "bistro"), are the centers of Parisian social life at the moment.

If anyone wants to see a deputy or a minister without having made a previous engagement, he has only to lunch at the Cabaret. The chairman of the finance committee of the Chamber as well as the chairman of the army committee are there every day eating the creamed corn, the like of which is to be found nowhere else. Often there are so many deputies surrounding the two chairmen that one might think oneself in the restaurants of the Chamber of Deputies or the Senate.

Lunches at the Ritz are by far the most entertaining. M. Mandel, Minister of Colonies, is an habitué, often with Baron Maurice de Rothschild, Princess d'Aremberg and Madame Bretty of the Comédie Française. Mandel is one of the soberest of ministers. He drinks



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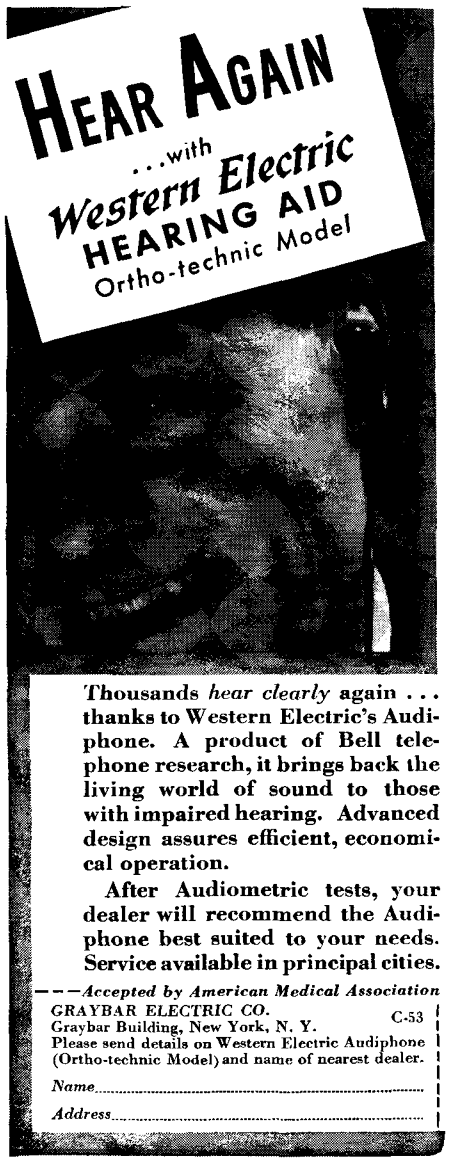

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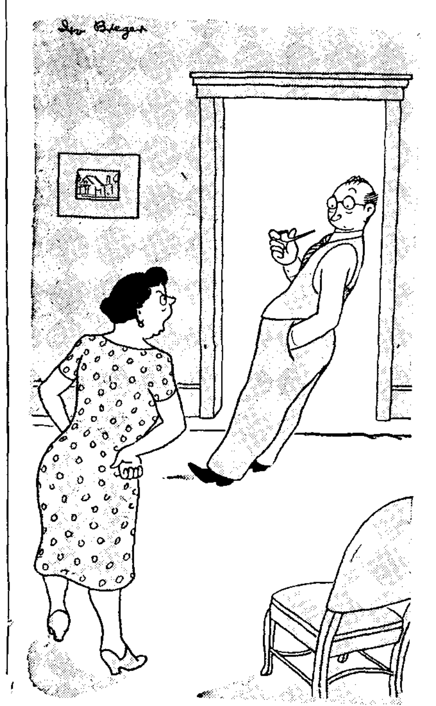
several glasses of orange juice and eats mixed grills, but never vegetables. He barely downs his first orange juice before some foreign minister or an important American passing through Paris comes to consult him.

The atmosphere of the Ritz hasn't changed at all. There are just as many rich and elderly women, dressed in the latest style, smoking like chimneys. There are also just as many dogs.

Lunches at Maxim's are gayer and the food has never been better. "You can't imagine," said Albert, the celebrated maître d'hôtel, "how people have become gourmands since the war! There are fewer distractions now. If we don't launch a new dish every day, our clients grumble."

There are actresses and music-hall stars: the fascinating Jeanne Aubert, with an enormous taffeta bow around her neck, occasionally Mistinguett with Maurice Chevalier, Parysis with Robert Trebor, the well-known theatrical director. There are a great many British celebrities and the American ambassador meets his friends there.



"John, I wish you'd fix those run-down heels of yours!"

IRV BREGER

There is a different atmosphere at Larue's. Seated on the benches covered with red damask dating from 1880 are a number of ministers; among others, M. de Monzie and M. Pomaret, who lunch there every day. Abel Hermant—always alone—watches everything with his air of secret amusement. Beside his plate lies his pencil, and between courses he writes his article for next day's *Figaro*.

Women have acquired a wartime chic. There are not many clients in the big dressmaking houses, which have reopened at the instigation of the Minister of the Interior. The working girls in one of Paris' largest industries must live! Social life not having been resumed, above all at night, the authorities wanted to make full dress obligatory for the recent reopening of the opera. But the possibility of sudden *alertes* and the difficulty of establishing a rapid checkroom service obliged them to renounce the project. Afternoon gowns were worn and overcoats were not checked.

All dressmakers have launched "pajamas for *alertes*," generally of fabrics heavy enough to resist possible gas attacks. They contain pockets for gas masks and flashlights and are generally hooded.

Simple dresses and tailored suits have had the most success. Creed has launched a comfortable Scotch tweed coat, raglan in form, with large pockets, and hooded.

Night life is restricted by the authorities who try to avoid concentration in the center of Paris of crowds larger than can be accommodated in existing air-raid shelters. Consequently, only a few theaters have reopened, and the tickets sold are limited to the number of accommodations in neighboring *abris*.

Until now no bombardments have occurred so the *alertes* have been primarily a source of amusement for the Parisians.

The "cellar strategists" have wonderful times. The second-floor tenant explains to the fourth-floor tenant the strategy of the future army of the east which will take Vienna and Berlin from the rear. The former diplomat of the first floor expounds to his attractive neighbor the statutes of a new League of Nations and the forthcoming reconstitution of Europe.

The *abris* are well organized. At the entrances are picks, shovels, scuttles and sandbags—in case the building is bombed and collapses, tools for digging out are at hand. All the tenants have fixed up corners of the cellars according to their individual tastes. Some have brought down their camping equipment, especially rubber mattresses, on which they continue their sleep. Others have installed bridge tables or deck chairs.

Receptions in Paris at the moment are confined principally to the embassies and the legations. The American ambassador and the Turkish ambassador entertain the most frequently, and all the French ministers and diplomats attend their soirées. Everyone is optimistic, and good humor is by no means at a premium. Paul Reynaud is exceedingly popular among all his colleagues—which is rare for a finance minister.

Nobody's Guessing

Daladier is never to be seen at these receptions. He works continuously and only those with whom he has need to consult can approach him.

Predictions are in general rare: "Whatever we might imagine could be far wide of the surprises Hitler has in store for us. Nothing happens as it is expected. We were prepared in 1914 for a short war, and it turned out to be a long one. Today we all think the war will be long, and perhaps it will be short."

Diplomats are already considering the reconstitution of Europe. Mr. Politis, Minister from Greece, and a celebrated international jurist, speaks at length of a future League of Nations. With several colleagues he discusses the laws on which it should be based. The last pessimists disappeared a month ago and only a few society people fear Stalin's influence. They are generally ridiculed, for everyone maintains "Bolshevism can only succeed among unfortunate peoples, and we are not unfortunate in France. The day a Frenchman can be forced to do the same thing at the same time as his neighbor is inconceivable. We were born individualists and we shall die individualists."

There are few evening receptions. The streets are dark; people do not like to go out. Moreover, big dinners, because of their too worldly character, would be out of place. A few people tried to serve cold buffets between seven and nine. But that was too much of a change in French habits, which call for a good meal, comfortably seated.

At eleven o'clock at night the theaters and all the restaurants close. Night owls are unhappy about this, unless they have friends in common on whom they can call to finish the evening.

But booksellers and ecclesiastics are very pleased with the curfew measure, the first because they hope to sell many books and the latter because they think that a taste for meditation may revive.

He: *Miss Dale, you're a fast worker!*

She: *Thanks! But it's just that new*

MODEL M CUSHIONED-TOUCH

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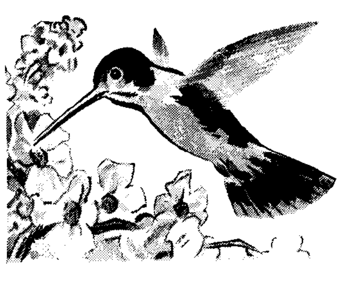

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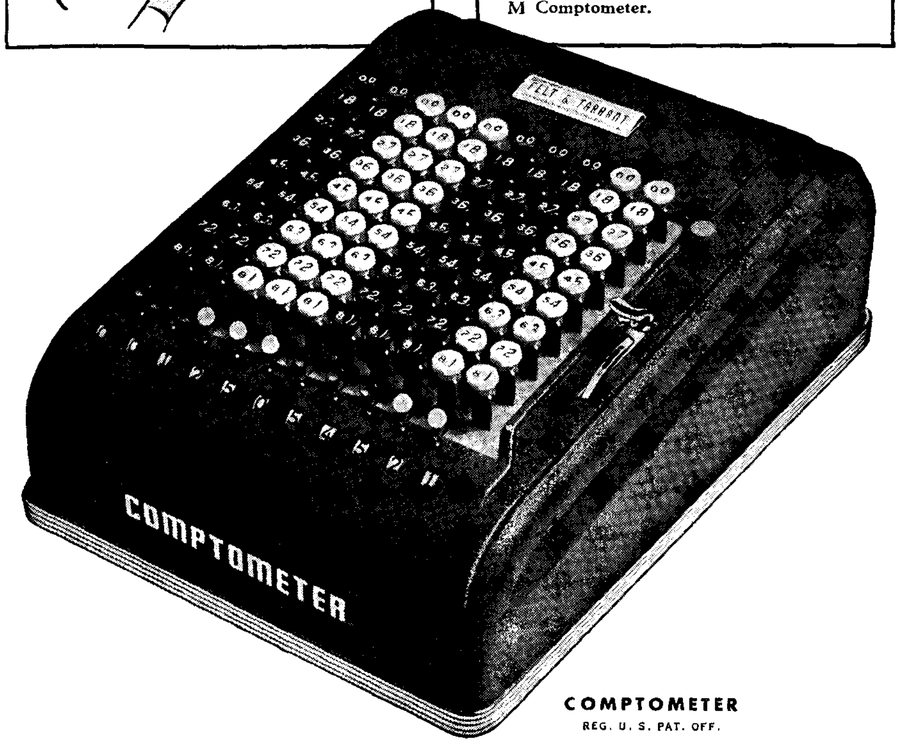

COMPTOMETER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COLLIER'S

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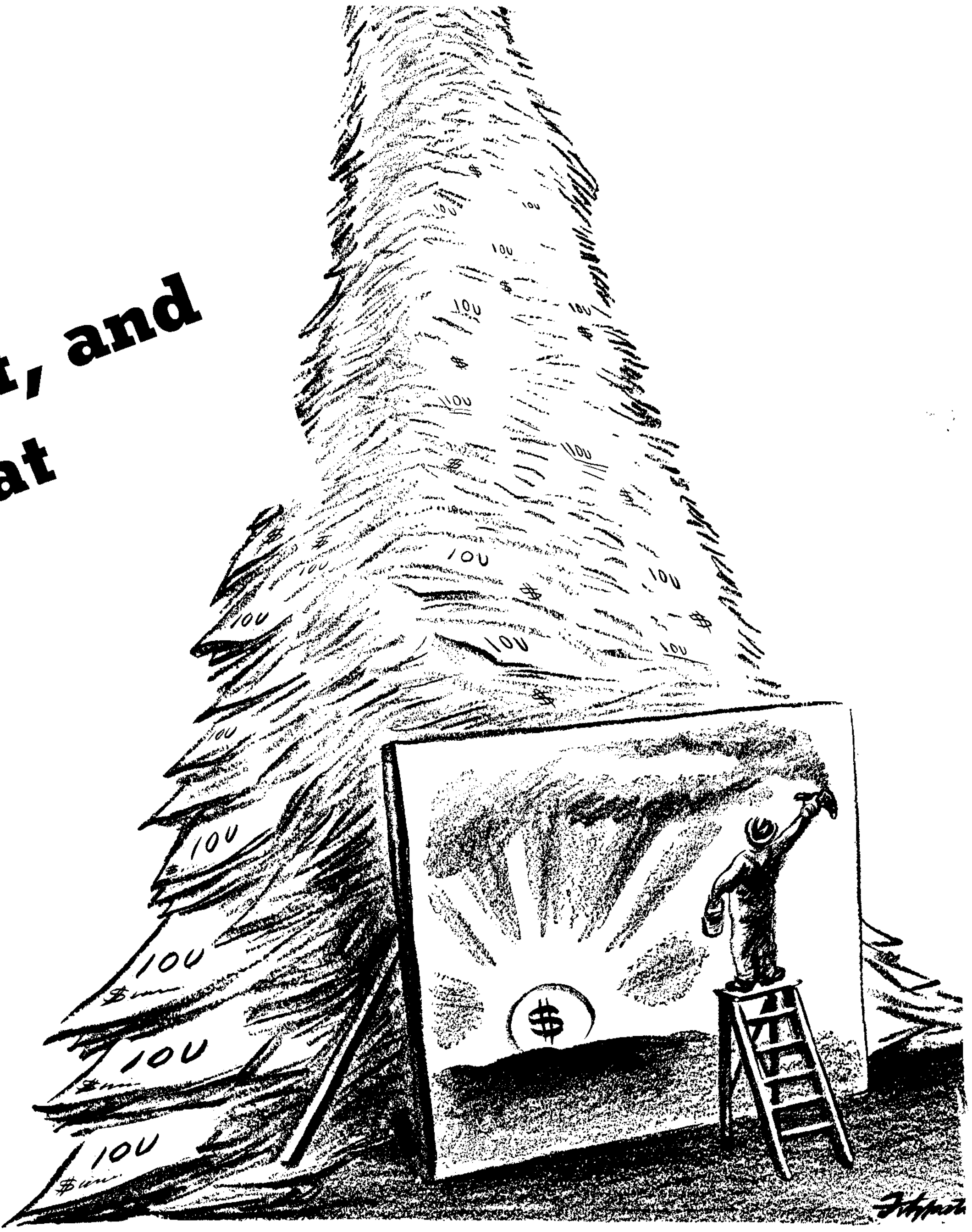
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Debt's Debt, and That's That



As THE budget debate rocks the Capitol dome back and forth, the spend-ourselves-rich boys fall back more and more on the argument that we really aren't almost 42 billion dollars in debt nationally, because look at all the new property the government has got out of all its spending.

Dams, power projects, roads, public buildings, WPA murals (some very good even if most people do scoot rapidly past them), guidebooks and books about the states (and it's just vulgar to point out that nobody reads them)—why, it's argued, all this is wealth, man! There must be some seven billion dollars' worth of it lying around; therefore, the spend-ourselves-rich boys argue, we're only about 35 billion in debt nationally.

Sorry, but this argument has always seemed hollow to us.

Suppose you buy a house for, say, $15,000 all told, making a down payment of $5,000 and executing mortgages for the $10,000 balance. You now have legal title to a house, and that's a fine thing. But you are also now in debt $10,000 plus interest, and rationalizing can't kid that debt out of existence.

Your assets most likely include an automobile, considerable clothes and furniture, some stocks and bonds, your life insurance, your savings account and some debts owed you, which in your rosier moments you think will some day be paid. You have your present earning capacity, an expectation—well, a hope, anyway—of future greater earning capacity and a certain life expectancy according to insurance actuarial tables.

All this adds up to quite a sum. Just the same, you're $10,000 in debt. If you don't believe it, try telling your mortgagees that you don't really owe them that $10,000 plus interest. Or try to get a bank to extend you credit on the strength of your assets, including your legal title to the house, without offsetting your liabilities.

The spend-ourselves-rich boys are adept at telling us in ten-dollar words why the case of a government in debt is different from the case of a person in debt. We can't follow them.

We can detect but one difference between you in debt and any government in debt. That difference is that you have to dig up that $10,000 plus interest in some kind of legal tender or lose the house, whereas the government can keep all this new property but can change the rules of payment at will. It can change those rules by clipping the currency, running some new "money" off the printing presses without adequate gold backing, hiking up taxes or just refusing to pay.

Which only means that we shall all pay for the property the government has acquired in the big spending era, and that we shall pay through the nose if it changes the rules of payment.

Understand, we don't question the value of a lot of these improvements on the national dwelling house. We're glad they made work for so many people, and we think some sort of make-work policy will have to be maintained for some time.

But we are fed up to the teeth with these attempts to kid us all into thinking we don't owe the money. We do owe the money, every dime of it. Money is only a symbol of work done by somebody somewhere. How about turning off the spigot on these faker philosophies that encourage the old American tendency to believe that you can pull money out of the air?

Let's Save More Daylight

To MEET wartime exigencies, the British government this year decided to go on daylight saving time in the middle of February—the earliest ever for Great Britain.

Personally, we've long felt that daylight saving begins too late in the spring and ends too early in the fall—and we live and labor in a fairly high latitude, too.

So we can't see what would be the objection to the United States' following the British example, but going it one better by simply adopting daylight saving the year round. Just move the clocks one hour ahead and then forget to move them back.

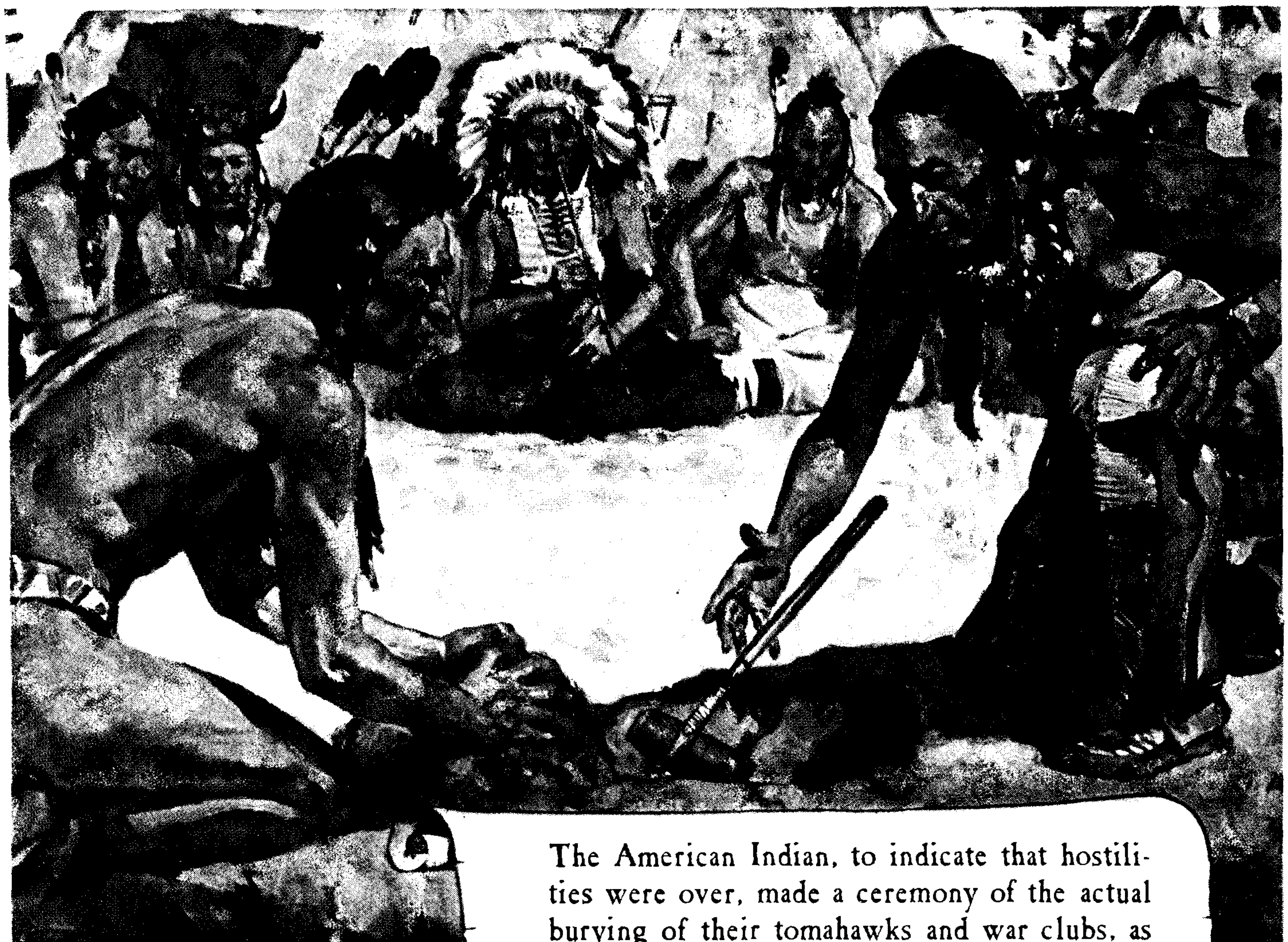
That extra hour of daylight at the end of the day would be just as pleasant and profitable in winter as in summer. It's horrible to have to get up in the morning anyway, for most people, no matter at what time. That horror would be neither increased nor diminished by this change.

We aren't arguing that Congress take action by clapping a blanket daylight-saving law on the whole nation. We're for letting communities that never have had daylight saving and never will, by gad, sir, go on rubbing along without it as they always have.

But why don't some key cities try year-round daylight saving for one year—such cities as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, New Orleans, Atlanta, Norfolk, Boston? Those cities' metropolitan areas would be more or less dragged into the experiment, and thus year-round daylight saving would be fairly tested out by tens of millions of people. And we doubt that a majority of any of those cities' citizens, after a year of it, would want to go back to the present system of part time on and part time off daylight saving.

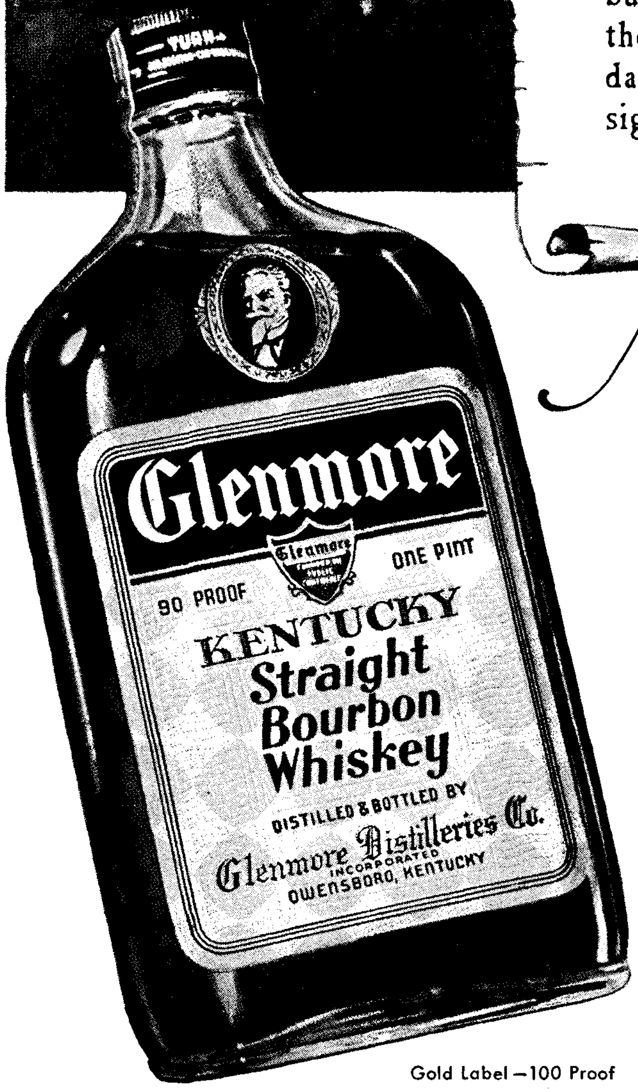
Do you know WHY WE SAY "BURY THE HATCHET"?

No. 20 of a series:
FACTS
BEHIND OUR
HUMAN CUSTOMS



The American Indian, to indicate that hostilities were over, made a ceremony of the actual burying of their tomahawks and war clubs, as the pipe of peace was smoked. To this very day we use the phrase "Bury the hatchet" to signify peace after a quarrel!

• *A Free Booklet Describing the Origin of Human Customs sent on request.*



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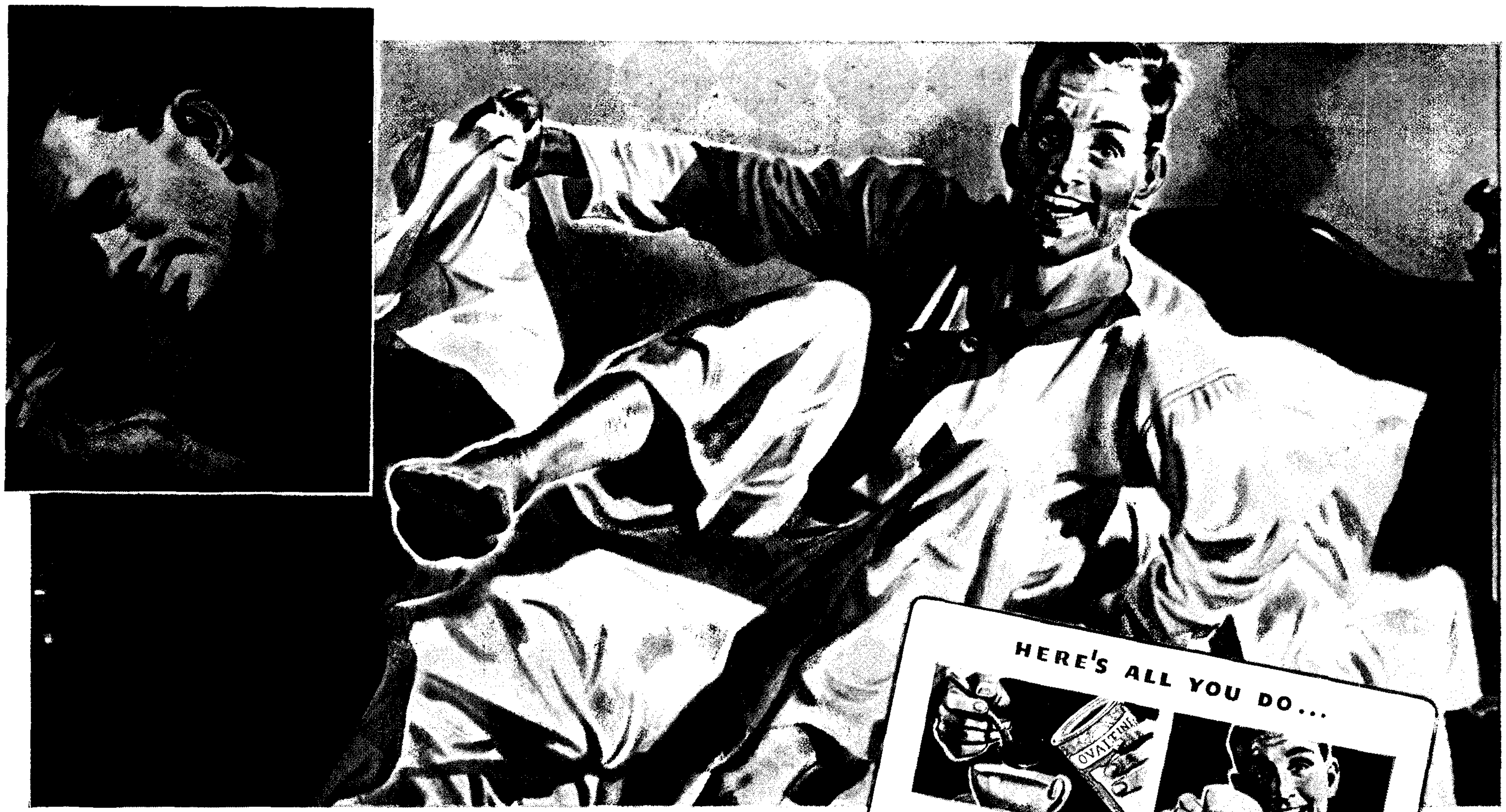

HERE'S ALL YOU DO...

1 Get a tin of new, improved Ovaltine, the "protecting" food-drink you hear so much about these days. Mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of milk, according to directions.

2 Then drink it just before getting into bed. See if you don't fall asleep more easily—sleep more soundly—and feel far fresher when you awaken in the mornings!

Revitalizing Elements in New, Improved Ovaltine Help Rebuild You While You Sleep . . . Try It! See If You Don't Wake Up Feeling Much More Energetic Mornings

DO you wake up feeling really *fresh* in the mornings—brimming with energy, sparkling and "alive"?

Or do you frequently sleep so poorly that you awaken feeling almost as tired as when you went to bed—with nerves on edge, a head that throbs and a mind that's logy and dull?

Thousands who have had this trouble are now helping to solve it in a very simple way—without medicine or risky sleep-inducing drugs.

They do this by taking new, *improved* Ovaltine regularly night after night. And they find it helps them sleep *soundly*—helps build them up for clear-eyed freshness and heightened energy next day!

How It Acts

First:—When taken just before bedtime, the new Ovaltine helps the body relax normally. Relieves *that feeling of "inner tension," that may keep you* lying awake and worrying for hours.

Second:—It provides certain food elements known to be needed to prevent muscular and nervous irritability *which may be a cause of night-time tossing.*

Third:—The new Ovaltine has recently been enriched with still greater amounts of protective minerals—and greater amounts of Vitamins A, B, D and G. It also furnishes certain food elements in an ideal form to help replenish vitality *while you sleep*—helps rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells to meet tomorrow's needs.

In other words, the new Ovaltine is a *scientific* food concentrate designed to accomplish specific nutritional results for those who sleep poorly—or who are rundown, nervous, or under par. Over 1,700 hospitals, *in this country alone, serve it. Doctors* approve its use.

Start Tonight

So for the sake of your health, your nerves, your energy, your appearance—try taking the new, improved Ovaltine regularly—commence tonight.

See if it doesn't help you to wake up feeling far fresher in the mornings—clear-eyed, buoyant and "alive"! See if you don't find a new poise replacing those racing nerves. Thousands report, and scientific tests have confirmed, that Ovaltine can bring more restful sleep and a better feeling in the morning.

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